THE

WORKS

OF

HORACE.

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THE WORKS OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE,

WITH A

PROSE INTERPRETATION,

FOR THE HELP OF STUDENTS.

AND OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BY

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Ex vitæ monſtrata via eſt et gratia regum,
Pieriis tentata modis. — *Hor.*

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QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
EPISTOLARUM,
LIBER I.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES OF HORACE.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
EPISTOLARUM.
LIBER I.

EPIST. I.

Ad MÆCENATUM.

Se ludicra ſua ſtudia miſſa facere dicit. & ea, quæ ad virtutem ducunt, ampleƈti.

PRimâ dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camœnâ,
Spectatum ſatis, & donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Mæcenas! the ſubject of my former ſong, worthy to be mentioned by my lateſt, you ſeek to intangle me again in the old liſts, having been ſeen ſufficiently, and now preſented with the rod of freedom. My time of life is not the ſame, nor is my inclination. Vejanius, his arms conſecrated on a column of Hercules's temple, lives hidden in the country, that he

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES OF HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

To Mæcenas.

He affirms that he now throws matter of merriment aside, and adheres only to such things as conduce to virtue.

O Subject of my first essays!
Whom as in duty bound to praise,
My muse ev'n to the last persists,
Again you force me to the lists,
With freedom's * rod dismiss'd the stage,
As far too much expos'd in age.

* *A rod, or wand, given at a token of liberty, by the master of the fencing-school, to gladiators, on their dismission.*

Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. Vejanius armis
Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.
Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem,
Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque & verſus & cætera ludicra pono:
Quid verum atque decens curo, & rogo & omnis in hoc ſum:
Condo & compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges. quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.
Nunc agilis fio, & merſor civilibus undis,
Virtutis veræ cuſtos rigiduſque ſatelles:
Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus ſubmittere conor.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

he may not, from the verge of the ſandy amphitheatre, ſo often implore the people's mercy. There is that ſeems frequently to ring in my purged ear, wiſely in time diſmiſs the courſer, growing old, leſt derided he ſtumble at laſt, and break his wind. Now therefore, I lay aſide both odes, and all other ludicrous matters; my ſtudy and enquiry is after what is true and becoming, and I am wholly taken up in this: treaſure up, and collate rules which I may be able hereafter to draw out for uſe. And leſt you ſhould petchance enquire, under what profeſſor, in what ſchool of philoſophy, I enter myſelf a diſciple: addicted to ſwear implicitly to the definitions of no particular maſter, wherever the wind compels me, I am driven as a gueſt. One while I become buſtling, and am immerſed in the waves of ſtate affairs, a guard, and a rigid watchman of true virtue; then again, I ſlide back inſenſibly to Ariſtippus's tenets, and endeavour to accommodate

No more I have the thirſt for fame,
Nor is my time of day the ſame.
Vejanius having fix'd his arms
Now ſkreens him in the ground, he farms,
That from the theatre no more,
He may the mob for life implore.
Something keeps whiſp'ring in my ear,
Which purg'd can in the ſpirit hear,
Looſe the old courſer, if you're wiſe,
Leſt, if he enter for the prize,
He may be ſcorn'd, as coming laſt,
And fetch his broken wind too faſt.
Wherefore I now will throw away,
All verſe and toys of idle play,
And all enquiry, thought, and care,
But what is true, and what is fair,
And hoard up maxims, and for uſe
Arrange them, that I may deduce.
And leſt, perchance, you ſhou'd enquire,
What ſchool, what maſter, I admire,
Know I'm addicted to no ſect,
Nor ſwear, as other men direct,
But ſuit the tenor of my way,
To the complexion of the day;
Now active and officious grown,
To ſtate contentions am I prone,
A guard and ſtedfaſt partizan
Of virtue, and th' heroic man;
With Ariſtippus now agree,
Not I for things, but things for me.

Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, dieſque
Longa videtur opus debentibus; ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum;
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter, id quod
Æque pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris ſenibuſque nocebit.
Reſtat ut his ego me ipſe regam ſolerque elementis;
Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Eſt quoddam prodire tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
Fervet avaritiâ, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

date things to myſelf, not myſelf to things. As the night ſeems tedious to thoſe with whom a miſtreſs has falſified appointment, and the day ſeems tedious to thoſe who are indebted to do drudgery; as the year moves ſlow with minors, whom the ſevere guardianſhip of their mothers oppreſſes; ſo all that time to me flows tedious and ungrateful, which retards my hope and intention of ſtrenuouſly putting in practice that which is of equal emolument to the poor and to the wealthy, which, neglected, will be of equally hurt to the young and old. It remains, that I regulate and conſole myſelf by theſe principles: you cannot ſee with your eyes ſo far as Lynceus; you will not, notwithſtanding, ſcorn being anointed, if you are ſore-eyed; nor, becauſe you deſpair of the limbs of the inſuperable Glycon, will you be unwilling to preſerve your body from the knotty gout. There is ſome points we may compaſs, if we can do no farther. Does your heart burn with avarice, and a wretched luſt of gain? Words there are, and perſuaſives, with which you may ſoften this pain,

As tedious as the livelong night
To him, whoſe miſtreſs plays the bite,
As tedious as the livelong day,
To hirelings that muſt work for pay;
As tedious as the livelong year,
To minors under dames ſevere;
So do all times and ſeaſons go
With me, intolerably ſlow,
Which in the leaſt retard the thought
Of doing all things, as we ought,
And making of that point ſecure,
Which gain'd is well for rich and poor,
But if neglected will deſtroy
Alike the hope of man and boy.
Add yet, that I myſelf controul,
And with theſe dictates ſooth my ſoul,
Like * Lynceus you cannot diſcern,
Yet do not wholeſome eye-ſalve ſpurn.
And tho' you are not quite ſo ſtout
As matchleſs Glycon, walk about,
By exerciſe to foil the gout.
We may begin at leaſt and ſtrive,
Tho' to the goal we cannot drive.
Does your breaſt glow inflam'd with vice
By luſt, or ſordid avarice?
Know, there are words and charming ſounds,
Whence one may ſooth all mental wounds,

* *One of the Argonauts, who had ſuch piercing eyes, that it was ſaid, he could ſee through a wall.*

Poſſis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, amator?
Nemo adeo ferus eſt ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
Virtus eſt, vitium fugere: & ſapientia prima,
Stultitiâ caruiſſe, vides, quæ maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi capitiſque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures ea quæ ſtulte miraris & optas,
Diſcere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos & circum compita pugnax,
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

pain, and throw aſide a great part of the diſtemper. Are you puffed up with the love of praiſe? There are certain reſtoratives which can heal you, a certain treatiſe being thrice peruſed with ſincerity. The envious, paſſionate, indolent, the guzzler, the wencher, none is ſo barbarous, that he cannot be humanized, if he will only lend a patient ear to diſcipline. It is virtue to ſhun vice; and the firſt wiſdom, to be void of folly. You ſee with what labour of mind and body you eſchew thoſe things, which you ſuppoſe to be the chiefeſt evils, a ſmall eſtate, and a ſhameful rejection. A diligent merchant you ſpeed to the remoteſt Indies, running away from poverty through ſea, through rocks, through fires. And will you not learn, and hear, and give affiance to one that is wiſer, that you may no longer be anxious about thoſe things which you ſtupidly admire and wiſh for? What little boxer of the villages, and of the ſtreets, would contemn to be crowned at the Olympic games, who had the hopes and happy

May mitigate the pain at leaſt,
If not intirely calm your breaſt.
Are you puff'd up with love of praiſe,
Philoſophers have wrote eſſays,
Which thrice read o'er your heart will chear,
If your attention be ſincere.
The envious, wrathful, ſlow of will,
The wencher, toper, know no ill,
But may be cur'd, if they'll apply
The lectures of philoſophy.
'Tis virtue firſt from vice to flee,
And the firſt wiſdom to be free
From folly,—are you not aware,
With how much labour, how much care
Of mind and body, 'tis your aim
Want or rejection to diſclaim,
Things that you rate the greateſt ſhame!
A merchant to the fartheſt ſhore
Of India, to be poor no more,
And with aſſiduous toil you brave
The rocks, the flames, the wind and wave:
Will you not hear, and learn, and truſt
Thoſe that are wiſer, leſt you luſt,
And any more thoſe things admire,
Which 'tis a folly to deſire?
Is there a fighter for a prize
About the ſtreets, that wou'd deſpiſe
The honour of th' Olympic crown,
Had he the hopes of ſuch renown,

Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ?
Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum.
O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum eſt,
Virtus poſt nummos. hæc Janus ſummus ab imo
Perdocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos, tabulamque lacerto.
Si quadringentis, ſex, ſeptem millia deſunt,
Eſt animus tibi, ſunt mores, & lingua, fideſque:
Plebs eris. at pueri ludentes, rex eris, ajunt,
Si recte facies. HIC MURUS aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ.
Roſcia (dic ſodes) melior lex, an puerorum
Nænia, quæ recte regnum facientibus offert,
Et maribus Curiis & decantata Camillis?
Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui ut rem facias, rem,

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happy terms of triumph without toil? Silver is more cheap than gold, gold than virtue. O citizens! citizens! wealth is to be hunted after firſt; virtue after wealth: this the uppermoſt Janus from the loweſt thoroughly teaches; young men and old cant over theſe maxims, having their bags and account books hung on the left arm. You have a ſpirit, have good manners, have an engaging ſpeech and credit: if ſix or ſeven thouſand ſeſterces be wanting to make up your four hundred thouſand, you ſhall be a plebeian. But boys at play cry, You ſhall be king, if you will do right. Let this be as a brazen wall, to have no evil conſcience in one's boſom, to turn pale with no guilt. Tell me, pray, is the Roſcian law beſt, or the boys ſong, which offers the kingdom to them that do right, ſung, and ſung again by the manly Curii and Camilli? Does he perſuade you beſt, who ſays, make a fortune; a fortune, if you can, with probity; if not, a fortune at any rate; that you may view from a nearer bench the affecting poems of Puppius: or he, who ready at hand

And, that he take no pains at all,
Was mention'd as conditional?
Silver is leſs of price than gold,
And gold than virtue, thouſand fold.
Yet, O ye cits! this is the cry,
Let money be the firſt ſupply,
And then be honeſt by and bye.
This is at either Janus taught,
And this cant ev'n our youths have got,
This too can each old dotard charm,
With bag and ledger on his arm.
Polite, brave, eloquent, and true,
If certain ſeſterces be due,
Four hundred thouſand to fulfil,
You muſt be a plebeian ſtill.
And yet the very boys at play
Cry, he ſhall be the king to-day
Whoe'er behaves the beſt of all.
This be thy fort and brazen wall,
To have a conſcience clear within,
Nor colour at the change of ſin.
Say, is the Roſcian edict beſt,
Or does the ballad ſtand the teſt,
Where the boys offer, as they ſing,
The crown to him who lives a king?
Which manly Curius ſung of yore,
And brave Camillus long before;
From him does better counſel come,
Who bids you ſcramble up a ſum.

Si poſſis, recte: ſi non, quocunque modo rem:
Ut popius ſpectes lachrymoſa poemâta Puppi:
An qui Fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum & erectum præſens hortatur & optat?
Quod ſi me populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iiſdem,
Nec ſequar, aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe, vel odit:
Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent,
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
Bellua multorum es capitum, nam quid ſequar? aut quem?
Pars hominum geſtit conducere publica: ſunt qui
Fruſtris & pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant.
Multis occulto creſcit res fœnore. verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

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hand, animates and wiſhes you to ſtand free and upright, in oppoſition to haughty fortune? If now peradventure the Roman people ſhould interrogate me, why I do not poſſeſs the ſame notions with them, as I do the ſame porticoes, nor follow, or fly whatever they love or diſlike; I will reply, what the cautious fox once of yore anſwered the ſick lion: becauſe the veſtiges all looking towards you, and none from you, terrify me. Thou art a monſter with a multiplicity of heads: for what ſhall I follow? or whom? One ſet of men are fond of farming the public revenues: there are ſome who would decoy covetous rich widows with ſweetmeats and plumbs, and ſnap up old men, whom they may ſend like fiſh into their ſtews: the fortunes of many increaſe by ſecret uſury. But be it that different men are detained in different avocations and purſuits: can the ſame perſons perſevere an hour together, liking the ſame things? If the man

of

Right, if you can; but if your fate
Deny, a ſum at any rate,
That you may have the foremoſt row,
When Puppius plays his tragic woe?
Or him who animates your fight,
And wiſhes you may ſtand upright,
With lib'ral ſoul to ſtem the tide
Of fortune, with her frowns and pride?
Now ſhou'd the Romans bid me ſay,
Why I, who walk in the ſame way,
Have not my ſentiments the ſame,
Nor follow as they praiſe or blame?——
I make my anſwer in the ſtile
Of crafty Reynard, all the while,
Who thus unto the lion ſaid,
When he beheld him ſick, "I dread
"The footſteps all toward your throne,
"But in the home-direction none!"
Thou doſt with many heads appear
A monſter, where muſt I adhere?
Who's guide? with ſome it is a charm,
The public revenues to farm,
And ſome rich widows wou'd intice,
With fruits and ſweetmeats, all the price.
And others wou'd old dotards get,
Like fiſh decoy'd into their net.
Many by ſecret us'ry thrive——
But grant that all the men alive,
With diff'rent talents are ſupplied,
Can they a ſingle hour abide,

Nullus in orbe ſinus Bajis prælucet amœnis.
Si dixit dives, lacus & mare ſentit amorem
Feſtinantis heri, cui ſi vitioſa libido
Fecerit auſpicium, cras ferramenta Theanum
Tolletis fabri. lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vitâ:
Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Quid pauper? ride. mutat cœnacula, lectos.
Balnea, tonſores: conducto navigio, æque
Nauſeat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
Si curtatus inæqualis tonſore capillos
Occurri, rides: ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar,
Rides: quid, mea quum pugnat ſententia ſecum?

Prose Interpretation.

of wealth has affirmed, no bay in the world outſhines the pleaſant Baiæ, the lake and the ſea inſtantly feel the eagerneſs of their hurrying maſter, to whom, if a vicious humour gives the hint, he'll cry, to-morrow, workmen, ye ſhall carry from hence your tools to Theanum. Has he in his manſion the genial bed? He ſays, nothing is ſuperior to, nothing better than a ſingle life: if he has not, he ſwears the wedded only are in a good ſtate. With what nooſe can I hold this Proteus changing thus his forms? But what does the poor man do? Laugh here alſo: is he not ever ſhifting his garrets, beds, baths, barbers? He is as much qualm-ſick in a hired boat, as the rich man is, whom his own barge conveys. If I happen upon you with my hair cut awry by a bungling barber, you laugh at me: if I chance to have a ragged ſhirt under a ſuperfine coat, or if my unſizeable gown ill fits me, you laugh. What do you do, when my judgment fights againſt itſelf? When it ſpurns what it before deſired; ſeeks for that, which lately it omitted; is all in a ferment, and

is

Approving their avow'd purſuits?
" No place in all the world diſputes
" The palm with Baiæ, ſweet and gay."
This haply ſhou'd a rich man ſay,
Anon the lake and ſea muſt feel
The hurry of his lordly zeal.
But if caprice the hint approve—
" To-morrow, maſons, all remove
" Your chiſſels and your iron crows,
" And at Theanum's ſeat diſpoſe."
Has he at home a genial bed?
He will advance upon this head,
The happier and the better fate
Is his, who keeps the ſingle ſtate.
But if he's ſingle, he'll proteſt
That married men alone are bleſt;
What nooſe for Proteus ſhall I find,
His many-changing form to bind?
How fares the peaſant?—there's the joke—
He ſhifts and turns like other folk;
Changes his loft, and bed of hair,
Bath, barber—when he pays his fare,
In his own barge the rich grandee
Is not more nice and ſick than he.
Me, if with my hair all cut awry
By ſome bad barber you eſpy,
You laugh—and if beneath a coat
That's neat, a ragged ſhirt you note,
And if my gown but badly ſit,
Again you laugh to ſhow your wit.

Quod petiit, ſpernit: repetit quod nuper omiſit?
Æſtuat, & vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto?
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
Inſanire putas ſolemnia me, neque rides,
Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A prætore dati, rerum tutela mearum
Quum ſis, & prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem
De te pendentis, te reſpicientis amici.
Ad ſummam, ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum:
Præcipue ſanus, niſi quum pituita moleſta eſt.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

is incongruous in the whole courſe of life; pulls down, builds up, changes ſquare to round? Here, you think, I am mad in the general form, and you do not laugh at all, nor believe that I ſtand in need of a doctor, or of a keeper appointed by the prætor; tho' you are the protector of my affairs, and are diſguſted at the ill-pared nail of a friend depending on you, and reſpecting you.——In a word, the wiſe man is beneath Jupiter alone, is rich, honourable, handſome, finally, king over kings; above all, he is in his ſound mind, unleſs when the catarrh is troubleſome.

What therefore, will you do with me
Whoſe ſoul and ſelf cannot agree?
When now I ſpurn the thing I ſought,
Now ſigh for what I ſet at nought,
Diſorder'd in th' unconſtant tide
Of things, that vary far and wide,
Knock down, rebuild, turn ſquare to round?
You judge me but to be unſound,
According to the gen'ral trim,
And neither ridicule the whim,
Nor think I want a doctor's aid,
Nor keeper by the Prætor paid:
Tho' you're the guard of my affairs,
And liable to real cares,
For a cut finger, if your friend's,
Who loves you, and on you depends.
In fine, the Stoics, *only* prove,
The wiſe is leſs, if leſs than Jove,
Whom *free*, *fam'd*, *king* 'tis fair to call,
And in his ſenſes after all;
Unleſs a ſudden fit of ſpleen
By ſome miſhap ſhou'd intervene.

EPIST. II.

Ad Lollium.

Homerum in ſuis poematiis plenius ac melius quum quoſdam philoſophos, quid honeſtum ſit, docere dicit. Deinde ad ſtudium ſapientiæ hortatur.

TRojani belli ſcriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi:
Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim (niſi quid te detinet) audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento colliſa duello,
Stultorum regum & populorum continet æſtus.
Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſam.
Quid Paris? ut ſalvus regnet, vivatque beatus,
Cogi poſſe negat. Neſtor componere lites
Inter Peleiden feſtinat & inter Atreiden:

Prose Interpretation.

O moſt celebrated Lollius! while you declaim at Rome, I at Præneſte have read over again the writer of the Trojan war: who teaches more fully and better than Chryſippus and Crantor, what is honourable, what ſhameful, what uſeful, what not ſo. If you have no avocations, hear why I have thought ſo. The ſtory in which, on account of Paris's amour, Greece is mentioned to be waſted in a tedious war with the Barbarians, contains the broils of fooliſh princes and people. Antenor gives his judgment for cutting off the cauſe of the war. But what ſays Paris? He refuſes to be compelled

EPISTLE II.

To Lollius.

He aſſerts that Homer, in his poems, ſhews what is good more fully and better than certain philoſophers. He then exhorts to the cultivation of virtue.

O Pleader of the higheſt fame!
Whilſt in the Forum you declaim,
I at Prænesſte re-peruſe,
The battles of th' Homeric muſe,
Who what is fair and what is baſe,
Of uſe, or not in any caſe,
Points fully, on a better plan,
Than Crantor or Cryſippus can.
Whence this opinion I will ſhew,
Unleſs you've ſomething elſe to do.
The argument (in which we read,
For Paris his adulterous deed,
Long war the waſted Grecians wag'd
And with barbarians were engag'd)
The broils of a mad people ſings,
And their infatuated kings;
Antenor's council wou'd propoſe,
By fair amends, the war to cloſe;
But Paris will not yield to this,
Jealous of ſafety, as of bliſs.
Neſtor wou'd fain make up th' affair
'Twixt Peleus' ſon and Atreus' heir.

Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi,
Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine & irâ
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.
Rurſus, quid virtus & quid ſapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inſpexit: latumque per æquor
Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa
Pertulit, adverſis rerum immerſabilis undis.
Sirenum voces & Circes pocula noſti:
Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus cupiduſque bibiſſet,
Sub dominâ meretrice fuiſſet turpis & excors:
Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.
Nos numerus ſumus, & fruges conſumere nati,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

led, that he may reign in ſafety, and live happily. Neſtor puts himſelf forward to compoſe the differences between Achilles and Agamemnon: love puts one in a ferment; rage, both in common. The Greeks are puniſhed for what their princes are infatuated about. Within the walls of Troy, and without, wickedneſs is perpetrated by ſedition, treachery, injuſtice, luſt, and rage. Again, what valour, and what prudence can do, he has ſet forth Ulyſſes as an inſtructive pattern: who being the ſubverter of Troy, providently got an inſight into the cuſtoms of ſtates, and the manners of many people, and while for himſelf, while for his comrades he is preparing a return into their own country, on the ſpacious ſea he ſuffered many hardſhips, and was not to be ſunk by all the waves of adverſity. You well know the ſongs of the Syrens, and Circe's cups: of which, if he had ſtupidly and greedily drank along with his companions, he had been a baſe and delirious ſlave, under the command of a harlot: he had lived a filthy dog, or ſwine, that delights in mire. We

are

One burns with love, and both with ire:
Mean time how great ſoe'er the fire
That's kindled by each fooliſh chief,
The people feel the loſs and grief.
By faction, fraud, by luſt, and ſin,
By wrath without the walls, and in,
Much is the miſchief, and the din.
Again, and in another tale,
How prudence and a heart avail,
He has with exemplary art
Explain'd in ſage Ulyſſes' part,
Who politic from Troy's defeat
Made many cities with his fleet,
And got an inſight in their ways,
And while on the great ſea he ſtrays,
Returning with himſelf and crew,
Had many hardſhips to go thro'.
And yet croſs fate's ſevereſt frown
Cou'd ne'er prevail to ſink him down.
The Siren's charms and Circe's cup
You know, which if he'd guzzled up,
As did with glee each fooliſh mate,
Baſe in a moſt diſaſtrous ſtate,
The ſlave of an imperious queen
He muſt a filthy cur have been,
And had the form and groſs deſire
Of Swines rejoicing in the mire.
We, all mere cyphers from our birth,
Conſume the product of the earth;

Sponſi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoique,
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus:
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &
Ad ſtrepitum citharæ ceſſatum ducere curam.
Ut jugulent homines, ſurgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipſum ſerves, non expergiſceris? atqui
Si noles ſanus, curres hydropicus: & ni
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine, ſi non
Intendes animum ſtudiis & rebus honeſtis;
Invidia, vel amore vigil torquebere, nam cur
Quæ lædunt oculos, feſtinas demere; ſi quid
Eſt animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. ſapere aude:
Incipe. qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Quæritur argentum, puerique beata creandis
Uxor, & incultæ pacantur vomere ſylvæ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

are mere cyphers, and born only to conſume the fruits of the earth; like Penelope's wooers, ſorry knaves; like Alcinous's youth, who were employed beyond what was right, in pampering their bodies, all whoſe glory was to ſleep till morn, and to lull their cares to reſt by the warbling of the harp. Felons riſe by night, that they may cut men's throats; and do you not ariſe to ſave yourſelf? But if you will not when you are ſound, you will run to the doctor, being in a dropſy; and unleſs before day you call for a book with a light, unleſs you ſtrengthen your mind with ſtudy and honeſt buſineſs, ſleepleſs, you will be tormented with envy, or with love. For why do you haſten to take away what hurts your eyes? but if any thing preys upon your mind, do you poſtpone the time of curing it from year to year? He has half done, who has

Ev'n like Penelope's leud knaves,
Or whom Alcinous made ſlaves;
A youth for their complexion born,
Who us'd to ſleep the livelong morn,
And ſo to doze away their cares,
Sooth'd by the harps compoſing airs.
Robbers get up and kill for pelf—
Will you not riſe to ſave yourſelf?
Which if you ſhall not do in health
The dropſy will come on by ſtealth:
And if you do not call away
For book and light before the day,
And keep not all your thoughts intent
On ſtudies and deſigns well-meant,
With love or envy, when awake,
Your tortur'd heart ſhall ſurely ache.
For why do you haſten to remove
Things, that your eyes cannot approve,
Yet if ought make the ſoul impure,
You for a year differ the cure.
One half is done if you ſet out,
Dare to be wiſe, nor longer doubt.
Whoe'er delays him to be good,
Stands like the clown upon the flood,
Expecting till the ſtream had done,
But that ſtill perſeveres to run,
And in eternal motion ſtrong
Shall paſs voluminous along.
Apt for the purpoſes of life,
And for to bear your heirs, a wife

Quod ſatis eſt, cui contigit, hic nihil amplius optet.
Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres;
Non animo curas. valeat poſſeſſor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum ſic domus, aut res
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
Auriculas citharæ collecta ſorde dolentes.
Sincerum eſt niſi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit.
Sperne voluptates; nocet empta dolore voluptas.
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem,
Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis.
Invidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Majus tormentum. qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet eſſe, dolor quod ſuaſerit & mens,
Dum pœnas, odio per vim feſtinat inulto.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

has once begun. Therefore dare to be wiſe: begin. He who procraſtinates the hour of living well, like the clown in the fable, tarries till all the water in the river is run off: whereas it flows, and will flow rolling for ever and ever. Money is ſought for, and wife of happy progeny for bearing children, and wild woodlands are cultivated by the plough. However, he that hath got enough, let him wiſh for no more. Not a houſe, and farm, not a heap of money and gold, can draw off fevers from the body of their ſick maſter, or anxiety from his ſoul. The poſſeſſor muſt be well, if he thinks of uſing well the things he has heaped together. He that deſires, or fears, in too great a degree, his houſe, or eſtate delight him, juſt as much as paintings do a purblind perſon, fomentations do the gout, or muſic does the ears embarraſſed with collected filth. Unleſs the veſſel is ſweet, whatever you infuſe into it turns ſour. Diſdain pleaſures, pleaſure bought with pain is pernicious. The miſer is perpetually

Is ſought—the woodland wild is fell'd,
That there th' improving plough be held.
Yet he that has enough in ſtore
Ought by no means to ſigh for more.
Nor houſe, nor farm, nor braſs nor gold,
From his ſick body can withold
The raging fever of their lord,
Or care's unſeen attacks award.
The rich poſſeſſor muſt have health,
Or there's no joy in hoarded wealth.
He, on whom luſt or terror wait
Enjoys his ſeat and his eſtate,
As pictures for the blind are meet,
And poultices for gouty feet,
Or all the harping of the ſpheres,
To thoſe that have obſtructed ears.
Unleſs the veſſel is ſweet, you pour
The wine therein, to make it ſour:
Deſpiſe all pleaſures light and vain,
For pleaſure's noxious bought with pain:
The churl a beggar *is* and *ſeems*,
Then ſet due limits to your ſchemes:
A pining takes th' invidious ſneak,
When'er he ſees his neighbour ſleek.
Sicilian tyrants ne'er cou'd find
A torture like an envious mind.
The man whoſe paſſion is not curb'd
Will wiſh, what in a mind diſturb'd
He did, was totally undone,
As too great lengths his malice run.

Ira, furor brevis eſt, animum rege: qui niſi paret,
Imperat. hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ.
Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magiſter
Ire viam quam monſtret eques: venaticus ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in ſylvis catulus. nunc adbibe puro
Pectore verba puer, nunc te melioribus offer;
Quo lmeeſeſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem
Teſta diu. quod ſi ceſſas, aut ſtrenuus anteis,
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus inſto.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tually in want: ſet a certain limit to your wiſhes. The envious perſon grows lean at the thriving condition of another: Sicilian tyrants never diſcovered a greater plague than envy. He that will not moderate his paſſions, will with that undone, which his vexation and reſentment prompted him to, while he forcibly precipitates revenge with unſated hatred. Wrath is a ſhort madneſs. Rule your paſſion which tyranniſes, if it does not obey: this reſtrain with a bridle, this with fetters. The jockey forms the docile horſe, while his neck is yet teachable, to go the way which his rider directs him: the hound, from the time that he yelped at the deers ſkin in the hall, makes adventure in the woods. Now, while you are a boy, with an uncorrupted mind imbibe inſtruction; now preſent yourſelf to the maſters of the better ſort. A caſk will long preſerve the reſt, with which, when new, it was once tinged. But if you lag behind, or too freely puſh on before; know, I neither tarry for the loiterer, nor preſs upon thoſe that precede me.

EPIST.

Wrath is ſhort madneſs, that reſtrain
At once, by bridle and by chain,
Or what ſhou'd ſerve, will always reign.
The groom is wont the colt to check,
While teachable with pliant neck,
To go the road the riders pleaſe.
The puppy from the time he ſees
The buckſkin in the hall, and barks,
Adventures in the woods and parks.
Now, child, my words in your pure breaſt
Imbibe; now offer for the beſt.
That caſk the ſcent will long retain,
Which it receiv'd, when new, in grain;
But if you loiter in the race,
Or urge too much the rapid pace,
I wait not for the ſlow and ſpeed,
Nor puſh on them that take the lead.

N. B. All theſe precepts are drawn from examples in HOMER; a thing (I believe) not underſtood by any other editor of Horace. Otherwiſe, there would not have been ſuch a complaint of a want of connection, between the former and the latter part of this Epiſtle.

EPIST. III.

Ad JULIUM FLORUM.

Julium Florum de Claudio Nerone, & de quorundam amicorum ſcriptis interrogat. Deinde ipſum Florum ad ſapientiæ ſtudium, & ad redeundum in gratiam cum fratre hortatur.

JUli Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius Auguſti privignus, ſcire laboro.
Thracane vos, Hebruſque nivali compede vinctus,
An freta vicinas inter currentia turres,
An pingues Aſiæ campi colleſque morantur?
Quid ſtudioſa cohors operum ſtruit? hæd quoq; curo,
Quis ſibi res geſtas Auguſti ſcribere ſumit?
Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in ævum?
Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora?
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus,
Faſtidire lacus & rivos auſus apertos:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Julius Florus! I am in trouble to know, in what borders of the earth, Claudius, ſon-in-law of Auguſtus, carries on the war. Does Thrace, or Hebrus, bound with fetters of ſnow, or the ſtreights running between the neighbouring towers, or Aſia's rich-manured fields and hills detain you? What works are the company of ſtudents about. This alſo I am ſollicitous to know. Who takes upon himſelf to deſcribe the actions of Auguſtus? who diſperſes abroad the fame of his wars, and every peace, to continue unto diſtant times? What is Titius doing of? a name, ſhortly, about to be in the mouths of all Romans, who has not ſtood aghaſt at the

EPISTLE III.

To Julius Florus.

He interrogates him concerning Claudius Nero, and of the writings of certain of his friends. He then exhorts Florus himſelf to the ſtudy of wiſdom, and to be reconciled to his brother.

FAIN, Florus, would I underſtand,
Where Claudius now has got command,
Ev'n Cæſar's gallant ſon-in-law.
Does Thrace, or ſnows, that never thaw
In Hebrus, now detain your *pow'rs*,
Or ſeas that run between the tow'rs,
Or in thoſe Aſiatic plains
And hills, where ſuch abundance reigns,
Are you compell'd to take your rout?
What are the courtly wits about?
For this I'm anxious too to aſk——
Who dares to undertake the taſk
Great Cæſar's hiſtory to write,
And eternize each glorious fight,
And happy peace?—Is Titius there?
For whom all Rome their praiſe prepare;
Who fills his cup devoid of dread
At the Pindaric fountain-head,
Lakes, ſtreams, and all the rural ſcene
Diſdaining, as for him too mean.

Ut valet? ut meminit noſtri? fidibuſne Latinis
Thebanos aptare modos ſtudet, auſpice Muſâ?
An tragicâ deſævit & ampullatur in arte?
Quid mihi Celſus agit? monitus, multumq; monendus,
Privatas ut quærat opes, & tangere vitet
Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo:
Ne ſi forte ſuas repetitum venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula riſum
Furtivis nudata coloribus. ipſe quid audes?
Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum
Ingenium, non incultum eſt, nec turpiter hirtum.
Seu linguam cauſis acuis, ſeu civica jura
Reſpondere paras. ſeu condis amabile carmen:
Prima feres ederæ victricis præmia, quod ſi
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere poſſes,
Quo te cœleſtis ſapientia duceret, ires,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the draughts of the Pindaric fountain, preſuming to ſcorn the plain, lakes, and open rivers? How is he in health? In what meaſure does he remember me? Does he employ his ſtudies in reconciling the Theban numbers to the Latin lyre, with the aſpiring guidance of his muſe? Or does he rage and rant in the tragic art? What does Celſus do for me? ſo often warned, and to be warned ſtill in a great meaſure, that he would ſeek out for matter of his own, and forbear to be dabbling with whatever writings the Palatine Apollo has admitted: leſt, if peradventure, the flock of birds, ſhould come ſome time or other to claim their plumage again, the jackdaw ſhould raiſe a laughter, deprived of his ſtolen colours. What do you yourſelf attempt? Active as you are, what thyme are you buzzing about? Your genius is not a little one, not undiſciplined, or ſhamefully neglected. Whether you ſharpen your tongue for the bar, or propoſe yourſelf to give your opinion in the civil law; or whether you form ſome

accept

Is he in perfect health, and kind
Enough to bear me in his mind?
Does he the Theban lays aſpire
To render on the Roman lyre,
Or rants he with the Muſe, his guide,
In all the tragic pomp and pride?
On Celſus does my council gain,
So often urg'd, and urg'd in vain,
To ſtrike out matter of his own
And by all means to let alone
Such books as have arrang'd themſelves
On Palantine Apollo's ſhelves:
Leſt if the feather'd flock come there,
And each demand his proper ſhare,
The vain jack-daw ſhou'd cauſe a roar,
Strip'd of the borrow'd plumes he wore;
What heights do you attempt to climb,
And active on the flowery thyme,
Whence balmy ſweetneſs do you cull?
For far from mean, and far from dull
Your cultivated genius tow'rs:
Whether in keen rhetoric pow'rs
You at the bar attention draw,
Or anſwer in the civil law,
Or in ſweet verſe you build renown,
And conquer for the ivy crown.
Now cou'd you find it in your heart,
From care's cold comforts to depart,
Then you divinely ſhou'd proceed
Where'er philoſophy wou'd lead.

Hoc opus, hoc ſtudium parvi properemus & ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, ſi nobis vivere cari.
Debes hoc etiam reſcribere, ſi tibi curæ,
Quantæ conveniat, Munatius. an male ſarta
Gratia nequicquam coit, & reſcinditur? at vos
Seu calidus ſanguis, ſeu rerum inſcitia vexat
Indomitâ cervice feros; ubicunque locorum
Vivitis, indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus,
Paſcitur in veſtrum reditum votiva juvenca.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

acceptable piece of poetry, you ſhall carry off the firſt prize of the triumphant ivy. But if you could leave off your cold applications to care, you might go whereſoever heavenly philoſophy would lead you. Let us both, mean and mighty, haſten our purſuits after this work, this ſtudy, if we would live valuable to our country, if we would live valuable to ourſelves.—You ought likewiſe to write back word, if Munatius is as much an object of your care as is fitting. Or whether the reconciliation, badly made up, in vain re-unites, and is SOON torn aſunder again.—But with regard to you both, whether hot blood, or want of knowledge in the world hamper you, wild with your unbroken necks, in what ever ſituation ye live, unworthy certainly to break the brotherly league; a heifer is at graſs, which is vowed to be ſacrificed upon your ſafe arrival home.

EPIST.

This work, this way ſhou'd be embrac'd
By great and ſmall, with eager haſte,
If we wou'd paſs our ſeaſon here
Or to ourſelves, or country dear.
Of this too you muſt write me word,
Whether Munatius is preferr'd
To ſuch degree of your eſteem
As I moſt neceſſary deem,
Or, if the wound ill ſet to rights,
For little purpoſe re-unites,
And is at point to gape again———
Now whether madneſs of the brain,
Or ignorance of things diſturb
Your minds, like colts no ſkill can curb,
Where'er you live, it is moſt true
No brothers ought to love like you.
However by theſe preſents learn,
I feed with tendereſt concern,
A votive runt for your return.

EPIST. IV.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Albium Tibullum compellat, cui ſtudium philoſophiæ laudare videtur, et recenſet quibus dotibus illum dii ornaverint.

ALbi, noſtrorum Sermonum, candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
Scribere quod Caſſi Parmenſis opuſcula vincat?
An tacitum ſylvas inter reptare ſalubres,
Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt?
Non tu corpus eras ſine pectore. dii tibi formam,
Dii tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam ſapere & fari poſſit quæ ſentiat, & cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ?
Inter ſpem curamque, timores inter & iras.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Albius Tibullus! thou candid judge of my proſaic ſatires; what ſhall I ſay, that you are now at work upon in Pedanian region? Are you writing what may ſurpaſs the compoſitions by Caſſius of Parma? Or creeping ſecretly amongſt the healthful woods, taking thought about every thing worthy of a wiſe and good man? You were not a body without a heart. The Gods have given you perſonal qualifications, the Gods have given you riches and ſkill to enjoy them.—For what greater bleſſing cou'd a nurſe offer up her vows in behalf of her favourite boy, than that he might be wiſe, and have courage to expreſs himſelf according to his ſentiments;

EPISTLE IV.

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He addreſſes Albius Tibullus, to whom he ſeems to commend the ſtudy of Philoſophy, and recount the talents with which he was adorned from heaven.

TIbullus, whom I love and praiſe,
Mild judge of my proſaic lays,
Can I account for your odd turn,
Who in Pedanian groves ſojourn:
Are you now writing to out-pleaſe
The works of Caſſius, or at eaſe,
And ſilence, range the healthy wood,
Studious of all things wiſe and good?
Thou 'rt not a form without a heart,
For heav'n was gracious to impart
A goodly perſon, fine eſtate,
Made for fruition, fortunate.
What more for her moſt fav'rite boy,
Cou'd a nurſe image, to enjoy,
Than to be wiſe, and ably taught,
To ſpeak aloud his noble thought,
To whom grace, fame, and body ſound,
Might to pre-eminence abound,
With table of ingenious fare,
And purſe with money ſtill to ſpare?

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum.
Grata ſuperveniet quæ non ſperabitur, hora.
Me pinguem & nitidum bene curatâ cute viſes,
Quum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ſentiments; and that popularity, fame, a good ſtate of health, and a neat table, with a purſe never deficient, might be his lot, in a very great degree. In the midſt of expectance and anxiety, in the midſt of fear and janglings, think every day has ſhined upon you for the laſt. An acceptable hour, which ſhall not be hoped for, will nevertheleſs come upon you, beyond your belief.—You will find me upon a viſit, fat and clean, and in good caſe, a pig of Epicurus his herd, whenever you are diſpoſed to laugh.

——'Twixt hope and care, 'twixt fear and ſtrife,
Think every day the laſt of life.
Beyond your wiſh ſome happy day,
Shall come your grief to over-pay.
Me ſleek and fat, as fat can be,
I hope you'll ſhortly come to ſee:
When you've a mind to laugh indeed
At pigs of the Lucretian breed.

EPIST. V.

Ad TORQUATUM.

Torquatum ad cœnam invitat, quam frugalem fore dicit.

SI potes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ:
Supremo te ſole domi, Torquate, manebo.
Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffuſa, paluſtres
Inter Minturnas, Sinueſſanumque Petrinum:
Sin melius quid habes, arceſſe, vel imperium fer.
Jamdudum ſplendet focus, & tibi munda ſupellex.
Mitte leves ſpes, & certamina divitiarum,
Et Moſchi cauſam. cras nato Cæſare feſtus
Dat veniam ſomnumque dies: impune licebit
Æſtivam ſermone benigno tendere noctem:
Quo mihi fortunas, ſi non conceditur uti?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Torquatus! if you can be contented to ſeat yourſelf as my gueſt, upon an old faſhion'd couch, and are not abaſhed to make a whole meal of herbs, from a ſlender diſh; I will wait for you, at my houſe, about the going down of the ſun. You ſhall drink wine, racked off in the ſecond conſulſhip of Taurus, made between the fenny Minturnæ and Petrinum of Sinueſſa. If you have any thing more to the purpoſe, ſend for it, or bring your commands. My hearth has ſhone bright, and my furniture been made clean for you for ſome time. Diſcard all airy hopes and contentions about wealth and Moſchus cauſe. To-morrow, being a holiday, on account of Cæſar's birth, affords relaxation and repoſe. We ſhall have free liberty without being called to account for it, to prolong the ſummer evening with benevolent converſation. To what purpoſe

EPISTLE V.

To TORQUATUS.

He invites him to a ſupper, which he aſſures him ſhall be a frugal one.

IF, as a gueſt, you think it meet
To ſit on an old-faſhion'd ſeat,
And on a mod'rate diſh to ſup,
Where herbs make all the banquet up,
At home I'll tarry for my friend
Juſt as the ev'ning rays deſcend.
Wine you ſhall drink in caſks prepar'd
When Taurus was again declar'd;
Betwixt Minturnian fens 'twas preſs'd,
And where Petrinum's vines are dreſs'd,
But, if you've better, ſend for me,
Or elſe with theſe commands agree:
Bright ſhines my hearth, and, to be ſeen
By you, my furniture is clean.
From airy hopes and Moſchus' cauſe,
And broils concerning riches pauſe:
The feſtal time of Cæſar's birth
Shall give to-morrow peace and mirth;
It ſhall be lawful to prolong
The ſummer night in ſocial ſong.
What's Fortune, if I muſt forbear
To uſe it?—he that lives to ſpare

Parcus ob hæredis curam, nimiumque ſeverus,
Aſſidet inſano. potare & ſpargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconſultus haberi.
Quid non ebrietas deſignat? operta recludit:
Spes jubet eſſe ratas: in prælia trudit inermem,
Sollicitis animis onus eximit: addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate ſolutum?
Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
Invitus: ne turpe toral, ne ſordida mappa
Corruget nares: ne non & cantharus & lanx
Oſtendat tibi te: ne fidos inter amicos
Sit qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coeat par
Jun aturque pari. Brutum tibi Septimiumque,
Et niſi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

purpoſe have I a fortune, if I am forbid to uſe it? He that is ſparing out of regard to his heir, and ſo rigid againſt himſelf, is next to a madman. I will begin to drink, and to ſtrow flowers, and I will bear even to be deemed unadviſed. What does not drinking undertake? It diſcloſes ſecrets, bids us be confirmed in hope, and urges the coward on to the engagement; removes the burthen from anxious minds; teaches the arts. Whom have not bumpers made eloquent? Whom have they not made eaſy under ſtreighten'd poverty? I both the perſon to be depended on, and not unwilling, am ordered to make proviſion for theſe particulars; that no foul covering on the couch, no naſty napkin wrinkle up your noſe; and that the cup and diſh may preſent you to yourſelf; that there may be no one to carry abroad what is ſpoken among ſincere friends; that equals may meet and be aſſociated with equals; I will join to you Brutus and Septimius and Sabinus, unleſs a nobler entertainment, and a miſtreſs more acceptable, detains him. There is room alſo for many ſecond gentry: but they

are

For his ſucceſſor, ſelf-ſevere,
Is raving mad, or very near.
I will begin to booze and ſtraw
Sweet flow'rs, by no means kept in awe,
Tho' held a rake-ſhame for my pains—
How drinking whets th' inventive brains,
Diſcloſes ſecrets, ſtrengthens hope,
Makes daſtards with the valiant cope,
The burthen lifts from anxious hearts,
Adapts a man to learn the arts!
Whoſe eloquence is not ſublime,
That takes off bumpers at a time?
And who ſo poor and who ſo bare,
But in his cups is free from care?
Theſe 'tis my duty to provide,
Both with propriety and pride,
And willingly I ſhall attend,
Leſt dirty counterpanes offend,
That no foul napkin diſcompoſe,
To wrinkles, your diſcerning noſe;
And that the cup and diſh, we place,
Shall ſhine until you ſee your face,
That there be none to hear and ſpread,
What amongſt faithful friends is ſaid.
And that hale fellows be well met,
Brutus ſhall come to join the ſet,
Septimius and Sabinus too.
Unleſs h'as better cheer in view,
And prettier maids. There is to boot
Room for ſuch danglers, as ſhall ſuit.

Detinet, assumam. locus est & pluribus umbris.
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus esse. velis, rescribe: & rebus omissis,
Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

are offensive in companies that are too much crammed. Do you write back word, what number you will be; and postponing business, give the slip to your client, who watches your court, thro' the private door.

But gueſts you know, too great a throng,
Are apt, like goats, to ſmell too ſtrong.
Write back what number you wou'd be,
And from all other buſineſs free,
Tho' clients in your court-yard wait,
Deceive them at the poſtern gate.

EPIST. VI.

Ad NUMICIUM.

Nihil admirari, rem esse dicit, quæ propemodum sola ad vitæ beatitudinem conferat.

NIL admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere & servare beatum.
Hunc solem, & stellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis sunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti spectent. quid censes munera terræ?
Quid maris extremos Arabas ditantis & Indos?
Ludicra quid, plausus, & amici dona Quiritis.
Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis & ore?
Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem,
Quo cupiens pacto, pavor est utrobique molestus:
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque.
Gaudeat, an doleat: cupiat, metuatve: quid ad rem?
Si, quicquid vidit melius pejusve sua spe,
Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?
Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Numicius! to be astonished at nothing, is almost the one and only thing, which can place and preserve a man in a state of happiness. There are some who view the sun, and the constellations, and the seasons, going off at certain periods, with no enthusiastic dread. What do you think of the products of the earth? What of the sea making wealthy the distant Arabians and Indians? What of diversions, the applause and favours of the patronizing Roman? In what-manner do you think they are to be viewed, with what sentiments,

EPISTLE VI.

To Numicius.

To hold nothing in too high admiration, is a thing which he aſſerts to be almoſt ſolely effectual for the happineſs of life.

OF nothing to be over-fond,
Numicius, is contentment's bond;
This makes and keeps the bed of reſt——
There are, who with unanxious breaſt,
Can view the ſun, and ſtarry pole,
And ſeaſons, which by periods roll.
What think you of earth's golden mine,
And wealth, on either ſide the line,
With which the waſting ocean ſtores
The Arabs, and the Indian ſhores?
Then as for plays, and ſhows of ſtate,
The people's favours to the great,
In what light are they to be view'd,
And what from thence muſt ſenſe conclude?
Who dreads the contrary of theſe,
Not ſo the wond'ring fondneſs flees,
Stupidity o'er each prevails,
If fortune lift, or load the ſcales:
Rejoice, or grieve, deſire, or fear,
What matters it?—ſhou'd things appear
Or better far, or worſe than hope,
If man and mind become a mope,

Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.
I nunc argentum & marmor vetus, æraque & artes
Suſpice, cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:
Gnavus mane forum, & veſpertinus pete tectum:
Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mucius. indignum, quod ſit pejoribus ortus,
Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
Quicquid ſub terrâ eſt in apricum proferet ætas,
Defodiet condetque nitentia. quum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ & via te conſpexerit Appi,
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa quo devenit & Ancus.
Si latus, aut renes morbo tententur acuto,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ments, and with what aſpect? He that dreads the reverſe of theſe, is a fond fool, almoſt in the ſame way as he that covets them: fear alike, is troubleſome both ways; a ſudden turn of things, terrifies each of them, in the ſame manner. Let a man rejoice, or grieve, deſire, or fear; what is it to the purpoſe, if whatever he perceives better or worſe than his hope, with eyes aground, he is ſtupified in ſoul and body? Let the wiſe man bear the name of fool, the juſt of iniquitous, if he purſues virtue itſelf to an over much extremity. Go now, glote upon ſilver, and antique marble, and brazen buſts, and the arts; wonder at gems, and the Tyrian tints: rejoice, that a thouſand eyes gaze upon you, while you make your oration; ſhrewd as you are go early to the forum, at evening to your houſe, that Mucius may not reap more corn than you, from his eſtate, that came by his wife, and (unworthy indeed, ſince he ſprung from lower parents) that he may not be a gazing ſtock to you, rather than you to him. Whatever is in the earth, time will bring forth into ſunſhine, will dig down, and hide things that now give ſhine. Tho' Agrippa's portico, and the Appian way, ſhall have beheld you well known to them; ſtill it remains for you to go where Numa

Let Wiſe-men bear the name of fools,
The jeſt of thoſe, that break all rules;
If Virtue's ſelf they ſhall purſue,
Beyond the laws, and limits due.
Look now on plate with wond'ring eye;
For ancient buſts, and bronzes ſigh!
To all politer arts aſpire,
And gems and Tyrian dies admire;
Rejoice that when you make harrangue,
On thee ten thouſand gazers hang,
Seek to the bar by morning light,
And come not home till late at night,
Leſt Mucius from his lady's dow'r,
Shou'd reap more corn than in your pow'r;
Still holding it in higheſt ſcorn,
That he of meaner parents born,
Shou'd rather ſhow himſelf than you,
More admirable of the two.
Whatever up in earth they lay,
Time ſhall expoſe to open day,
And things ſhall bury deep, and hide,
What now ſhine in the greateſt pride.
Tho' in the Appian way you go,
And ſtill yourſelf with grandeur ſhow,
Beneath Agrippa's Portico;
Yet thither muſt your courſe be bent,
Where Numa, and where Ancus went.
If any virulent diſeaſe;
Your reins, or either ſide ſhou'd ſeize,

Quære fugam morbi. vis recte vivere, quis non?
Si virtus hoc una poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age deliciis. virtutem verba putas, ut
Lucum ligna? cave ne portus occupet alter,
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bythyna negotia perdas.
Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera porro,
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.
Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, & amicos,
Et genus & formam regina pecunia donat:
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum rex,
Ne fueris hic tu. chlamydes Lucullus (ut ajunt)
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus.
Qui poſſum tot? ait. tamen & quæram & quot habebo

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Numa and Ancus deſcended. If your ſide, or your reins, are tortured with an an acute diſeaſe, ſeek a remedy to drive away the fit. Would you live happily? Who would not? If virtue alone can give this; omitting pleaſures, with bravery purſue it. Do you ſuppoſe virtue is made up of words, as a grove is of trees? Be it your care therefore, that no other ſeize on the port before you: that you loſe not your merchandize with Cibyra, with Bithynia. A thouſand talents be heaped up, as many more yet; and ſtill, let a third thouſand ſucceed, and a portion which may make the heap ſquare. For why, imperial money gives a man a conſort, with a large fortune, and credit, and friends, and deſcent, and perſonal qualities; and the goddeſſes Perſuaſion, and Venus, decorate the well-monied man. The king of the Cappadocians, tho' abounding in ſlaves, is indigent of caſh; be not like him. Lucullus, as they report, being aſked, if he could lend an hundred cloaks for the ſtage. How can I ſo many? ſays he, yet I will examine, and ſend as many as there are. A little after he writes, that he had five thouſand cloaks at home; and that they might take ſome of them, or all. It is a paltry houſe,

Seek remedy——wou'd you excel
In life, as who wou'd not do well;
If worth alone can this atchieve;
For virtue then your pleaſures leave.
Virtue, perhaps, is underſtood
As made of words, like trees, of wood.
If ſo, then make the port with ſpeed,
See, no one your own ſhip precede,
Leſt you perchance ſhou'd loſe the FAIR,
And ſelling of your foreign ware:
At once a thouſand talents ſweep,
An equal ſum to crown the heap,
A third to widen the amount,
A fourth to ſquare the whole account;
For money, monarch of this life,
Gains you a portion with your wife,
Gives credit, friends—will heralds buy,
To blaze you of a family,
Gives beauty and when wealth is great,
There Venus and Suadela wait.
The Cappadocian king, they ſay,
Has ſlaves, but has no caſh to pay;
Not ſo your own affairs diſpoſe——
* Lucullus, as the ſtory goes,
Aſk'd by ſome perſons on the ſtage,
If he could poſſibly engage,
An hundred cloaks at once to lend.——
Cried, how can I ſo many ſend?

* *This fellow, probably, had the cloathing of a legion.*

Mittam. poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem vel tolleret omnes.
Exilis domus eſt, ubi non & multa ſuperſunt,
Et dominum fallunt, & proſunt furibus. Ergo
Si res ſola poteſt facere & ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.
Si fortunatum ſpecies & gratia præſtat,
Mercemur ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodiat latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere. Hic multum in Fabiâ valet, ille Velinâ:
Cuilibet hic faſces dabit, eripietque curule
Cui volet importunus ebur. frater, pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt ætas, ita quemque facetus adopta,
Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit, lucet, eamus

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

houſe, where there are not many things redundant, and which eſcape the owner's notice, and are profitable to thieves. If then effects alone can make and keep a man happy, be firſt in repeating this work; be laſt to quit it. If appearance and popularity make a man ſucceſsful; let us purchaſe a man to dictate to us the names of the citizens, to jog us on the left ſide, and to make us extend our hand againſt all impediments: this man has much power in the Fabian, that in the Veline tribe; this will procure the faſces for any one; and, by his importunate buſtling, will ſnatch the curule ivory from whom he chuſes: add the name of father, brother, according to their time of life, ſo courteouſly adopt them. If he who ſups well, lives well: it is day, let us go where our appetite leads us; let us fiſh, let us hunt, as formerly Gargilius did, who ordered his toils, hunting ſpears, and ſlaves, betimes in the morning, to paſs through the people; that one mule, out of many, in the ſight of the mob, might return laden with a boar, bought for that purpoſe. Let us bath with our food undigeſted and full fed, forgetting what is decent, and what not; worthy to be amerced like the Cærites;

as

But I will look amongſt my ware,
And furniſh what there is to ſpare.
Anon, he writes them word, to call
For full five thouſand, part, or all.
'Tis a mean houſe, that has not got
Redundant wealth, which profits not
The rich poſſeſſor, but deceives,
And is the bait, and gain of thieves.
Wherefore, if wealth alone increaſe,
Means and duration for our peace,
Be firſt this buſineſs to atchieve,
And be the laſt of all to leave:
Beſides, if fortune's minions are,
The ſplendid and the popular,
Then ſome ſhrewd ſervant let us buy,
The names of voters to ſupply,
Jog our left-ſide, and give a tread
Upon our toes, the hands to ſpread,
In token of our profer'd grace,
Spite of all obſtacle and place.
" This man has intereſt to bribe
" The Fabian, or the Veline tribe,
" That buſtler gives the conſulate,
" Or takes away the chair of ſtate."
Then with appellatives endear
With *father*, *brother*, in their ear,
According to their ſev'ral age,
Adopt them to your patronage.
If he lives happieſt, who feeds
The daintieſt, where the gullet leads

Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur: ut olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut è multis populo ſpectante referret
Emptum mulus aprum crudi tumidique lavemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti cerite cerâ
Digni: remigium vitioſum Ithacenſis Ulyſſei.
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.
Si (Mimnermus uti cenſet) ſine amore jociſque
Nil eſt jucundum. vivas in amore jociſque.
Vive, vale, ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti. ſi non, his utere mecum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

as the vicious crew of Ulyſſes the Ithacan, to whom unlawful pleaſure was dearer than their country. If, as Mimnermus thinks, nothing is pleaſant without love and pleaſantry; live in the midſt of love and gaiety.——Live; be in health. If you know of any thing more proper than theſe maxims, candidly communicate it; if not, purſue theſe with me.

Let us ſet out at early day
To fiſh, to hunt, as was the way
Gargilius choſe not long ago,
Who nets, poles, ſervants, for a ſhow
Made thro' the thickeſt croud to paſs,
That one boar thrown a croſs an aſs,
Might to the populace appear
When taken with the *ſilver ſpear*.
Let us with loaded ſtomachs ſwim,
Confounding decency and whim,
As lawleſs as Ulyſſes' crew,
Who were determined to purſue
All vice and pleaſures contraband,
Rather than make their native land.
If with Mimnermus you agree,
That there is no felicity
But what is found in love and jeſt,
Then rake and rally with the beſt.———
Health and long life, my friend, await!
Be candid—and communicate,
If better rules of life you've got,
But practiſe theſe with me, if not.

EPIST. VII.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Mæcenati ſe excuſat quod promiſſis non ſteterit, ejus in ſe liberalitatem commemorat & laudat, ſed libertatem & animi tranquillitatem omnibus amicorum donis & quibuſlibet divitiis anteponendam eſſe.

QUinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax deſideror. atqui
Si me vivere vis ſanum, rectèque valentem,
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
Deſignatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater & matercula pallet:
Officioſaque ſedulitas & opella forenſis
Adducit febres, & teſtamenta reſignat.
Quod ſi bruma nives Albanis illinet agris,
Ad mare deſcendet vates tuus, & ſibi parcet,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

After my promiſe to you that I would be in the country but five days, I am abſent the whole month of Auguſt, in breach of my word. But, if you would have me live ſound and in good health, O Mæcenas! the indulgence you grant me, when I am ill, you will likewiſe allow me when I am in dread of being ſo; while the ſeaſon of the firſt figs, and the intenſe heat ſets off the undertaker with his ſable porters, while every father and mother turn pale, in apprehenſions for their children: and while officious diligence and buſineſs at the bar, bring on fevers, and unſeal wills. But if the winter ſhall ſnow upon the Alban fields, your poet will deſcend to the

EPISTLE VII.

To MÆCENAS.

He excuſes himſelf to Mæcenas, that he did not ſtand to his word, and commemorates and extols his patron's liberality towards him; but aſſerts that liberty and peace of mind ought to be preferred to the benefactions of our friends, and all manner of riches.

FAlſe to the promiſe that I made,
Here for all Auguſt have I ſtay'd,
Altho' my honour was at ſtake
In five days my return to make.
But if, Mæcenas, you regard
The health and ſpirits of your bard,
The kind indulgence, which you ſhow
To me, when ſick; you will beſtow
When I'm in fear of being ſo.
While early figs and ſultry heat
Make fun'rals blacken all the ſtreet,
While parents tremble for their boys,
And all the buſineſs and the noiſe
Of canvaſſing, and law appeals
Bring illneſs, which the WILL unſeals.
But if on Alban fields the ſnows
Shou'd come, away your poet goes
Down to the ſea his brains to ſpare,
And read in ſnug compoſure there.

Contractuſque leget; te dulcis amice reviſet
Cum Zephris (ſi concedes) & hirundine primâ.
Non, quo more pyris veſci Calaber jubet hoſpes:
Tu me feciſti locupletem. Veſcere ſodes:
Jam ſatis eſt. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne,
Non inviſa feres pueris munuſcula parvis,
Tam teneor dono, quam ſi dimittar onuſtus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
Prodigus & ſtultus donat, quæ ſpernit & odit.
Hæc ſeges ingratos tulit, & feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus & ſapiens dignis ait eſſe paratum,
Nec tamen ignorat quid diſtent æra lupinis.
Dignum præſtabo me etiam pro laude merentis.
Quod ſi me noles uſquam diſcedere, reddes
Forte latus, nigros anguſtâ fronte capillos:
Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, &

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the ſea ſide, and ſpare himſelf, and make his ſtudies more compendious; dear friend, he will reviſit thee with the zephyrs, and the firſt ſwallow, if you will permit him. You have enriched me not in the ſame manner as the Calabrian hoſt bids his gueſt eat of his pears. Eat, I beſeech you, I have had enough. But carry off with you as much as you will. You are very kind. You will bear them no unwelcome preſents to your little children. I am as much beholden to you by your offer, as if I were ſent away with a load. As you pleaſe: you will only leave them to be eaten to-day by the hogs. The prodigal and oaf gives away what he ſcorns and hates himſelf; the reaping favours like theſe has produced, and will ever produce unthankful men. A good and wiſe man aſſerts himſelf ready to do kindneſſes to the meritorious; and yet is not ignorant how true coins differ from counters. I will alſo ſhew myſelf deſerving of the reputation of being grateful. But if you would not have me remove

Him, my dear friend, you ſhall receive,
If you will deign to give him leave,
When the warm ſky the Zephyrs clear
With the firſt ſwallow of the year.
You've give me opulence to boaſt,
But not like the Calabrian hoſt,
Who preſſes you his pears to eat,
" I do it, friend—enough's a treat"
—But fill your pockets, if you chuſe—
" Good ſir, your bounty's too profuſe"—
By doing ſo you'll bear away
Fit preſents for your boys at play—
" The offer has as much beſtow'd,
" As if I bore away a load"—
Do as you pleaſe, but, by the bye,
You leave them only for the ſtye.
The fool's blunt bounty on this plan
Procures no thank, nor ever can.
The wiſe and good themſelves profeſs,
Ready for merit in diſtreſs,
But know, not eaſy to be bit,
The medal from the counterfeit.
I alſo will preſent a heart
Of worth to act a thankful part,
But if attach'd, as heretofore,
You'd have me, ſir, you muſt reſtore
My conſtitution ſtrong and hale,
And thoſe black locks that grew to veil
My narrow forehead, and renew
My pleaſantry in converſe too;

Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.
Forte per anguſtam tenuis vulpecula rimam
Repſerat in cumeram frumenti, paſtaque rurſus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore fruſtra.
Cui muſtela procul, Si vis (ait) effugere iſtinc,
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra ſubiſti.
Hac ego ſi compellar imagine, cuncta reſigno:
Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium, nec
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpe verecundum laudaſti: rexque paterque
Audiſti coram, nec verbo parcius abſens.
Inſpice ſi poſſum donata reponere lætus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

remove from you any where, you muſt reſtore my hale conſtitution, the jetty locks on my narrow forehead; you muſt reſtore to me the grace of talking with pleaſantry: you muſt reſtore to me the unaffected laugh, and alſo the lamentations o'er my liquor at the jilting of the wanton Cynara. A thin little fox had by chance crept through a chink into a cheſt of grain, and, having feaſted itſelf, endeavoured to come out again, to no purpoſe, with its body now cramm'd and full. To which a weaſel at a diſtance ſays, if you would eſcape thence, repair lean again to the narrow hole which lean you entered. If I be concluded under this ſimilitude, I reſign all of courſe; neither do I, overcharged with delicacies, cry up the calm repoſe of the vulgar, nor do I barter my liberty and eaſe for the wealth of the Arabians. You have often commended me as a modeſt man: when preſent you heard from me of "My king and father," nor am I more ſparing in my ſpeech when abſent: examine whether I can chearfully replace what you have given me. Telemachus, ſon of the patient Ulyſſes, made no bad reply, the countries of Ithaca are not fit for horſes, as being neither canton'd out into champaign fields, nor fertile of much graſs: Atrides, I relinquiſh your preſents, which are more proper for yourſelf. Mean things ſuit with men of mean degree. No longer does royal Rome pleaſe me,

but

You muſt revive my eaſy ſmiles,
And jeopardy for Cynara's wiles,
As maudlin I was want to cry
That jilts their faithful ſwains ſhou'd fly.
A female fox, exceeding thin,
Seeing a narrow paſs crept in,
As leading to a tub of meal—
There having eat a wondrous deal,
She ſtrove to make her way in vain
With her big belly, out again:
To whom a weaſel not far off,
Cried out in moſt ſarſaſtic ſcoff,
If you wou'd fairly make eſcape,
Reſume the *fineneſs of your ſhape.*
If in particular with me
This cited image ſhou'd agree,
I give up all, nor do I praiſe
The pleaſure of the rural ways,
From rank repletion of the town,
Nor yet ſhall eaſtern wealth go down,
Nam'd with the liberty and eaſe,
Of WHERE I WILL and WHAT I PLEASE.
You often have commended me
For diffidence and modeſty;
And in return have had your due,
"My ſov'reign and my father too"
Behind your back my ſpeech affirms
Your merit in the ſelf-ſame terms;
Judge then, if I without regret
Cou'd give up all again, as yet.

Haud male Telemachus, proles patientis Ulyſſei,
Non eſt aptus equis Ithacæ locus: ut neque planis
Porrectus ſpatiis, neque multæ prodigus herbæ.
Atreide, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.
Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus & fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit, atque foro nimium diſtare Carinas
Jam grandis natu queritur: conſpexit (ut ajunt)
Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.
Demetri (puer hic non læve juſſa Philippi
Accipiebat) abi: quære, & refer, unde domo, quis?
Cujus fortunæ: quo ſit patre, quove patrono.
It, redit: & narrat: Vultejum nomine Menam,
Præconem tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum.

Prose Interpretation.

but vacant Tibur and ſoft Tarentum. Philippus, zealous and ſtout, and famed for pleading cauſes, while he is returning from his buſineſs about the eighth hour, and now much advanced in years, is murmuring that the Carinæ were too far diſtant from the forum; he beheld, as they report, a perſon freſh ſhaven, in a barber's empty ſhed, ſerenely paring his nails with a knife. Demetrius, ſays he, (this lad, with adroitneſs, received his maſter's commands) go, enquire, and bring me word; from what manſion, who he is, of what income, who is his father, or who's his patron. He goes, returns, and brings word, that he is by name Vulteius Mena, and a cryer, of ſmall fortune, not notorious for any crime; that he could, upon occaſion buſtle, and take his eaſe, and earn, and ſpend, delighting in middling companions, and a fixed dwelling, and after buſineſs was over in the ſhews, and the Campus Martius. I would examine him himſelf concerning all this

which

Telemachus, the genuine heir
Of all his Father's patient care,
Well anſwer'd in a certain caſe———
" Our Ithaca is not a place
" For horſes, where no plains abound
" Of much extent, nor graſs is found:
" Atrides, I thoſe gifts reſign
" Which ſuit your country more than mine."
The little folk ſhou'd not preſume,
But chooſe ſmall things———imperial Rome
No longer can have pow'r to pleaſe
Like Tibur's peace, Tarentum's eaſe.
Brave, active, of the higheſt fame
For pleading, as Philippus came
Near the eight hour from forth the bar;
Complaining SHIP-STREET was too far
For him at ſuch a time of day,
Beheld a perſon, as they ſay;
Juſt from the barber ſhaven clean,
Paring his nails with eaſy mien,
" Demetrius (ſpeaking to his ſlave"
Quite apt, when his commands he gave)
" Go make enquiry and bring word,
" Where this man lives and how preferr'd,
" Whoſe ſon, to whom he pays his court?"
The lad returns and makes report—
" He's a poor man, Mena's his name,
" By trade a cryer, free from blame,
" One that can buſtle, or unbend
" His mind, and free to get or ſpend;

Et properare loco & ceſſare, & quærere & uti,
Gaudentem parviſque ſodalibus. & lare certo,
Et ludis, & poſt deciſa negotia, campo.
Scitari libet ex ipſo quæcunque refers, dic
Ad cœnam veniat. non ſane credere Mena:
Mirari ſecum tacitus. quid multa? benigne,
Reſpondet. Negat ille mihi? Negat improbus, & te
Negligit, aut horret. Vultejum mane Philippus
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, & ſalvere jubet prior. ille Philippo
Excuſare laborem, & mercenaria vincla,
Quod non mane domum veniſſet: denique, quod non
Providiſſet eum. Sic ignoviſſe putato
Me tibi, ſi cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet: Ergo
Poſt nonam venies, nunc i, rem ſtrenuus auge,
Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt, dicenda, tacenda loquutus.
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. hic ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

which you report. Invite him to ſup with me. Mena cannot credit it; he wonders ſilently within himſelf. Why many words? he anſwers, 'tis obliging. Does he refuſe me? the poltroon does, and either neglects, or dreads you. In the morning Philip comes unexpectedly upon Vulteius, as he is ſelling brokery goods to the mean-dreſſed populace, and ſalutes him firſt. He pleads to Philip his occupation, and the confinement he is obliged to, in excuſe for not attending him in the morning; and afterwards for not viſiting him firſt. Expect that I'll excuſe you on theſe terms, that you will ſup with me this evening; as you pleaſe; then you will come after the ninth hour: now go on ſtrenuouſly, augment your ſtock. When they were come to ſupper, having diſcourſed indifferently as well upon things that are better ſaid as upon thoſe that

" For chronies make up his delight,
" Beſides a certain home at night,
" At even, when he's done his trade,
" Is at the play or the parade."
I wou'd that he himſelf explain
The things you mention, go again,
And bid him come to ſup at eve—
Poor Mena ſcarcely cou'd believe,
With ſilent wonder, and in ſhort
Made anſwer in a civil ſort.
" What does the ſcrub deny—'tis clear
" He is indifferent or in fear"—
Next day as he was at his job
Of ſelling trump'ry to the mob,
Philippus takes him unawares
And firſt ſalutes him—he prepares
For buſineſs his excuſe to beg,
Tyed, as he ſees him, by the leg,
Or he that morning had addreſs'd,
And been before hand with his gueſt.
" Think that I make the matter up
" If you to-night will come and ſup."
—Content—" then after nine arrive—
" Go now and may your buſineſs thrive"——
When ſupper came diſcourſe they had
Of ſundry matters good and bad,
At length he's ſuffer'd to withdraw.
This gudgeon when he often ſaw
Advancing to the cover'd hook,
Untill the bait unſeen he took,

Mane cliens & jam certus conviva jubetur
Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis,
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare. videt ridetque Philippus:
Et ſibi dum requiem, dum riſus undique quærit,
Dum ſeptem donat ſeſtertia, mutua ſeptem
Promittit, perſuadet uti mercetur agellum.
Mercatur, ne te longis ambagibus ultra
Quam ſatis eſt, morer, ex nitido fit ruſticus, atque
Sulcos & vineta crepat mera, præparat ulmos:
Immoritur ſtudiis, & amore ſeneſcit habendi.
Verum ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ,
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando:
Offenſus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

that are better let alone, at length he is diſmiſſed to go to his repoſe. When he had often been ſeen to run like a fiſh to the covered hook, in the morning a client, and now become a never-failing gueſt; he is deſired to go with Philip as a companion to his country ſeat near town, at the proclaiming the Latin feſtivals. Set up on horſeback he ceaſes not to cry up the Sabine fields and air. Philip obſerves it and ſmiles: and while he is looking for amuſement and matter of pleaſantry for himſelf out of every thing, while he makes him a donation of ſeven thouſand ſeſtories, promiſes him the loan of ſeven thouſand more; perſuades him to buy a farm: he does buy one. That I may not detain you with a long preamble beyond what is neceſſary; from a ſmart cockney he becomes a downright ruſtic, and talks of nothing but furrows and vineyards; makes ready his elms; fatigues himſelf with eagerneſs, and grows old through a propenſity of poſſeſſing much. But when his ſheep were taken away by theft, his goats by a diſtemper; his crop deceived his hopes, his ox was worked

to

A client by the morning's light,
A never-failing gueſt at night,
He is commanded to attend
Unto his ſeat his noble friend,
Juſt at the Latin feſtivals;
Mounted on horſe-back he extols
The Sabine air and pleaſant ways
Thro' fields, nor ceaſes in his praiſe—
Philippus laughs, and while he ſeeks
Fit objects for his fun and freaks,
And while he gives him to poſſeſs
Sev'n thouſand ſeſterces—no leſs—
And promiſes by way of loan
Sev'n thouſand more, beſides his own,
He urges him a farm to buy—
He buys one—(not to be too dry
And tedious with this ſtory) know
He turns a ruſtic from a beau,
And all his converſation now
Is of the vineyard or the plough,
Fatigues himſelf to death with care,
And like an old man lives to ſpare.
But when his ſheep he loſt by theft,
By murrain of his goats bereft,
His acres to no purpoſe till'd,
His oxen with hard labour kill'd,
Vex'd with his loſs he takes his ſteed,
And ev'n at midnight hies with ſpeed,
And in a paſſion makes his way
To Philip's houſe before the day;

Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus,
Durus (ait), Vultei, nimis attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi. Pol, me miſerum, patrone, vocares,
Si velles (inquit) verum mihi ponere nomen.
Quod te per genium, dextramque, deoſque penates
Obſecro & obteſtor, vitæ me redde priori.
Qui ſimul aſpexit quantum dimiſſa petitis
Præſtent, mature redeat, repetatque relicta.
Metiri ſe quemque ſuo modulo ac pede, verum eſt.

Prose Interpretation.

to death by plowing; Vexed with theſe loſſes, at midnight he ſeizes his nag, and in a paſſion makes his way to Philip's houſe. Whom as ſoon as Philip ſaw rough and unſhaven: Vulteius, ſays he, you ſeem to me to be too harſh and earneſt. Verily, O patron! replied he, you might call me a wretch, if you would apply to me my real name. I beſeech, and conjure you then, by your genius, and your right hand of good fellowſhip and your houſehold gods, reinſtate me in my former courſe of life. As ſoon as a man has an inſight how much the things he has diſcarded excel thoſe he follows, let him return in time and repoſſeſs himſelf of thoſe things he before relinquiſhed. It is fact, that every one ought to meaſure himſelf by a proper ſtandard and the length of his own foot.

Whom ſoon as Philip chanc'd to ſee,
Rough and untrim'd to that degree,
(Says he) my Mena, you appear
By much too harſh and too ſevere—
" O Patron! Mena then rejoin'd
" If I in truth muſt be defin'd,
" Wretch is my title to be ſure—
" And by thy genius, I conjure,
" By your right hand and Gods, I pray,
" Reſtore me to my former way"———
As ſoon as any man perceives
That he the better option leaves,
Let him return before too late
Unto his abdicated ſtate.
'Tis juſt each perſon ſhou'd be clear,
What is the compaſs of his ſphere.

EPIST. VIII.

Ad CELSUM ALBINOVANUM

Ad Celſum ſcribens, à Muſâ de non ferendâ immoderate & inſolenter fortunâ cum vult admoneri.

CElſo gaudere, & bene rem gerere, Albinovano,
Muſa rogata refer, comiti ſcribæque Neronis.
Si quæret quid agam, dic, multa & pulchra minantem,
Vivere nec recte, nec ſuaviter. haud quia grando
Contuderit vites, oleamque momorderit æſtus:
Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in arvis:
Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil diſcere, quod levet ægrum:
Fidis offendar medicis, iraſcar amicis,
Cur me funeſto properent arcere veterno:
Quæ nocuere ſequar, fugiam quæ profore credam?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O muſe! being intreated, pay your compliments to Celſus Albinovanus, the companion and ſecretary of Nero, to remain in a ſtate of pleaſure and proſperity. If he ſhould enquire what I am about, tell him I am threatening many and glorious atchievements, but actually to live neither laudably, nor agreeably. And that not becauſe the hail has beaten down my vines; or the drought has damaged my olives; nor becauſe my herd has got the murrain in their remote fields; but becauſe leſs hale in my mind, than the whole habit of my body I am willing to hear nothing, learn nothing, that may alleviate my malady: I am offended at my faithful phyſicians, I am wroth with my friends, that they ſhould haſten to rout me from my fatal lethargy. I purſue theſe courſes that have been hurtful to me, and avoid what I may ſuppoſe to be pro-

table

EPISTLE VIII.

To CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

Writing to Celſus he would have him admoniſhed by the Muſe to bear his good fortune with moderation and decency.

TO Celſus, Muſe, that I addreſs,
Wiſh thou all joy and good ſucceſs,
Who now with Nero has found grace,
And got his ſecretary's place.
Shou'd he enquire about my ſtate,
* Tell him my threats are fair and great;
But for performance on my plan
Am not a good nor happy man—
Not that the hail my vines has marr'd,
Or froſts deſtroy'd my olive-yard,
Nor dies my heifer, or my goat
With murrain out in fields remote,
But that diſeas'd with more defect
Of mind, than body, I object
To hear or learn things for my eaſe,
And faithful doctors ſalves diſpleaſe;
I'm angry with the friends that ſtrive
To make this drowſy corpſe alive;

* *Theſe, and the ſubſequent lines, are all ironical, ana a dry rub upon Celſus, and particularly juſtify thoſe lines of Perſius, viz.*

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

Romæ Tibur amem ventoſus, Tibure Romam.
Poſt hæc, ut valeat, quo pacto rem gerat & ſe,
Ut placeat juveni, percontare, utque cohorti.
Si dicet, recte: primum gaudere, ſubinde
Præceptum auriculis hoc inſtillare memento.
Ut tu fortunam, ſic nos te, Celſe, feremus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

fitable. Light as the wind at Rome, I am fond of Tibur, at Tibur of Rome. After theſe informations, my muſe, aſk how he is in health, how he conducts his affairs and himſelf. Interrogate how he pleaſes the young man, and how the whole cohort.—If he ſays very well, firſt be mindful to tell him you are glad of it, and then inſtil this precept into his ears. O Celſus! as thou beareſt thy fortune, ſo ſhall we bear with thee.

I ſeek the hurtful, good things fly,
At Rome I ſtill for Tibur ſigh,
At Tibur fickle, as the wind,
I for the city am inclin'd.
Next mind to aſk him, how he wears,
How goes himſelf and his affairs:
How with the noble youth he ſtands,
And with the cohort, he commands:
Give him much joy, if all be well,
Then in his ear this precept tell——
" Bear thou good luck with meekneſs due;
" And ſo your friends ſhall bear with you."

EPIST. IX.

Ad CLAUDIUM NERONEM.

Claudio Neroni Septimium commendat, & rogat ut in amicitiam ſuam eum recipiat.

SEptimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias. nam quum rogat, & prece cogit
Scilicet, ut tibi ſe laudare & tradere coner,
Dignum mente domoque legentis honeſta Neronis:
Munere quum fungi propioris cenſet amici:
Quid poſſim videt, ac novit me valdius ipſo.
Multa quidem dixi, cur excuſatus abirem:
Sed timui, mea ne finxiſſe minora putarer,
Diſſimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni:
Sic ego, majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Claudius! Septimius alone, forſooth, underſtands of how great account you make me: for when he petitions, and by his importunity even compells me, to the end that I may endeavour to recommend, and make over him to you as worthy the attention and harbour of Nero, who makes ſuch honourable election, ſince he thinks that I enjoy the dignity of a more intimate friend: all *this* time, he ſees and is acquainted with what I am able to do more powerfully than myſelf. In good truth, I urged many things, wherefore I ſhould come off with excuſe, but was apprehenſive, leſt I ſhould be thought to feign my intereſt leſs than it is, a diſſembler with regard to my own ability, and attached to my own ſervice merely. Thus I avoiding the ſcandal of a greater offence, have

EPISTLE IX.

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

He recommends Septimius to him, and requeſts that he wou'd receive into a place in his friendſhip.

SEptimius, ſure, of all mankind
Beſt knows what grace with you I find;
For when he prays in ſuch a way,
As to compel me to obey,
That I in ſuch a point of view
Wou'd place him as to come to you,
One worthy to be lov'd and hous'd,
By him, who merit has eſpous'd,
When he ſuppoſes that my fate
Is nearer to your intimate
Than I can poſſibly deſcry,
He knows my ſecrets more than I.
Much did I urge to be excus'd,
But was in a degree confus'd,
Leſt I ſhou'd ſeem *to act a part*,
And to diſſemble in my heart,
Pretending that my pow'r was none
Quite bent on ſerving NUMBER ONE.
Thus to avoid a worſe offence
I fly to town-bred confidence.

Frontis ad urbanæ deſcendi præmia. quod ſi
Depoſitum laudas ob amici juſſa pudorem,
Scribe tui gregis hunc, & fortem crede bonumque.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

have deſcended to the benefit of a town-bred confidence. But if you praiſe modeſty, thrown aſide at the injunctions of a friend, put down this man amongſt thoſe of your department, and be aſſured, that he is courageous and good.

But if aſſurance in the cauſe
Of friendſhip merit your applauſe,
The *bearer* in your liſt enroll,
A brave good fellow and *a ſoul.*

EPIST. X.

Ad Fuscum Aristium.

Fusco Arisio urbis amatori vitam rusticam, quâ ipse delectabatur, laudat.

URbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores: hâc in re scilicet unâ
Multum dissimiles, ad cætera pæne gemelli.
Fraternis animis quicquid negat alter, & alter,
Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum servas: ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, & musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Quid quæris? vivo & regno, simul ista reliqui,
Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis rumore secundo.
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso:
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,

Prose Interpretation.

I, a lover of the country, bid Fuscus all hail! who is an admirer of the city, in this matter alone to be sure we are much unlike, but with regard to all other matters near upon twins. Whatever one refuses, the other does also with brotherly love. We assent together like two pidgeons, that are old and used to one another. You keep the nest: I praise the rivers of the pleasant country, and the stones invested with moss, and the grove. What would you have? I live and reign ever since I quitted, what you cry up to the skies with your favourable report; and like a fugitive from a priest, I refuse the delicates. I want that household bread which is to me now far preferable to the honied cracknels. If one ought

to

EPISTLE X.

To Fuscus Aristius.

He extols a country life, with which he is captivated, to Fuſcus, a lover of the town.

I, that the country beſt approve,
To Fuſcus, recommend my love;
Who places in the town his bliſs,
At wond'rous odds, alone in this,
We in all other things agree,
As loving-like, as twins can be.
With ſpirits of fraternal kind,
Each is, or pleas'd, or diſinclin'd,
Each nods to each, in conſtant mood,
Like two old pidgeons of the wood—
You keep the neſt—but Horace roves
To ſtreams and moſs-grown rocks and groves.
Do you aſk why?—I live and reign,
Er'e ſince I treated with diſdain
Thoſe very ſcenes, which with ſuch cries,
You're all extolling to the ſkies;
And like the ſlave, that flies the prieſt,
As ſick of a perpetual feaſt;
I want the bread the country bakes
Much rather than your honey'd cakes.
Agreeably to nature's call
If we muſt live, then firſt of all,

Ponendæque domo quærenda eſt area primum,
Noviſtine locum potiorem rure beato?
Eſt ubi plus tepeant hyemes? ubi gratior aura
Leniat & rabiem Canis, & momenta Leonis,
Quum ſemel accepit ſolem furibundus acutum?
Eſt ubi divellat ſomnos minus invida cura?
Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias nutritur ſylva columnas,
Laudaturque domus longos quæ proſpicit agros.
Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen uſque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim faſtidia victrix.
Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus oſtro
Neſcit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to live agreeable to nature, and a ſpot is to be looked after, In the firſt place, for the building of an houſe, do you know any ſituation more deſirable than a pleaſant country? Is there any place where the winters are warmer? where a more acceptable air can alleviate both the rage of the dog-ſtar, and ſeaſon of the lion, when hot as fury, he has once received the fierce influence of the ſun? Is there any place where invidious care diſturbs ſleep in a leſs degree? Does the herb of the field ſmell, or look worſe, than Lybian precious ſtones? Does the water, in its tendency to burſt the leaden pipes, run purer in the ſtreets, than that which hurries in with murmurs thro' the ſloping channel? However, a grove is foſtered amongſt the variegated pillars of the city-buildings, and that houſe is commended for its ſituation. Should you expel nature with a fork, ſhe will always return to herſelf notwithſtanding, and ſecretly victorious will break thro' your wicked caprices. He does not lie open to the danger of a more certain and heavy loſs, who being unſkilful, is ignorant in what degree the

You ſhou'd ſelect a pleaſant ſpot,
Where you may build your little cot;
And can you know a better place,
Than that which rural beauties grace?
Are warmer ſummers found elſewhere,
Or is there any milder air
To which a man may have recourſe,
What time the Dog-ſtar is in force,
Or when the Lion, in his turn,
Does by the Sun's intenſeneſs burn?
Is there a place, where envious ſpleen,
Breaks leſs upon your ſleep ſerene?
Say, do the Lybian ſtones excel
The graſs in ſightlineſs or ſmell;
Or does your water, while it ſtrives
To burſt the pipes e'er it arrives,
Run purer in the ſtreet, than thoſe,
Whoſe rapid current murmuring flows?
Nay, wood is rais'd to pleaſe the eyes,
Where variegated pillars riſe,
And for applauſe thoſe buildings ſtand,
Which have a proſpect of the land.
Expel dame nature, how you will,
She muſt herſelf recover ſtill,
Breaking thro' faſhion by degrees
And vain caprice with her decrees.
He that has not diſcerning ſenſe,
To ſee how far in excellence,
The tinctures of Aquinum vie,
With purple of Sidonian die,

Certius accipiet damnum propiuſve medullis,
Quam qui non poterit vero diſtinguere falſum.
Quem res plus nimio delectavere ſecundæ,
Mutatæ quatient. ſi quid mirabere, pones
Invitus, fuge magna. licet ſub paupere tecto
Reges & regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
Imploravit opes hominis, frænumque recepit:
Sed poſtquam victor violens diſceſſit ab hoſte,
Non equitem dorſo, non frænum depulit ore.
Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus, atque
Serviet æternum, quia parvo neſciat uti.
Cui non conveniet ſua res, ut calceus olim.
Si pede major erit, ſubvertet, ſi minor, uret.
Lætus ſorte tuâ vives ſapienter, Ariſti:

Prose Interpretation.

the cloth dyed at Aquinum vies with Sidonian purple, than he who is not able to diſtinguiſh truth from falſhood. Him, whoſe proſperous affairs have delighted out of meaſure an altered ſtate, will ſhock. If you are exceedingly fond of any thing, you will reſign it unwillingly. Shun great matters. There is a poſſibility, under a mean roof, to ſurpaſs monarchs, and the friends of monarchs, in your manner of life. The ſtag, as ſuperior in the engagement, drove away the horſe from the common paſture; until the weaker implored the help of man, and received the bit. But after the impetuous victor had departed from his diſcomfited foe, he did not diſengage his back from the rider, nor his mouth from the curb. Thus he who is affraid of poverty, ſhall be without liberty, that is preferable to precious ore, ſhall, thro' his perverſeneſs, carry a maſter, and be a ſlave for ever; becauſe he will not underſtand the right uſe of a pittance. With him whoſe lot does

More loſs can never undergo
Than thoſe, who have not wit to know
The truth from that which is not ſo.
Whom wealth and power too joyful make
At a reverſe of things will quake;
Of ought if you are over-fond,
On reſignation you'll deſpond:
One in a cot, for bliſs indeed,
Kings and their fav'rites may exceed:
The ſtag, more warlike than the ſteed,
Expell'd him from the common mead,
Till long time worſted in the end
He call'd on man to ſtand his friend,
And took the bit—but when he came
Stern conq'ror from the field of fame;
He cou'd not of the rider quit
His back, nor mouth from out the bit.
Thus he that fears he ſhall be poor,
Muſt loſs of liberty endure,
More precious far than gold, muſt bear
A maſter, and ſuch fetters wear
As ſhall eternally enthrall,
Becauſe his income is too ſmall.
A man's concerns that will not do,
May be reſembled to a ſhoe,
Which made too large will ſoon ſubvert
Your feet, and if too ſmall will hurt.
If you're contented with good cheer,
My Fuſcus, then your wiſdom's clear,

Nec me dimittes incaſtigatum, ubi plura
Cogere, quam ſatis eſt, ac non ceſſare videbor.
Imperat aut ſervit collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna ſequi potius, quam ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam poſt fanum putre Vacunæ,
Excepto quod non ſimul eſſes, cætera lætus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

does not ſuit, it fares as ſometimes with the ſhoe, if it be too large for the foot, it will overturn, if too ſmall, will pinch him. You ſhall live wiſely, O Ariſtius! by being happy with your own lot; neither diſmiſs me without reprimand, when I ſhall ſeem to ſcramble together more than is ſufficient, and not to give over. Hoarded money, either commands, or ſerves every body; fitting, however, rather to follow, than hold the halter.——Theſe lines I indited to you, behind the mouldering fane of Vacuna; chearful in all other reſpects, ſaving, that you are not in my company.

EPIST.

And me your old ally chaſtiſe,
Appearing buſy in your eyes,
To gather more than ſhou'd ſuffice.
That money, which we ſcrape and crave,
To all's a tyrant, or a ſlave,
And yet 'tis eaſy to decide,
It ſhou'd be guided, and not guide.
Theſe lines I wrote in idle vein,
Behind Vacuna's mould'ring fane,
Happy in every point of view,
Except the joy to be with you.

EPIST. XI.

Ad BULLATIUM reverſum ex ASIA.

Ad vitæ beatitudinem nihil intereſſe dicit, quo quiſque loco habitet, quum hæc ab animi tranquillitate pendeat.

QUid tibi viſa Chios, Bullati, notaque Leſbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Crœſi regia Sardis
Smyrna quid, & Colophon? majora minorane famâ?
Cunctane præ campo & Tiberino flumine ſordent?
An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una?
An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?
Scis, Lebedus quam ſit Gabiis deſertior atque
Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem:
Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis,
Neptunum procul e terrâ ſpectare furentem.
Sed neque, qui Capuâ Romam petit imbre lutoque

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Bullatius! in what light did Chios, and the celebrated Leſbos appear to you? How the compact Samos? How Sardis, the royal ſeat of Chroeſus? How Smyrna and Colophon, are they ſuperior or inferior to report? Or are all theſe together of little worth, in compariſon with the Campus Martius, and the river Tiber? Has any one of the Attalic cities made a part of your wiſhes? Or do you cry up Lebedus, thro' diſguſt of travelling by ſea and land? You know Lebedus is a town more deſart than Gabii, or Fidenæ, yet would I rather live there, both forgetting and forgotten of my friends, ſo that I might behold from land, the ſea raging at a diſtance. However, neither he that comes to Rome from Capua, bedaggled with rain and mud, will be inclined to ſpend his life in an inn; nor he that has contracted a cold, perpetually extols

EPISTLE XI.

To BULLATIUS returned from ASIA.

He aſſerts that it is of no conſequence to the happineſs of life, in what place any man dwells, ſince this depends upon peace of mind.

BUllatius, how does Chios ſeem,
And Leſbos of ſuch high eſteem?
How Samos, that is built ſo neat,
And Sardis, Crœſus' royal ſeat:
Is Colophon, or Smyrna's fort,
Nobler or meaner than report?
Or are they each a paltry ſcene
To Tibur, and his meadows green?
Wou'd it your utmoſt wiſhes crown,
To have ſome rich Attalic town,
Or do you Lebedus admire,
While land and ſea the trav'ler tire,
Tho' Lebedus be more obſcure
Than Gabii, or Fidenæ, ſure;
Yet cou'd I live in ſuch a ſpot,
Forgetting all, of all forgot,
Rather than not command the ſea
To bluſter far enough from me—
But they, that come from Capua here,
Whom rain, and muck, and dirt beſmear,

Aſperſus, volet in cauponâ vivere: nec qui
Frigus collegit, furnos & balnea laudat,
Ut fortunatum plene præſtantia vitam:
Nec ſi te validus jactaverit Auſter in alto,
Idcirco navem trans Ægæum mare vendas.
Incolumi Rhodos, & Mitylene pulchra facit, quod
Penula ſolſtitio, campeſtre nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili menſe caminus.
Dum licet, & vultum ſervat fortuna benignum,
Romæ laudetur Samos, & Chios, & Rhodos abſens:
Tu, quamcunque deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
Grata ſume manu: nec dulcia differ in annum,
Ut quocunque loco fueris, vixiſſe libenter
Te dicas, nam ſi ratio & prudentia curas,
Non locus effuſi late maris arbiter, aufert;
Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tols the ſtoves and baths, as fully rendering life happy: nor if the impetuoſity of the ſouth-wind ſhould have toſſed you in the deep, will you therefore diſpoſe of your ſhip beyond ſea. For a man in a good ſtate of health, Rhodes and Mitylene does as charmingly as a great coat in the ſummer ſolſtice, a pair of drawers in the ſnowy air, the Tiber the winter thro', and a fire in the month of Auguſt. While in your power, and fortune keeps up her benevolent aſpect, let Samos, and Chios, and Rhodes, remote from you, be praiſed here at Rome. Whatever hour providence ſhall propitiate for you, accept with a grateful hand, nor poſtpone the ſweets of life, for the whole year: ſo that in whatſoever place you ſhall be, you may have it to ſay, that you have lived at pleaſure: for if reaſon and conduct, and not an eminence commanding the capacious main for a great way, remove care, then they only change their air, and not their mind, who take their courſe over ſea. An idle life, full of buſtle, exerciſes us: we ſeek in ſhips

Wou'd not keep always in a hold;
Nor when a man contracts a cold,
The ſtoves and bagnios will he praiſe,
So as to love them all his days.
Nor tho' the Southern tempeſts reign,
Wou'd that the merchant-man conſtrain
To ſell his ſhip, acroſs the main.
With one that's well, and wiſe to boot,
Rhodes and fair Mitylene will ſuit,
As a thick cloak, when ſummer glows,
Or linnen draw'rs in piercing ſnows,
Or Tiber, when the winter roars,
Or in Mid-Auguſt grates and blow'rs.
While yet you may, and fortune's ſmile
Attends you, in th' applauding ſtile
The praiſe of abſent Rhodes reſume,
Of Samos, Chios, here at Rome.
Whatever pros'prous hour below,
The hands of providence beſtow,
Let gratitude confirm your own,
Nor for the livelong year poſtpone,
To uſe ſuch things as beſt can pleaſe,
That you may ſay, I've liv'd at eaſe,
Whatever region you poſſeſs:
For if right reaſon and addreſs,
And not a place that over-bears
Wide ocean, can remove our cares,
They change their climate, not their ſoul,
Who go in ſhips from pole to pole.

Strenua nos, exercet inertia navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere, quod petis, hic eſt,
Eſt Ulubris: animus ſi te non deficit æquus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ſhips and carriages to live comfortably. What you are in queſt of is here at home; it is even at Ulubræ, if there is no defect as to the evenneſs of your temper.

In ſtrenuous idleneſs we ſtrive,
We launch our ſhips, and chariots drive
In order for a happy lot;
But that you ſeek is on the ſpot,
And ev'n at * Ulubræ might be,
For men of equanimity.

* *A paltry forlorn place in Campania.*

EPIST. XII.

Ad Icc1um.

Tantum esse divitem unumquemque, quantum rebus utitur. Quo in statu sint res Romanæ certiorem facit.

FRuctibus Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci,
Si recte frueris, non est ut copia major
Ab Jove donari possit tibi. tolle querelas,
Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus.
Si ventri bene, si lateri est pedibusque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
Si forte in medio positorum abstemius herbis
Vivis & urticâ, sic vives protinus, ut te
Confestim liquidus Fortunæ rivus inauret:
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit,
Vel quia cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Iccius! if you rightly enjoy Agrippa's Sicilian fruits, which you collect, it is not possible, that a greater abundance can be given you by Jove himself. Away with complaints; for he is not a poor man, who has a sufficiency of things for his use. If your belly, body, and feet, are well provided for, royal wealth cannot add to you any thing greater. If peradventure, in the midst of good viands placed before you, you live abstemiously upon herbs and small fishes, you'll shortly subsist in such a manner, that fortune's river of liquid gold will suddenly overwhelm you: either because money cannot change nature, or because you think every consideration inferior to virtue alone. Do we justly wonder, if his neighbour's

EPISTLE XII.

To Iccius.

That he is rich alone, who makes good uſe of his finances. He writes alſo of the preſent ſtate of the Roman affairs.

IF, as you take Agrippa's dues,
Sicilian wealth you rightly uſe,
A greater affluence, my friend,
From Jove himſelf cou'd not deſcend.
Ceaſe murm'ring, for you cannot plead
You're poor, and have the things you need,
If well with belly, and with back,
And for your feet you nothing lack,
I do not ſee to make you glad,
How ev'n imperial wealth wou'd add.
If midſt ſuch plenty and ſuch ſums
You ſtarve, on herbs and *miller's thumbs*,
So very near you'll ſkin the flint,
That you will raiſe at leaſt a *mint*,
And fortune ſhortly ſhalt behold,
A pow'ring in a flood of gold,
Becauſe, mere money, it is plain,
Can ne'er avail to change the grain,
Or that it is your thought and tone,
That all things yield to worth alone.

Miramur ſi Democriti pecus edit agellos,
Cultaque dum peregre eſt animus ſine corpore velox:
Quum tu inter ſcabiem tantam & contagia lucri,
Nil parvum ſapias, & adhuc ſublimia cures:
Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ; quid temperet annum:
Stellæ ſponte ſuâ, juſſæne vagentur & errent:
Quid premat obſcurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem:
Quid velit & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors:
Empedocles, an Stertinii deliret acumen?
Verum ſeu piſces, ſeu porrum & cæpe trucidas,
Utere Pompejo Groſpho, &, ſi quid petet, ultro,
Defer, nil Groſphus niſi verum orabit, & æquum.
Vilis amicorum eſt annona, bonis ubi quid deeſt.
Ne tamen ignores, quo ſit Romana loco res,
Cantaber Agrippæ, Claudi virtute Neronis

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

bour's cattle eats up the field of Democritus, and his cultivated lands, while his quick mind is gadding without the body? Seeing you amongſt ſuch ſcurf and infection of lucre, have no reliſh for ſmall matters, and ſtill regard ſublime things? As what cauſes reſtrain the ſea, what guides the year; whether the ſtars wander and rove about by their own free will, or by command; what throws obſcurity on the lunar orb, and what brings it out to light: what the confuſed agreement of things means and effectuates; whether the wit of Empedocles, or Stertinius be infatuated? However, whether you are butchering of little fiſhes, or STABBING of leeks and onions, make room for Pompeius Groſphus, and if he ſhall aſk any thing, give it him willingly: Groſphus, will pray for nothing but what is fair and juſt to grant him. The acquiſition of friends is upon eaſy terms, when any thing is wanting to good men. However, that you may not be ignorant in what ſtate the Roman affairs are, you muſt know that the Cantabrians and Armenians, have fallen by the valour

What wonder, if his neighbours cows,
Upon his fields and meadows brouze,
If the old ſophiſt's active mind
Be wandring from the man diſjoin'd;
When you a ſcrambler, and a ſneak,
Will after nothing trivial ſeek,
But ſtill to things exalted ſtrain,
As how the ſhores the floods contain,
What rules the year, if on the pole
The ſtars ſelf-mov'd, or guided roll,
What cauſe the Lunar orb benights,
And what again her beauty lights,
What is the pow'r, and what th' intent
Of all this diſſonant conſent?
Who moſt with reaſon diſagrees,
Stertinius, or Empedocles?
  But whether butchering of a *rough*,
Or leeks and chives, your plate you ſtuff,
Uſe Groſphus as a friend, and give
With freedom what he will receive:
I'll warrant Groſphus, that his pray'r
Shall only be for what is fair.
  One vaſt benevolence may reap,
When good men want, true friends are cheap.
  Now that you may not be in doubt,
How our affairs at Rome turn out,
The Spaniſh and Armenian bands,
By Nero and Agrippa's hands,

Armenius cecidit: jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæſaris accepit genibus minor. aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno diffudit copia cornu.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

valour of Agrippa and Claudius Nero. Phraates upon his knees, has ſubmitted to the laws and dominion of Cæſar; and golden plenty has diffuſed her fruits upon Italy with a full horn.

Are fall'n—Phraates on his knee,
Does to great Cæſar's terms agree;
And golden plenty all around
Full-horn'd, th' Italian crops has crown'd.

EPIST. XIII.

Ad VINNIUM ASELLAM.

A Vinnio petit, ut in offerendis Auguſto ſuis libris, & temporis & decoris rationem habeat.

UT proficiſcentem docui te ſæpe, diuque
Auguſto reddes ſignata volumina, Vinni,
Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet:
Ne ſtudio noſtri pecces, odiumque libellis
Sedulus importes operâ vehemente miniſter.
Si te forte meæ gravis uret ſarcina chartæ,
Abjicito potius, quam quo perferre juberis
Clitellas ferus impingas, Aſinæque paternum
Cognomen vertas in riſum, & fabula fias.
Viribus uteris per clivos, flumina, lamas.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Vinnius! in ſuch wiſe as I taught you often, and a long time together, that you ſhould preſent theſe volumes, ſealed up to Auguſtus, that is, if he be in health, if he be in ſpirits, and finally, if he ſhould aſk for them; leſt you offend thro' your zeal for me, and over-officious bring an ill-will upon my works, doing your buſineſs with precipitate ſervice. If perchance the heavy burthen of my paper ſhould gall you, rather throw it away, than in a rough manner daſh your budget upon the ground, where you are injoined to carry it, and turn your ſurname Aſina into a jeſt, and become the talk of the town. Make uſe of your ſtrength thro' hills, rivers, and ſloughs. As ſoon as having compaſſed your purpoſe you arrive there, you ſhall hold your burden in this poſition as I ſhew you, leſt haply you carry the budget of books under your arm, as the countryman a lamb, or as drunken

Pyrrha

EPISTLE XIII.

To Vinnius Asella.

He requires of Vinnius that in preſenting his books to Auguſtus he wou'd have a due reſpect to the timing and decency of doing it.

JUST as the whole direction ſtands,
By frequent and by full commands,
Upon your ſetting out reveal'd,
Deliver up theſe volumes ſeal'd,
To Cæſar—that is—ſhou'd you find,
He's well, in ſpirits and inclin'd
To aſk for trifles of this kind.
Leſt zealous for my works and me
You ſhou'd be thought to make too free,
And bring an odium, if you preſs
With ill-advis'd officiouſneſs.
But if my budget gall your back,
Rather demoliſh all the pack,
Than on the pavement rudely throw
Before Auguſtus, when you go,
To bring a jeſt in the event,
Upon your Aſinine deſcent,
And be the talk of all the town——
Uſe your beſt efforts up and down,
Through ſloughs and rivers, dale and hill,
And when your purpoſe you fulfil,

Victor propoſiti ſimulac perveneris illuc,
Sic poſitum ſervabis onus, ne forte ſub ala
Faſciculum portes librorum, ut ruſticus agnum,
Ut vinoſa glomos furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ:
Ut cum pileolo ſoleas conviva tribulis.
Ne vulgo narres te ſudaviſſe ferendo
Carmina, quæ poſſunt oculos aureſque morari
Cæſaris. oratus multâ prece, nitere porro.
Vade, vale. cave ne titubes mandataque frangas.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Pyrrhia bottoms of ſtolen yarn, or as a companion of the ſame tribe, his ſlippers with his cap. Do not publicly tell that you ſweated with carrying ſuch verſes, as may poſſibly detain the eyes and ears of Cæſar. Beſought with much intreaty, ſtrive to get forwards. Hie away, farewell! take care you do not ſtumble, and break my commands.

Thus bear the parcel, leſt, perchance,
You with my volume ſhou'd advance
As country boobies hug a lamb,
Or Pyrrhia, after many a dram,
Stol'n yarn, or routed from his nap,
The drunken cit his fudling-cap.
Leſt by a blunder you ſhou'd ſay,
How much you ſweated all the way
In bringing verſe, which may ſucceed
To make great Cæſar hear and read.
Intreated by the poet's pray'r,
Proceed—good-bye—be well aware,
Leſt you ſhou'd ſtumble with your load,
And break my orders on the road.

EPIST. XIV.

Ad VILLICUM Suum.

Villici ſui deſiderium reprehendit, cupientis in urbe vivere, & interim inconſtanter faſtidientis rura, quæ antea tacitâ prece petiiſſet.

VIllice ſylvarum, & mihi me reddentis agelli,
Quem tu faſtidis, habitatum quinque focis, &
Quinque bonos ſolitum Bariam dimittere patres,
Certemus, ſpinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro, & melior ſit Horatius, an res.
Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas, & cura moratur
Fratrem mœrentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Inſolabiliter, tamen iſtuc mens animuſque
Fert, & amat ſpaciis obſtantia rumpere clauſtra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe, beatum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Steward of the woods! and that field which reſtores me to myſelf, but which you deſpiſe, tho' inhabited by five families, and accuſtomed to ſend five good ſenators to Baria. Let us vie with each other whether I with more reſolution extract the thorns out of my mind, or you from the lands, and whether Horace, or his eſtate, be in the better order.—Tho' the piety and vexation of Lamia, lamenting his brother, inconſolably grieving for the loſs of that brother, ſnatch'd away before his time, detain me at preſent; yet my mind and inclination bear me thither, and delight in the idea of breaking the barriers that oppoſe me at ſuch a diſtance. I pronounce him the happy man, that lives in the country, you him that dwells in town, for he diſlikes his own lot, to whom

EPISTLE XIV.

To his STEWARD in the Country.

He reprehends his Steward's deſire to live in the city, and in the mean time capriciouſly deſpiſing the country, which aforetime he ſecretly longed for.

O Steward! of my ſmall eſtate,
Whoſe woods and fields new life create
In me, tho' ſcorn'd by you thro' pride,
Where five good families reſide;
And which in days of old ſent down
Five Senators to Baria's town:
Let's try, if I the beſt ſucceed,
In plucking up each thorn and weed,
That in the inward man is found,
Or you in clearing of the ground;
And which the leaſt offence has got,
Or Horace, or his Sabine ſpot?
Albeit the piety and woe
Of Lamia, which no bounds will know,
For his loſt brother ſtill ſevere,
Detain me for a ſeaſon here;
Yet all my heart, and all my mind,
Are ſolely thither-wards inclin'd,
And fondly longs to break abrupt,
On all barriers that interrupt.
I ſay the country-life is beſt;
You for the citizen conteſt;

Cui placet alterius, ſua nimirum eſt edio ſors.
Stultus uterque locum immeritum cauſatur inique.
In culpa eſt animus, qui ſe non effugit unquam
Tu mediaſtinus tacita prece rurâ petebas,
Nunc urbem, & ludos, & balnea villicus optas.
Me conſtare mihi ſcis, & diſcedere triſtem,
Quando cunque trahunt inviſa negotia Romam,
Non eadem miramur: eo diſconvenit inter
Meque & te, nam quæ deſerta & inhoſpita teſqua
Credis, amœna vocat, mecum qui ſentit; & odit,
Quæ tu pulchra vocas. fornix tibi & uncta popina
Incutiunt urbis diſiderium. (video) & quod
Angulus iſte feret piper & thus, ocyus uvâ:
Nec vicina ſubeſt vinum præbere taberna
Quæ poſſit tibi: nec meretrix tibicina, cujus
Ad ſtrepitus ſalias terræ gravis. & tamen urges

Prose Interpretation.

whom another's is pleaſing. Each fool unjuſtly accuſes the harmleſs place; the mind is to blame, which never eſcapes itſelf. When you was ſkip-jack, with ſecret prayer you wiſhed for the country; now being promoted to a bailiff, you long for the city, the ſhews, and the bagnios. You know that I am conſiſtent with myſelf and to depart ſorrowful, whenever hated buſineſs drags me to Rome. We do not admire the ſame things, ſo much is the diſſenſion between me and thee, for thoſe places which you ſuppoſe to be deſert and inhoſpitable, whoever thinks with me, calls pleaſant, and has an averſion to what you ſtile beautiful. The ſtews, and greaſy eating-houſe, impreſs on you a deſire for the city. I perceive it, and becauſe that corner will bring forth pepper and frankincenſe, ſooner than the grape; nor is there a neighbouring tavern at hand to afford you wine, nor a minſtrel harlot, to whoſe thrumming you may leap burthenſome to the ground.

They with their own are in diſguſt,
Who for another's portion luſt,
And each of us all ſenſe diſclaims,
Who either place unjuſtly blames;
The mind's in fault, which cannot ſhape
It's flight from it's own ſelf to 'ſcape.
When you was DRUDGE, for country air
You ſigh'd with many a ſecret pray'r;
But now you're to a ſteward rais'd,
The town, the ſtews, and baths, are prais'd:
I have a more conſiſtent heart,
And always penſively depart,
Whenever back to Rome my fate
Drags me to buſineſs that I hate.
From different bents we diſagree,
For what appears to ſuch as thee,
All horrid ſcenes, and deſart waſte,
Are pleaſant to a man of taſte,
Who thinks with me, and muſt deſpiſe
Things that are charming in your eyes.
The greaſy taverns, and the ſtews,
I know, make you the city chuſe.
Beſides, I rear within my fence,
The pepper, and the frankinſence;
Nor yield my rocks the grape ſo quick,
Nor have you there a tavern tick,
Nor minſtrel harlot, to whoſe ſound
You gambol cumb'rous to the ground.
And yet you plough with might and main
The fallows, that too long have lain,

Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
Disjunctum curas, & ſtrictis frondibus exples.
Addit opus pigro rivus, ſi decidit imber,
Multâ mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
Nunc, age, quid noſtrum concentum dividat, audi.
Quem tenues decuere togæ, nitidique capilli:
Quem ſcis immunem Cynaræ placuiſſe rapaci.
Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni.
Cœna brevis juvat, & prope rivum ſomnus in herbâ
Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.
Non iſtic obliquo oculo mea commoda quiſquam
Limat, non odio obſcuro morſuque venenat.
Rident vicini glebas & ſaxa moventem,
Cum ſervis urbana diaria rodere mavis.
Horum tu in numerum voto ruis. invidet uſum

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ground. And yet * it ſeems you have exerciſed for ſome time the fallows untouched by the ſpade, and you take care of the unyoked ox, and fill him with gathered leaves. The river too makes an additional job for your idleneſs, if the rain fall, as it is to be diſciplined by large embankations, to ſpare the ſunny meadow. Now come on, and attend to that which divides our conſent. He whom fine gowns and dreſſed hair became, who you know was pleaſing to the rapacious Cynara, without a fee; whom you remember a drinker of Falernian from midday, him a ſhort ſupper, and a nap near the river upon the graſs now delights, nor does it ſo much abaſh me to have been gameſome, as not to put a period to play. There is no one eyes my conveniencies with an oblique glance, no one throws venom upon me by dark hatred, or open virulence. The neighbours ſmile upon me moving the clods and ſtones; while you had rather munch your daily allowance in the city,

* *The purport of his letter to his maſter.*

with

And FINELY tend the unyok'd beeves
And fill them with freſh gather'd leaves;
Beſides the brook, in caſe of wet,
Adds to an idle fellow's ſweat,
Beſt taught by embankations there,
The ſunny meadow land to ſpare.
Come now attend, and you ſhall know
The reaſon why we differ ſo;
He who well-dreſs'd in eſſenc'd hair,
Cou'd ſcot-free pleaſe the venal fair,
He who from jovial noon to night,
Cou'd quaff Falernian with delight,
Now loves ſhort meals, and ſweet repoſe,
Where ſprings green graſs, and riv'let flows;
Nor is it at one time of day,
So much a ſhame to have been gay,
As not to know one's hand to ſtay.
There's no one with an evil glance,
On my poſſeſſions looks aſkance,
Nor poiſons there with ſecret ſpite,
Or ſlander's more audacious bite.
The neighbours ſmile to ſee me toil,
Clearing the clods and ſtone the ſoil——
You'd rather munch upon the fare,
Your fellow-ſlaves each day prepare,
There are your wiſhes and your joy——
Mean time the cunning errant-boy
Grudges the fewel and the flocks,
And what the kitchen-garden ſtocks.

Lignorum & pecoris tibi calo argutus, & horti.
Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.
Quam ſcit uterque, libens, cenſebo, exerceat artem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

with your fellow-ſervants. To the number of theſe you are hurrying with your wiſhes. The ſhrewd errant-boy begrudges you the uſe of fewel, flock, and garden. The lazy ox wiſhes for the horſe's trappings, the nag deſires to go to plough.—But my determination ſhall be, that each of them willingly exerciſe the craft they underſtand.

The ox wants trappings on his back,
The plough wou'd ſuit the lazy HACK;
But I determine in that caſe,
That each ſhall keep his proper place.

EPIST. XV.

Ad VALAM.

Quod Veliam & Salernum proficiſci cogitet, quæ ibi ſit hyems & quale cælum percontatur.

QUÆ ſit hyems Veliæ, quod cœlum, Vala, Salerni,
Quorum hominum regio, & qualis via; nam mihi Bajas
Muſa ſupervacuas Antonius, & tamen illis
Me facit inviſum, gelidâ quum perluor undâ
Per medium frigus. ſane myrteta relinqui,
Dictaque ceſſantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit, invidus ægris,
Qui caput & ſtomachum ſupponere fontibus audent
Cluſinis, Gabioſque petunt, & frigida rura.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Vala! it is a fair thing for you to write to me, and for me to give you credit, what ſort of a winter there is at Velia, what the air at Salernum, what ſort of a country is it for its inhabitants, and how the road is? For Antonius Muſa ſays, that Baiæ is unneceſſary for me, and nevertheleſs makes me obnoxious there, while I am dipt in cold water at mid-winter. In truth, the whole town ſighs, that the myrtle groves ſhould be deſerted, and the ſulphurous ſprings, which are ſaid to put a ſtop to heavy diſeaſes of long ſtanding ſhou'd be contemned, enraged at the patients, who dare place their head and ſtomach under the Cluſinian fountains, and ſeek the Gabii, and the cold country. The place muſt be changed, and the horſe driven by the known inns. Where are you going? My journey is not to Cumæ, or Baiæ, the teſty rider will ſay, pulling the left rein; but the ear

EPISTLE XV.

To Vala.

Upon an engagement with himſelf to go to Velia and Salernum, he makes enquiry how it is to winter with them, and into the temperature of the air.

AT Velia—how's the winter there,
And what's Salernum for its air?
What ſet of men are there beſtow'd?
Is there a tolerable road?
For * Muſa warrants on his fee,
That Baiæ is no place for me,
Yet makes me odious at the wells,
While his preſcription me compels
To uſe cold water every day,
Before the ice is gone away.
In truth, the village juſtly ſighs,
To ſee us myrtle groves deſpiſe,
And likewiſe that chalybeate ſtream,
Held in ſuch eminent eſteem,
As men of chronic ills it rids;
And grudges at thoſe invalids,
Who dare their breaſt and head commit
To Cluſian waters, and think fit

* *Antonius Muſa, a phyſician, celebrated at Rome, and all over Italy, for his curing Auguſtus, in the year of Rome* 731, *of a grievous diſeaſe, by making him bath and drink the waters; for which event, he received a large ſum of money both from Cæſar and the Senate, with the privilege of the gold ring, which he had not before on account of his being only a free'd-man.*

Mutandus locus eſt, & diverſoria nota
Præter agendus equus. quo tendis? non mihi Cumas
Eſt iter, aut Bajas lævâ ſtomachoſus habenâ
Dicet eques: (ſed equi frænato eſt auris in ore.)
Major utrum populum frumenti copia paſcat,
Collectoſne bibant imbres, puteoſne perennes
Dulcis aquæ. nam vina nihil moror illius oræ.
Rure meo poſſum quid vis preferre patique:
Ad mare quum veni, generoſum & lene requiro:
Quod curas abigat, quod cum ſpe divite manet
In venas animumque, meum: quod verba miniſtret.
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ear of the horſe is in his bitted mouth. Write word alſo, which people of the two a greater plenty of corn nouriſhes, whether they drink the rain collected in reſervoirs, or perennial wells of ſweet water; for I nothing regard the wine of that coaſt. In my own country-ſeat, I am able to bear with, and endure any thing. When I have arrived at the ſea, I require the generous and ſoft, which may drive away care, which may flow with rich hope into my veins and very ſpirit, which may ſuggeſt words, which may recommend me as a youth to my Lucanian miſtreſs. Write likewiſe, which region brings up moſt hares, and which moſt boars, which part of the main conceals fiſhes rather, or ſea-urchins, that I may return home from thence fat, and like a Phæacian. Menius, after both his paternal and maternal fortunes were reſolutely made away with, began to be eſteemed a man of humour, that, is a vagabond buffoon, who has no certain table, who when dinnerleſs, did not diſtinguiſh a Roman citizen from an enemy, a brutiſh fellow, that would forge any thing againſt any body, the deſtruction, and hurricane, and gulph of the market, whatever he could reap and run he gave to his greedy belly. This fellow when he

To go to Gabii, and thoſe parts,
Where with the cold a traveller ſmarts.
The wonted place I now muſt change,
And Inns *accuſtom'd* for the *ſtrange*.
The horſes muſt be driven by———
Hollo! quoth BALD-FACE, where do you hie?
Why not to Cumæ, nor to ſtay
At Baiæ, will the rider ſay,
And pull in wrath the left-hand rein;
But angry ſpeeches are in vain,
For horſes are not apt to fear
Rough words, but in the bit they hear.
Your letter too muſt let me know,
At which place rankeſt harveſts grow;
Whether rain-water there they ſave,
Or in perennial fountains lave.
For how they there are ſerv'd with wine,
At preſent, is no care of mine.
When at my ſeat the bowl I crown,
I can make any thing go down;
But when I came upon the coaſt,
The rich and mellow ſuit me moſt,
Which may all anxious thoughts ſubdue,
And raiſing up each pleaſing view,
Flow in my veins and ſpirit too.
Which may a choice of words ſuggeſt,
In which my youth may be expreſt,
And urg'd to the Lucanian Fair.——
Next mention if the country there

Tractus uter plures lepores, uter educet apros.
Utra magis piſces & echinos æquora celent:
Pinguis ut inde domum poſſim Phæaxque reverti:
Scribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere par eſt.
Menius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis
Fortiter abſumptis, urbanus cœpit haberi,
Scurra vagus, non qui certum præſepe teneret:
Impranſus non qui civem dignoſceret hoſte:
Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere ſævus:
Pernicies & tempeſtas barathrumque marcelli,
Quicquid quæſierat, ventri donabat avaro.
Hic, ubi nequitiæ fautoribus, & timidis, nil
Aut paulum abſtulerat, patinas cœnabat omaſi
Vilis, & aginæ, tribus urſis quod ſatis eſſet.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

he had gotten little or nothing from the patrons of his wickedneſs, and thoſe that were affraid of him, ſupped upon whole plates of tripe, and lamb's inwards, as much as would have ſufficed three bears; ſo that amended as it were, he wou'd aſſert, that the bowels of prodigals ſhould be burned with red-hot iron. This ſame Menius, when he turned totally into duſt and aſhes whatever he had got of a larger booty than ordinary, would ſay, by Hercules, I do not wonder that there are certain perſons which devour their ſubſtance, ſince there is nothing better than a fat thruſh, or a ſwinging bear. In good truth, I myſelf am this very man; for I praiſe the ſafe and little, when my finances are defective, ſufficiently reſolute amongſt mean things. But when any thing better and more ſumptuous happens in my way, I the identical affirm, that you only are wiſe and live well, whoſe funds of money are manifeſt from the elegance of your villas.

Abound with hares, or nurture boars,
And write what ſhallows near the ſhores
Moſt fiſhes, and ſea-urchins breed,
That I with you ſo well may feed,
As to do credit to the place,
And part with a * Phæacian face.
To all theſe queries you, my friend,
Muſt ſpeak, and Horace ſhall attend.
Mænius, who manfully had ſpent
His father's, and his mother's rent,
Begun upon the comic plan,
And vague from poſt to pillar ran.
He with a citizen wou'd deal
As with a foe, denied a meal:
Made up of moſt inveterate lies,
Who OUGHT on ANY wou'd deviſe;
The dearth, and hurricane, and draught
Of markets, whatſoe'er he caught
He greedily beſtow'd within,
And when with winkers at his ſin,
And thoſe poor ſouls he fill'd with dread,
He little, or ev'n nothing ſped,
Whole harſlets at a time he'd cram,
With all th' inteſtines of a lamb,
Devouring as his proper ſhare,
What wou'd have ſated many a bear,
Now being frugal, as it were:

* *A rich luxurious people.*

Scilicet ut ventres lamnâ caudente nepotem
Diceret urendos, correctus. Mænius idem
Quicquid erat nactus prædæ majoris, ubi omne
Verterat in fumum & cinerem, Non, Hercule, miror
(Ajebat) ſi qui comedunt bona: quum ſit obeſo
Nil melius turdo, nil urſâ pulchrius amplâ.
Nimirum hic ego ſum. nam tuta & parvula laudo,
Quum res deficiunt, ſatis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contingit & unctius, idem
Vos ſapere & ſolos ajo bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

So as to urge; that men ſhou'd brand
The guts of Epicurus' band.
Yet this ſame Mænius, when he turn'd
Some ſpecial booty that he earn'd,
All into aſhes, and to ſmoke,
Then wou'd he Hercules invoke,
And ſwear he cou'd not think it ſtrange,
That men ſhou'd eat both houſe and grange,
While they fat thruſhes cou'd prepare,
And feaſt upon a banging bear.
In fact, ev'n ſuch a one am I,
And when I cannot beg, or buy,
Am very ſtout 'mongſt ſorry fare,
But midſt the viands nice and rare:
I have another thing to ſay,
That happieſt of all men are they,
Who by neat villas make it clear,
They're worth ſome thouſand pounds a year.

EPIST. XVI.

Ad QUINTIUM.

Poſtquum agri ſui formam & ſitum Quintio deſcripſit, in eoque jucunde ſe vivere dixit, in ejus vitam inquirit, monetque ne ex rumore vulgi pendeat ſed vir bonus eſſe, quam videre malit.

NE pecuncteris, fundus meus, optime Quinti,
Arvo paſcat herum, an baccis opulentet olivæ:
Pomiſne, & pratis, an amictâ vitulus ulmo:
Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter, & ſitus agri.
Continui montes, niſi diſſocientur opacâ
Valle: ſed ut veniens dextrum latus aſpiciat Sol,
Lævum diſcedens curru fugiente vaporet;
Temperiem laudes. quid ſi rubicunda benigne
Corna vepres & pruna ferant? ſi quercus & ilex
Multa fruge pecus, multa dominum juvet umbrâ?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

My very good Quintius, that you may not be at the trouble of inquiring, whether my farm feeds its maſter with corn, or enriches him with olive-berries, or with orchards and meadows, and the elm cloathed with vines; the ſhape and ſituation of the ground ſhall be deſcribed to you in a diffuſe manner. There wou'd be a continual chain of mountains, were they not disjoined by a duſky vale, but in ſuch a manner that the approaching ſun beholds the right ſide, but on his departure makes the vapours riſe with his flying chariot. You would juſtly commend the temperature of the air: what too if the ſhrubs abundantly bring forth the rubicund cornels and and damaſcenes? if the oak and holm-tree regale the cattle with much fruit, the maſter with much ſhade? You would ſay, that Tarentum brought nearer to you was in all its verdure

EPISTLE XVI.

To QUINTIUS.

After he has deſcribed the ſhape and ſituation of his Sabine farm, and mentioned his happineſs in living there, he enquires into the life of his friend, and warns him not to depend upon vulgar report, but that he ſhould prefer the reality, rather than the character of a good man.

LEST you ſhou'd with yourſelf debate,
Beſt friend, concerning my eſtate;
Whether it feeds it's lord with corn,
Or olive-yards the ſpot adorn,
Or rich with fruit and meads it ſhines,
Or elms, that are array'd with vines;
To you I will diffuſely write
Of its dimenſions, ſhape, and ſite.
A chain of mountains wou'd appear,
Did not a valley interfere,
Which wou'd be darken'd by the ſhade,
Did not the morning ſun invade,
Where on the right-hand ſide 'tis cleft,
And beams at eve upon the left:
What if upon my thorny fence
Grow cornels, and the dam'ſines denſe,
If oak and holmes, whoſe acrons ſhow'r
To feed the beaſts, their lord embow'r?

Dicas adductum propius frondere Tarentum,
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam, nec purior ambiat Hebrus;
Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.
Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (ſi credis) amœnæ
Incolumem tibi me præſtant Septembribus horis.
Tu recte vivis, ſi curas eſſe quod audis.
Jactamus jampridem omnis te Roma beatum,
Sed vereor, ne cui de te plus quam tibi credas,
Neve putes alium ſapiente bonoque beatum.
Neu, ſi te populus ſanum recteque valentem
Dictitet, occultam febrem ſub tempus edendi
Diſſimules, donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.
Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

dure. A fountain alſo, which is worthy to give a name to a river, ſo that even Hebrus does not ſurround Thrace cooler or purer, flows wholeſome for the weak head, wholeſome for the bowels. This ſweet retreat and, if you believe me, alſo extremely pleaſant, preſerves me in a good ſtate of health at your ſervice, in the hours of September. You lead a good life, if you take care to be what you hear yourſelf called. All of us at Rome, have long ago boaſted of your happineſs, but I am apprehenſive leſt you ſhould give any one credit concerning yourſelf, rather than your own ſelf, and leſt you ſhould think any perſon happy, beſides the wiſe and good. Leſt tho' the people pronounce you ſound and very well, you conceal a lurking fever at meal-times, until a tremor falls upon your greaſy hands. The falſe modeſty of fools hides the incurable ſores. If any one ſhould apply to you wars fought by land and ſea, and ſooth your vacant ears with theſe words: "May Jupiter, who conſults both for thee and the "city, continue to make it a doubt, whether the people is "better inclined for your ſafety, or you for the people's."— You might indeed obſerve that theſe were praiſes given by

Varius

You'd think Tarentum nearer Rome,
In all its verdant pride and bloom.
A fountain too, that well might claim
The rank to give a river name,
(Than which cool Hebrus bounding Thrace,
Shows not a more tranſparent face)
Flows fraught with ſalutary aid,
When head or bowels pains invade.
This ſweet retreat, which dale and hill,
Believe me, are enchanting ſtill,
Preſerve your Horace hale and ſtout,
What time September comes about.
You're a good man, if you take care
To earn the character, you bear.
I will all Rome have long agreed,
That you're a happy man indeed;
But fear from ſymptoms, that I trace,
You any evidence embrace,
Rather than conſcience in this caſe;
And think man's happineſs the prize
Of others, than the good and wiſe.
Leſt, tho' the people call you ſound
In mind and body, there be found
A fever, which you wou'd conceal,
In order to reſume your meal,
Until a nervous trembling ſeize
Your hands, which with good cheer you greaſe.
A fool's falſe ſhame his ſores will hide,
Till med'cines are in vain applied.

Si quis bella tibi terrâ pugnata marique
Dicat, et his verbis vacuas permulceat aures:
Tene magis ſalvum populus velit, an populum tu
Servet in ambiguo, qui conſulit & tibi & urbi,
Jupiter: Auguſti laudes agnoſcere poſſis?
Quum pateris ſapiens emendatuſque vocari,
Reſpondeſne tuo, dic ſodes, nomine? nempe
Vir bonus & prudens dici delector ego, ac tu.
Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras, ſi volet, auferet: ut ſi
Detulerit faſces indigno, detrahet idem.
Pone, meum eſt, inquit: pono, triſtiſque recedo.
Idem ſi clamet furem, neget eſſe pudicum.
Contendat laqueo collum preſſiſſe paternum:

Prose Interpretation.

Varius to Auguſtus.—When you ſuffer yourſelf to be called wiſe and perfect, will you anſwer, I pray you, in your own name. Certainly, you will ſay, for I am pleaſed to be called a good and wiſe man, as well as you. He who gave you this character to-day, may, if he will, take it away on the morrow: as the ſame public, if it has conferred the conſulate on an unworthy perſon, can deprive him of it again. "Reſign it, (they ſay) it is ours." I do reſign, and recede with ſorrow. But ſhould the ſame authority proclaim me a thief, deny me to be virtuous, aſſert that I had throttled my father's neck with a nooſe, ſhall I be mortified at falſe ſcandal, or change colour? A falſe imputation of honour delights, and lying infamy affrights whom? except the faulty and fallacious. Who is the good man? He who obſerves the decrees of the Fathers, who keeps their laws and ordinances. Who being judge, many and great conteſts are fairly determined; who being advocate, or evidence, cauſes are gained. But in the mean time, his own family, and all the neighbourhood, ſees this perſon foul within, and ſpecious with a fair outſide. If my ſlave ſhou'd ſay to me, I have neither done a theft, nor fled. I anſwer, you have your reward, for you

If any man ſhou'd name to thee,
Fights you had fought by land and ſea,
And ſtrive your tickliſh ear to pleaſe,
With compliments as great as theſe:
" May Jove! and all the pow'rs divine!
" Who guard the common-wealth and thine,
" Still make it doubtful on review,
" Which is moſt anxious of the two,
" Or you for Rome, or Rome for you!"
What wou'd you challenge as your own,
That which is Cæſar's praiſe alone?
When you ſit ſtill to hear men call
Thee wiſe, and without blame at all,
Pray will you anſwer to theſe terms,
And warrant what a fool affirms.
'Tis granted I, as well as you,
Love to be held both wiſe and true.
But he, who gives this praiſe to-day,
The next can take it all away;
Ev'n as, when they have giv'n their voice
For one unworthy of their choice
As conſul, they can turn him out
Soon as the year is come about——
" Reſign—'tis ours:"——with aching heart
I do reſign, and muſt depart.
But ſhou'd the ſame *tongues* call me rogue,
Or tax me with each vice in vogue,
Or urge, I with a rope had tied
My father's neck, until he died,

Mordeor opprobriis falſis? mutemque colores?
Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum & mendacem? vir bonus eſt quis?
Qui conſulta patrum, qui leges juraque ſervat:
Quo multæ magnæque ſecantur judice lites:
Quo reſponſore & quo cauſæ teſte tenentur.
Sed videt hunc omnis domus & vicinia tota
Introrſum turpem, ſpecioſum pelle decorâ.
Nec furtum feci, nec fugi, ſi mihi dicat
Servus: habes pretium, loris non ureris, ajo.
Non hominem occidi: Non paſces in cruce corvos.
Sum bonus, & frugi. Renuit, negat atque Sabellus.
Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus, accipiterque
Suſpectos laqueos, & opertum milvius hamum.
Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.
Tu nihil admittes in te, formidine pœnæ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

you are not galled with thongs.——I have not killed a man—you feed no crows upon the gibbet.——I am therefore good and prudent.——No—the Sabine poet refuſes and gainſays all this.——For in the ſame manner the wary wolf fears the pit-fall, and the hawk the ſuſpected gins, and the kite the covered hook. But good men hate to ſin, by a genuine love of virtue. You will have no crime in you, merely thro' the dread of puniſhment—let there be but a hope of deceiving the world, and you will confound ſacred things with prophane. For when you filch out of a thouſand buſhels of beans only one, upon ſuch condition my loſs indeed is leſs, but not your iniquity. The good man (according to the opinion of the world) whom every court and tribunal looks upon with reverence, whenever he appeaſes the Gods with a ſwine, or an ox, after he has diſtinctly invoked father Janus, and diſtinctly called on Apollo: he moves his lips, fearing to be heard, ſaying—" Charming Laverna! give me ſkill to deceive, and at

" the

Shou'd I change colour, or be ſtung
At ſuch lies of an evil tongue?
Wrong-prais'd who's *pleas'd*, and *wrong-arraign'd*
Who's *griev'd*, except the falſe and feign'd?
Who then is good?—I'll tell thee who——
He that obſerves with rev'rence due
The ſtatutes of the Conſcript ſeers,
And law and equity reveres:
Who great and many things right fair
Determines, when he takes the chair;
Whoſe bond will property maintain,
And teſtimony cauſes gain.
Yet he is better underſtood
In his own houſe and neighbourhood,
To be all filthineſs within,
And clad but in a ſpecious ſkin.
If by a ſlave it ſhou'd be ſaid,
I have not robb'd your houſe, nor fled,
I anſwer you have your reward,
Ungall'd your ſhoulders with the cord.
I've kill'd no man——you feed no crows
Upon the gallows——I ſuppoſe,
Still I am virtuous good and wiſe,
All which your Sabine friend denies.
The cautious wolf the pit forbears,
As does the hawk ſuſpected ſnares,
Nor kite the cover'd hook will take——
Wiſe men love good for goodneſs ſake.
If you from guilt ſtill keep you clear,
'Tis on the principle of fear:

Sit ſpes fallendi, miſcebis ſacra profanis:
Nam de mille fabæ modiis quum ſurripis unum,
Damnum eſt, non facinus mihi pacto lenius iſto.
Vir bonus, omne, forum quem ſpectat & omne tribunal,
Quandocunque deos vel porco vel bove placat;
Jane pater, clare, clare cum dixit, Apollo,
Labra movet, metuens audiri: pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere, da juſtum ſanctumque videri:
Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.
Qui melior ſervo, qui liberior ſit avarus,
In triviis fixum quum ſe dimittit ob aſſem
Non video. nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque. porro,
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" the ſame time to appear juſt and ſanctified. Throw " darkneſs over my crimes, and a cloud over my impoſtures!" I do not ſee how a covetous man can be ſuperior, how he can be freer than a ſlave, when he ſtoops to pick up a farthing faſtened in the high-way. For he who will be ſo craving, will be in a ſtate of terror into the bargain, and he who lives in ſuch a ſtate, ſhall never be accounted free in my eſtimation. He has loſt his armour, and deſerted the poſt of virtue, who is always hurried and overwhelmed in the augmentation of his fortunes. When you are able to ſell your captive, refuſe to kill him. He will ſerve you to be uſeful. Let him hardily give fodder and plough. Let him go to ſea, and winter as a ſupercargo in the midſt of the waves, let him be profitable for your revenue, and import corn and all ſorts of proviſion. A good and wiſe man will have the courage to ſay, " O Pentheus! ruler of the Thebans, what will you " force me, innocent as I am, to go thro' and endure?"—— I will take away your goods.——" That is, my cattle, eſtate, " furniture, and money—you may do it."——I will detain you in hand-cuffs and fetters, under a cruel goaler.——" A " God

But ſure to come off ſafe and ſound,
You ſacred and prophane confound.
For if of garner'd beans you ſtole,
From out a thouſand but one bowl,
The lighter is my loſs and grief,
But you by no means leſs a thief.
An honeſt man *upon your ſcheme*,
Whom every bar and court eſteem,
If he appeaſe the pow'rs divine,
At any day with beeves or ſwine,
Upon Apollo loud he calls,
And after father Janus bawls,
Mean time he mutters to himſelf,
As dreading hearers, " Charming elf!
" Laverna! goddeſs of deceit,
" Grant me the happy knack to cheat!
" Grant me a ſeeming honeſt face,
" And full of ſanctified grimace:
" In night my groſs offences ſhroud,
" And o'er my knav'ry caſt a cloud!"
I cannot ſee, the niggard dupe,
Who for a farthing deigns to ſtoop,
Stuck in the road——how he can be
In any circumſtance more free,
Or better than a common ſlave;
For he that is ſo prone to crave,
Muſt ever lead a life of dread,
And one with terrors in his head,
Cannot have freedom in my ſenſe——
They loſe their weapons of defence,

Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deſeruit, qui
Semper in augendâ feſtinat & obruitur re.
Vendere quum poſſis captivum, occidere noli:
Serviet utiliter. ſine paſcat durus, aretque:
Naviget, ac mediis hyemet mercator in undis:
Annonæ profit: portet frumenta, penuſque.
Vir bonus, & ſapiens audebit dicere, Pentheu
Rector Thebarum quid me perferre patique
Indignum coges? Adimam bona. Nempe, pecus, rem,
Lectos, argentum. tollas licet. In manicis &
Compedibus ſævo te ſub cuſtode tenebo.
Ipſe deus, ſimulatque volam, me ſolvet. Opinor,
Hoc ſentit, moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum eſt.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"God himſelf, as ſoon as I pleaſe, ſhall ſet me free."——This is the ſentiment I ſuppoſe:——I ſhall die——Death is the ultimate line that terminates the whole map of life.

And all deſert fair virtue's poſt
That hurry, who ſhall ſcrape the moſt.
Yet if this ſlave a price will fetch,
'Tis better not deſtroy the wretch:
He may turn out a uſeful hand,
To feed the flock, or plough the land,
Let him to ſea, and winter there,
To ſtock the market and the fair.
A wiſe and good man will be bold
To ſay with Bacchus kept in hold:
" O king of Thebans! how much pain
" Will you compel me to ſuſtain,
" So much unworthy this foul play?"
Why I will take your goods away——
" My cattle, bedding, and my plate,
" I do ſuppoſe——then take them ſtraight."
Beneath a ſurly keeper's nod
You ſhall be pris'ner here, " A God
" Shall ſave me, whenſo'er I chooſe,
" And all theſe bonds and fetters looſe."
As hinting to the laſt event,
Death here, I think, the poet meant;
For death's the extremity ſuppos'd,
By which the line of life is clos'd.

EPIST. XVII.

Ad Scævam.

Scævam monet, ne potentiorum amicitias ſpernat, atque ut in ſuo vitæ genere Ariſtippum potius quam Diogenem imitetur.

QUamvis Scæva ſatis per te tibi conſulis, & ſcis
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti:
Diſce, docendus adhuc, quæ cenſet amiculus, ut ſi
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit. tamen aſpice ſiquid
Et nos, quod cures proprium feciſſe, loquamur.
Si te grata quies & primam ſomnus in horam
Delectet, ſi te pulvis ſtrepituſque rotarum,
Si lædit caupona, Ferentinum ire jubebo.
Nam neque divitibus contingunt guadia ſolis:
Nec vixit male, qui natus morienſque fefellit,

Prose Interpretation.

O Scæva! tho' by yourſelf, you ſufficiently conſult for yourſelf, and underſtand, at laſt, in what manner you are to be upon terms with your ſuperiors: learn, as yet to be taught, what your little friend thinks upon the ſubject; much the ſame, indeed, as tho' a blind man ſhould affect to ſhew the road, nevertheleſs, give a look, if even I can mention any thing, which you may ſo far regard, as to make it your own. If acceptable eaſe and ſleep, no longer than 'till the firſt hour, delight you, if the duſt of the ſtreets, and the rattling of the wheels, and if the tavern offend you, I ſhall order you off to Ferentinum. For neither do joys betide the rich alone, nor has he lived amiſs, who at his birth and death, has eſcaped the notice of mankind. If you ſhall be inclined

to

EPISTLE XVII.

To Scæva.

He admoniſhes Scæva not to deſpiſe the friendſhip of people in Power, and that in his caſt of life, he ſhould rather imitate Ariſtippus than Diogenes.

THO', Scæva, of yourſelf diſcrete,
You know how with grandees to treat,
Yet ſtill to theſe remarks attend,
And take th' opinion of a friend,
Who'll teach you things of great concern,
Himſelf not yet too old to learn,
As tho' the blind ſhou'd lead the way;
However, obſerving what I ſay,
You'll ſee ſome things, that muſt conduce
To be of moſt peculiar uſe.
If ſelf-indulgence make thee gay,
And kindly ſleep till break of day,
If duſt and rumbling of the wheels,
And noiſe in which the tavern deals,
Offend thee, then you muſt repair
To Ferentinum, I declare.
For all the joys beneath the ſkies,
The rich cannot monopolize;
Nor has he done amiſs, whoſe leaſe
Of life were ſecrecy and peace.

Si prodeſſe tuis, pauloque benignius ipſum
Te tractare voles: accedes ſiccus ad unctum.
Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti
Nollet Ariſtippus: Si ſciret regibus uti
Faſtidiret olus, qui me notat. Utrius horum
Verba probes & facta, doce: vel, junior, audi
Cur ſit Ariſtippi potior ſententia. namque
Mordacem Cynicum ſic eludebat (ut ajunt)
Scurror ego ipſe mihi, populo tu, rectius hoc &
Splendidius multo eſt, equus ut me portet, alat rex
Officium facio. tu poſcis vilia: verum es
Dante minor: quanvis fers te nullius egentem:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to ſerve your friends, and treat yourſelf with a little more kindneſs, approach the perfumed patrician in a morning faſting. Ariſtippus, could he have dined with contentment upon pot-herbs, would have been unwilling to make uſe of the nobles; on the other hand, if Diogenes, who points his remarks againſt me, had known how to make uſe of the nobles, he would have diſdained his herbs. Shew me whoſe words and deeds of the twain you approve: or, as the younger, hear, why the ſentiments of Ariſtippus are to be preferred. For in this manner (as they report) he parried the carping Cynic. I play the buffoon for my own profit, you for the diverſion of the mob: this that I do is righter, and much more reſpectable, I do my obeiſance, that a horſe may carry me, and the king maintain me. You go a begging for mean things, but art inferior to the giver, tho' you declare yourſelf to ſtand in need of no man. Every colour and condition, and circumſtance of life ſat eaſy upon Ariſtippus, ſometimes aſpiring to better things, but uſually contented with the preſent. On the other hand, him whom obſtinacy cloaths only with a rag or two, I ſhall wonder, if an altered way of life ſhall become. The one will not ſtand waiting for a purple robe, but having put

on

If you your family wou'd ſerve,
And for your own content reſerve
A caſt upon a higher die,
Betimes you muſt the nobles ply.
Had Ariſtippus been content
To dine on herbs, he ne'er had went
Unto the tables of the grand——
Diogenes on t'other hand,
Who to our notions will object,
If he had ſkill'd in that reſpect,
Might ſo have liv'd in ſplendid ſcenes,
And wou'd have ſcorn'd his roots and greens;
Whoſe words and actions of the two
You beſt approve, I prithee ſhew;
Or as you're junior hear the teſt,
Why Ariſtippus reaſons beſt.
For he was wont (as ſtories ſay)
To keep the Cynic thus at bay.
The jeſter's province I profeſs,
To ſerve myſelf with ſome addreſs,
But you to give the mob delight,
So what I practiſe, as more right,
Is a more honourable thing
To ride and revel with the king.
I am obſequious in my turn——
You beg for what the donors ſpurn,
Yet are inferior in your ſoul
To him, that gives the ſorry dole,
Tho' you mean while your boaſt have made,
You need not any human aid.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res,
Tentantem majora fere, præſentibus æquum.
Contra, quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor vitæ via ſi converſa decebit.
Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum,
Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet,
Perſonamque feret non inconcinnus utramque:
Alter Mileti textam cane pejus & angue
Vitabit chlamydem: morietur frigore, ſi non
Rettuleris pannum, refer, & ſine vivat ineptus.
Res gerere, & captos oſtendere civibus hoſtes,
Attingit ſolium Jovis, & cœleſtia tentat.
Principibus placuiſſe viris, non ultima laus eſt:
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Sedit, qui timuit ne non ſuccederet. eſto.

Prose Interpretation.

on any thing will go thro' the moſt celebrated places, and will ſupport either character with decorum. The other will avoid a cloak wove at Miletum, more than he would a dog or ſnake: he will periſh with cold, unleſs you reſtore him his rags—reſtore them, and let him live according to his own folly. To atchieve great things, and to ſhew the enemies taken captive to the citizens attains to the throne of Jove, and aſpires at celeſtial honours. It is none of the meaneſt praiſes to have been pleaſing to the firſt men in the ſtate. But it is not the good fortune of every man to arrive at Corinth*. He, who was fearful, ſat ſtill, leſt he ſhould not ſucceed.—Be it ſo—what has not he done like a man, nevertheleſs, who has gained the point? But here, or no where, is what we are ſeeking after. The one ſhudders at the burthen, as too great for a little ſoul, and little body: the other

* *Suidas refers this adage to the difficulty and danger of making the Corinthian port.*

undertakes

Rare Ariſtippus, genius born,
All lot and ſtation to adorn,
Each look of things a grace he lent,
Tho' ſtill aſpiring, ſtill content.
But I ſhou'd think it very ſtrange,
If e'er the churl ſhou'd brook a change,
Whoſe obſtinacy will but wear
Two rags, againſt th' inclement air.
The one if ſummon'd to the great,
Will not for purple veſtments wait:
But be his habit as it may,
To the firſt place will make his way,
And without awkardneſs and pain,
Will any character ſuſtain.
The other fellow a fine cloak,
Wrought at Miletum, wou'd provoke
Worſe than a maſtiff, or a ſnake,
And he with ſhiv'ring cold will ache,
Unleſs his rags you give him back——
Give them—and let him live and lack.
Great actions of heroic lives,
To ſhew to Romé her foe in gyves,
Ev'n at Jove's throne directly aim,
And there celeſtial honours claim.
And ſuch immortal chiefs as theſe,
'Tis not the meaneſt praiſe to pleaſe:
But 'tis not ev'ry fawner's fate,
To gain a point ſo very great.
One fearing he ſhou'd not ſucceed,
Was prudent to ſit ſtill—agreed——

Quid? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter? atqui (horret
Hic eſt, aut nuſquam, quod quærimus. hic onus
Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus;
Hic ſubit, & perfert: aut virtus nomen inane eſt,
Aut decus & pretium recte petit experiens vir.
Coram rege ſuo de paupertate tacentes
Plus poſcente ferent. diſtat, ſumaſne pudenter,
An rapias. atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.
Indotata mihi ſoror eſt, paupercula mater,
Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec paſcere firmus.
Qui dicit: clamat, victum date. ſuccinit alter,
Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.
Sed tacitus paſci ſi poſſet corvus, haberet
Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

undertakes and goes thro' with it. Either virtue is an empty name, or the experienced man of right demands honour and profit. Thoſe that are ſilent in reſpect to their poverty, before their patron, ſhall bear away more than him that makes a demand. There is a wide difference, whether you receive a thing modeſtly, or ſnatch it away by force. But this (good behaviour) was the head and origin of the matter. He who makes ſuch a ſpeech as this, "I have a ſiſter without a portion, a poor mother at a farm, neither vendible, nor of a ſufficient goodneſs to feed me;" ſuch a one bawls out plainly, "give me ſome victuals." Another ſings in the ſame tune, "and let the trencher be carved out for me too, by a diviſion of the gift.—If the crow could have been fed in ſilence, ſhe would have had more food, and much leſs wrangling and envy. When conducted as a companion to Brunduſium, or the pleaſant Surrentum, he who complains of the roughneſs of the road, and the ſharp cold and rainy weather, or bewails his broken cheſt, and the proviſion ſtolen out of it, reſembles the well-known tricks of an harlot, oftentimes

What then? was it not bravely done
By him, that hit the mark and won.
But here, or no where we muſt end
The matter, which we now contend.
One dreads the weight, too weak and poor
In limbs and ſpirit to endure;
The other makes the bus'neſs ſure.
The man whoſe reſolution tries
Thro' hardſhip to attain the prize,
Shou'd be rewarded and renown'd,
Or virtue is an empty ſound.
He that before his Lord forbears
To hint the dearth of his affairs,
Is likely to take more away,
Than one too apt to beg and pray.
It differs much with modeſt eaſe
To take, or greedily to ſeize;
For in the conduct of your part,
Lies all the myſt'ry of your art.
If thus a man his Lord addreſs,
"I have a ſiſter portionleſs,
"A mother poor with an eſtate,
"Which will not ſell at any rate,
"Nor yields it, whence we may be fed:"
Such an one plainly begs his bread;
A ſecond will keep up the cant,
For you a dividend to grant.
But if the crow had held her prate,
She'd had more victuals and leſs hate,
When bick'ring at her cruel fate.

Brunduſium comes, aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,
Qui queritur ſalebras & acerbum frigus, & imbres
Aut ciſtam effractam & ſubducta viatica plorat:
Nota refert meretricis acumina, ſæpe catellam,
Sæpe periſcelidem raptam ſibi flentis: uti mox
Nulla fides damnis veriſque doloribus adſit.
Nec ſemel irriſus, triviis attollere curat
Fracto crure planum: licet illi plurima manet
Lachryma: per ſanctum juratus dicat Oſirim,
Credite: non ludo: crudeles tollite claudum,
Quære peregrinum: vicinia rauca reclamat.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

times weeping for her bracelet, forced away from her, oftentimes for her garter: inſomuch, that bye and bye no credit attends her real loſſes and afflictions. Nor does a man that has been once made a fool of, give himſelf any trouble to take up, out of the high-way, a cheat with a pretended broken leg, tho' many a tear flow from him: ſhould he ſay, having firſt ſwore by the ſacred Oſiris, "Believe me, I do not ſham; "ye cruel people lift up the lame." The hoarſe neighbourhood bawls out in anſwer, go ſeek for thoſe that are ſtrangers to your impoſitions.

EPIST.

If when your Lord ſhou'd take his rout
Far as Brunduſium, or ſet out
For fair Surrentum, and as friend
Invite his client to attend:
He who of rugged roads complains,
Or bitter cold, or heavy rains,
Or for his broken trunk laments,
And for the loſs of the contents,
Reſembles but too ſtale a bite,
Which harlots practice every night,
Oft wailing they've a garter loſt,
Or ſtring of pearls of mighty coſt:
So that when really made a prey,
No faith is giv'n to what they ſay.
Nor cares a man, once made a fool,
To be again th' impoſtor's tool,
Who with pretended broken legs,
Thrown in the road for ſuccour begs,
Ev'n tho' the gypſy ſtream with tears,
And by the great Oſiris ſwears——
" This is no fraud, I pray believe,
" And on your backs the lame receive."
Your tricks upon ſome ſtranger try,
All the hoarſe neighbourhood reply.

EPIST. XVIII.

Ad Lollium.

Quæ ad amicitiam conſervandam facienda ſint, quæ item vitanda, ac præſertim quo modo quis erga potentiorem amicum gerere ſe debeat, Lollium docet.

SI bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis ſpeciem præbere, profeſſus amicum,
Ut matrona meretrici diſpar erit atque
Diſcolor, infido ſcurræ diſtabit amicus.
Eſt huic diverſum vitio vitium prope majus,
Aſperitas agreſtis, & inconcinna graviſque,
Quæ ſe commendat tonſâ cute, dentibus atris:
Dum vult libertas mera dici, veraque virtus.
Virtus eſt medium vitiorum, & utrinque reductum.
Alter in obſequium plus æquo pronus, & imi

Prose Interpretation.

O moſt liberal Lollius! (if I rightly underſtand you) after having profeſſed yourſelf a friend, you will dread to aſſume the character of a flattering buffoon. As a matron will ever be different, and of another dreſs than an harlot; a true friend likewiſe will be remote from a paraſite without honour. There is, however, a vice that is almoſt more heinous, oppoſite to this, viz. a ruſtic aſperity, both unhandſome and grievous, which recommends itſelf with a ſhaven ſkin, and black teeth, at the ſame time that it is inclinable to be called mere freedom and true virtue. But virtue is the medium between two vices, and withdraws itſelf from either extremity. The one prone to a fault to be obſequious; and the jeſter of the loweſt table, is in ſuch awe of the rich man's

EPISTLE XVIII.

To Lollius.

He inſtructs Lollius what is to be done, and what avoided, in order to render friendſhips permanent; and is particular upon a man's conduct in reſpect to a friend in power.

DEAR Lollius, if right well I ken
The moſt ingenuous of men,
Profeſſor of a friendly heart,
You ſcorn to act a flatt'rer's part.
A Roman matron is not more
Diſtinguiſh'd from a painted whore,
Than a true friend, from the diſguiſe
Of him that faithleſs deals in lies.
There is a vice reverſe of this,
And of the two the more amiſs,
A clowniſh harſhneſs blunt and baſe,
Which wou'd commend itſelf to grace,
With tweazer'd face, and ſhaven ſkin,
And teeth all dirty-black within,
Intending that it ſhou'd appear,
As downright honeſt and ſincere.
Virtue between each vice reſides,
Alike remote from both the ſides.
The one's ſubmiſſion's far too great,
And jeſter of the loweſt ſeat

Deriſor lecti, ſic nutum divitis horret,
Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit,
Ut puerum ſævo credas dictata magiſtro
Reddere, vel partes mimum tractare ſecundas.
Alter rixatur de lanâ ſæpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus: Scilicet, ut non
Sit mihi prima fides, & vere quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera ſordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Caſtor ſciat an Docilis plus:
Brunduſium Numicî melius via ducat, an Appi.
Quem damnoſa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat;
Gloria quem ſupra vires & veſtit & ungit;
Quem tenet argenti ſitis importuna fameſque,
Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga: dives amicus,
Sæpe decem vitiis inſtructior, odit & horret:

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man's nod, ſo repeats his accents, and takes up his falling words, that you would think a boy was ſaying his leſſon to a ſevere maſter, or a player conducting an under part. The other frequently wrangles about * nothing, fights armed for trifles.—"Forſooth, that their ſhould not be the firſt credit "on my ſide, and that I may not ſpeak out with vehemence, "what is ſincerely ſatisfactory to me. Another age, upon "ſuch conditions, is of no worth:"—For the matter in diſpute is—what? Whether the gladiator Caſtor, or Docilis, is the greateſt proficient in his art? or whether the Appian or Numician way, be the beſt to Brunduſium? Him, whom deſtructive luſt, whom the precipitate die ſtrips naked, whom vanity cloaths and perfumes beyond his ability; whom an importunate thirſt and hunger after money, whom the ſhame and delicacy of poverty poſſeſſes, him, I ſay, his rich friend, frequently furniſhed with ten vices more than he, deteſts and

* *Literally, about the ſhearing of a goat.*

abhors:

The rich-man's nod he ſo reveres,
And ſo reſpects, whate'er he hears,
And catches up each word that falls,
Like boys, whoſe rigid maſter calls
To ſay their leſſon, or a play'r,
That muſt his under-part prepare.
The other's full of groſs abuſe,
About the milking of a gooſe,
And fights with trifles arm'd, "How now?
"What? credit not to me allow?
"What boldly ſhall not I give vent,
"Unto my heart's true ſentiment?
"I wou'd not hold another year,
"On terms ſo monſtrouſly ſevere?"
But what's the theme of all this fray?
If Caſtor beſt his weapon play,
Or Docilis ſhall win the day?
Or if Brunduſium beſt to make,
A man the Appian road ſhou'd take?
Whom deadly lewdneſs ſtrips, or dice
That ſpeedieſt lead to want by vice,
Whom vanity too grand ſhall dreſs,
And dawbs with eſſence to exceſs,
Whom thirſt and hunger after gold
Poſſeſſes, not to be controul'd,
Bluſhing and ſhunning to be poor,
Him his rich friend cannot endure,
And oft perſues with dread and hate,
Himſelf far more inordinate.

Aut ſi non odit, regit; ac, veluti pia mater,
Plus quam ſe ſapere, & virtutibus eſſe priorem
Vult, & ait prope vera: Meæ (contendere noli)
Stultitiam pariuntur opes: tibi parvula res eſt.
Arcta decet ſanum comitem toga. deſine mecum
Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicunque nocere volebat,
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa. beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis ſumet nova conſilia & ſpes:
Dormiet in lucem, ſcorto poſtponet honeſtum
Officium: nummos alienos paſcet: ad imum
Thrax erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.
Arcanum neque tu ſcrutaberis ullius unquam,
Commiſſumque teges, & vino tortus & irâ.
Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena reprendes:
Nec, quum venari volet ille, poemata panges.
Gratia ſic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

abhors: or if he does not hate, he governs; and, as a pious mother, would have you be wiſe and ſuperior in virtue to himſelf, and urges matters pretty true: "My wealth can afford "follies, (do not contend) your finances are trivial. A nar- "row gown becomes a ſenſible companion; ceaſe to vie with "me." Eutrapelus, made a preſent of coſtly garments to any one that he had a mind to hurt. "For now, (ſays he) "being happy with his fine ſuit of cloaths, he will take new "meaſures, and form new hopes; he will ſleep by day light, "will prefer a harlot to his honeſt calling; will increaſe the "uſurer's money by neglecting to pay the intereſt; but at "the upſhot will be a prize-fighter, or will drive a gardener's "horſe for a ſorry pittance." Do you, by no means, enquire into any man's ſecret, and cover that which is intruſted to you in confidence, tho' put on the rack by both wine and wrath. Nor ſhall you cry up your own perſuits, and diſcommend thoſe of others: nor when he (the patron) wants

to

And, if he does not hate, he rules,
And as a pious mother ſchools
Her ſon, her virtues to out-do,
He thus adds ſomething pretty true.
" My wealth (pray do not you contend)
" Admits of all my follies, friend,
" Your ſmall eſtate ſhou'd make you loth
" To cut your coat beyond your cloath,
" And, if your ſenſes you retain,
" Ceaſe conteſt, where the conteſt's vain."
Eutrapelus whene'er intent
To do a man much detriment,
Wou'd give him gaudy cloaths, " For ſo
" Bleſt in the notion of a beau,
" He'll take new meaſures, form new ſchemes,
" Indulge till noon in pleaſing dreams:
" Will for a whore his trade poſtpone,
" Will give huge int'reſt for a loan;
" Will learn at laſt the fencer's art,
" Or drive for hire a gard'ner's cart."——
Into no ſecrecies inquire;
Keep confidence repos'd intire,
Tho' put to torture by the force
Of wine, or paſſionate diſcourſe.
Nor muſt you praiſe your own perſuit,
And that of your great friend diſpute:
Nor with your poetry ſolace
Your muſe, when he prefers the chace.
For by ſuch means Amphion croſs'd
His brother, and his kindneſs loſt;

Zethi diſſiluit: donec ſuſpecta ſevero
Conricuit lyra: fraternis ceſſiſſe putatur
Moribus Amphion: tu cede potentis amici
Lenibus imperiis: quotieſque educet in agros
Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta caneſque,
Surge, & inhumanæ ſenium depone Camœnæ,
Cœnes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus empta:
Romanis ſolenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque & membris: præſertim quum valeas &
Vel curſu ſuperare canem, vel viribus aprum
Poſſis. adde, virilia quod ſpecioſius arma
Non eſt qui tractet. ſcis quo clamore coronæ
Prælia ſuſtineas campeſtria: denique ſævam
Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tuliſti,
Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum ſigna refixit,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to hunt, ſtrike out verſes. Thus the affection of the twin-brothers, Amphion and Zethus, broke aſunder, until the lyre, odious to him of ſevere caſt, was ſilent. Amphion, in this matter, is ſuppoſed to have given way to his brother's temper: do you, therefore, be obſequious to the gentle injunctions of your powerful friend. And as often as he ſhall lead out into the plains, the carriages loaden with Etolian nets, and the hounds, ariſe, and lay aſide the obſoleteneſs of your unmannerly muſe; that you may ſup equally upon ſtewed meat, purchaſed by your labours. This was an exerciſe cuſtomary to men of Rome; uſeful for their reputation, for their life and limbs: eſpecially, when you are in good health, and are able either to outſtrip the dog in the chace, or the boar by your proweſs; add to theſe conſiderations, that there is no one that handles the manly arms more to be looked upon: you know with what a clamour of the crowd you ſupport the mock-engagements of the Campus Martius; in a word, as yet a boy, you underwent the ſeverity and warfare, and the

Till he gave up his lyre, at laſt,
To him of the ſeverer caſt.
Amphion therefore did give way
To Zethus' temper, as they ſay.
And do you in likewiſe attend
The mild injunctions of your friend,
And when into the field he gets
His dogs, and his Etolian nets,
Ariſe, and for a while refuſe,
Th' ill-bred moroſeneſs of your Muſe,
That you may ſup upon the ſpoil,
Thus purchas'd by your mutual toil.
This exerciſe for health and bloom,
Habitual to the ſons of Rome,
Is uſeful ev'n to life, and fame,
And keeps the feet from being lame;
But chiefly while you're young and ſound,
And can in ſpeed out-ſtrip the hound,
And foil the fury of the boar.
Then add to what we've urg'd before,
Not one of thoſe, which arms profeſs,
Can handle them with more addreſs.
You know what vaſt applauſe you gain,
In all thoſe feats on Mars's plain:
In fine, as yet of tender age,
You cou'd in cruel fights engage,
And thoſe Cantabrian wars endur'd,
Beneath that chief, who has procur'd
Our ſtandards from the Parthian hoſt,
And fix'd them in their wonted poſt;

Et nunc, ſi quid abeſt, Italis adjudicat armis.
Ac, ne te retrahas, & inexcuſabilis abſis:
Quanvis nil extra numerum feciſſe modumque
Curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno.
Partitur lintres exercitus: Actia pugna
Te duce per pueros hoſtili more refertur.
Adverſarius eſt frater, lacus, Adria: donec
Alterutrum velox victoria fronde coronet.
Conſentire ſuis ſtudiis qui crediderit te,
Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
Protinus ut moneam (ſi quid monitorit eges tu)
Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, ſæpe videto.
Percunctatorem fugito; nam garrulus idem eſt:
Nec retinent patulæ commiſſa fideliter aures:
Et ſemel emiſſum volat irrevocabile verbum.

Prose Interpretation.

the Cantabrian wars, under that general who replaced the ſtandards loſt by Craſſus from the temples of the Parthians, and now if any thing remains, is adjudging it to the Roman arms. But that you may not withdraw yourſelf, and be abſent without excuſe, tho' your care is to do nothing out of time and tune, ſometimes you divert yourſelf in your paternal field, after the following manner. Either army divides the boats. The Actian ſea-fight is preſented, under your direction, by boys, in a hoſtile manner. Your brother is the opponent, the pond, the Adriatic, until ſwift victory crown one or other with the laurel-leaf. Auguſtus, who ſhall ſuppoſe you agree with his taſte in theſe exerciſes, as your patron, ſhall praiſe your ſports with both his hands. In the next place, that I may adviſe you, (if indeed, you can in any caſe ſtand in need of an adviſer) frequently beware WHAT, and TO WHOM, you ſpeak of every man. Avoid a pumper, for the ſame is a babler; nor do open ears faithfully retain what is committed to them; and a word once let out, flies away not

And now does all the acts that tend
To make the Roman arms tranſcend.
And left you from the ſports recede,
Without a good excuſe to plead,
(Tho' nothing trifling, or uncooth,
You e'er committed from your youth)
Yet, where your rural villa lies,
You pleaſant paſtimes can deviſe.
The naval troops divide the boats,
And all the Actian battle floats,
Acted by boys, in hoſtile pride,
Which you, as their commander, guide;
Your brother's the fictitious foe,
And Adria's ſea the ponds below,
Till victory, with bays, come down,
And one or other champion crown.
Great Cæſar, when he once ſhall ſee
Your taſte and his ſo well agree,
Shall give you, and your little bands
Immenſe applauſe, with both his hands;
Now let me (if a man like you
Can need advice) adviſe you true.
Oft take good heed what, and to whom,
You ſpeak of every man in Rome;
A pumper ſhun, who will not fail
To bear materials of a tale,
Nor can the ears that ſpring a leak,
With faith retain the things you ſpeak,
And when one word to ſuch you pawn,
It is irrevocably gone.

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aſpice; ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur: & quondam non dignum tradimus. ergo
Quem ſua culpa premet deceptus omitte tueri:
Ut penitus notum, ſi tentent crimina, ſerves.
Tuteriſque tuo fidentem præſidio: qui
Dente Theonino quum circumroditur, ecquid
Ad te poſt paulo ventura pericula ſentis?
Nam tua res agitur, paries quum proximus ardet:
Et neglecta ſolent incendia ſumere vires.
Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici:
Expertus metuit. tu, dum tua navis in alto eſt,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorſum ſe feret aura.
Oderunt hilarem triſtes, triſtemque jocoſi:
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remiſſi,

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not to be recalled. Look again and again, into the merits of him you recommend: leſt in a ſhort time other mens offences may bring ſhame upon you. We are impoſed upon, and ſometimes preſent him that is not worthy; wherefore deceived once in ſuch a buſineſs, forbear to defend a perſon, whom his own default bears down, that you may be able to ſupport one thoroughly known, if accuſation ſhould attempt his fame. And you ſhall defend him that depends upon your protection; for while HE is bitten by the tooth of malediction, do you not immediately perceive the dangers that are approaching you? For your own affair is at ſtake, when the adjoining wall is on fire, and conflagrations are wont to gain ſtrength when neglected. The cultivation of friendſhip with a powerful friend, is a pleaſant thing in the ideas of inexperienced perſons.—The experienced is in fear about it. Do you mind your buſineſs, while your veſſel is in the great deep, leſt the wind ſhould change, and drive you back again. The penſive hate the chearful; and the jocoſe the ſad; the lively

By frequent obſervations trace,
Him you wou'd recommend to grace;
Leſt you anon ſhou'd be aſham'd
Of faults, for which another's blam'd.
We ſometimes are deceiv'd, and raiſe
A perſon who's not worthy praiſe.
Thus chous'd, forbear to vindicate
Him, whoſe own conduct mars his fate.
So one well prov'd you ſhall protect,
If falſe accuſers ought object,
And ſhield him confident in you;
If ſlander's tooth his fame perſue,
Perceive you not your danger too?
For 'tis a very near concern
To you, when neighb'ring houſes burn,
And flames by negligence are fed,
And ſtill are wont to get a-head.
The cultivation of eſteem
With men in pow'r, to thoſe may ſeem
Deſirous, who have never tried,
But by experience is decried.
When once your veſſel's under ſail,
Ply well your buſineſs, leſt the gale
Shou'd ſhift upon th' inconſtant main,
And drive your veſſel back again.
The ſad, abominate the gay;
Theſe ſcorn the children of diſmay;
The volatile the dull ſedate;
Idlers, the briſk and active hate.

Potores bibuli mediâ ne nocte Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula: quamvis
Nocturnos jures te formidare vapores.
Deme ſupercilio nubem, plerunque modeſtus
Occupat obſcuri ſpeciem, taciturnus acerbi.
Inter cuncta leges & percunctabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.
Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes,
Virtutem doctrina paret, naturane donet:
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum:
Quid pure tranquillet; honos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter, & fallentis ſemita vitæ.
Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugoſus frigore pagus;
Quid ſentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

lively diſlike the ſedate; the remiſs the active and expert. The guzzling topers of Falernian from midnight cannot abide him that refuſes the offered cup; tho' you ſhould be upon oath, that you are affraid of the nocturnal vapours. Take away the cloud from your forehead; frequently the modeſt man has the appearance of an obſcure perſon, the ſilent of a moroſe one. Amongſt all theſe precautions, you muſt read and enquire of the learned, by what method you may be able to paſs your life time agreeably; leſt covetouſneſs, which is always poor, ſhould work upon and torment you, leſt terror ſhould do it, and the expectation of circumſtances, uſeful only in a degree. You muſt conſult the learned too, whether ſcience produce virtue, or nature endow us with it; what leſſens care; what reconciles a man to himſelf; what may put a man in perfect tranquility, honour, or the ſweets of profit, or a ſecret paſſage, and unobſerved path thro' life? As often as the cool river Digentia, which Mandela,

They that all night will ply the glaſs,
Deſpiſe you, if your turn you paſs,
Tho' with ſolemnity you ſwear,
You dread th' effects of midnight air.
Your forehead of its gloom uncloud,
For 'tis in general allow'd,
Too modeſt men appear, as dark,
Too ſilent, curs that cannot bark.
In all, with which you are concern'd,
You muſt conſult and read the learn'd,
Who on the proper meaſures treat,
To make your life ſerene and ſweet;
Leſt greedy av'rice, ever poor,
Still make you anxious thoughts endure,
Leſt fear and hope diſtract your mind,
For things of an indifferent kind:
That you may know if nature teach,
Or virtue be what ſcholars preach,
What leſſens care, encreaſes ſmiles,
And your own conſcience reconciles,
What makes a perfect calm, a name,
Or wealth, which ſtill is pleaſure's aim,
Or life's whole paſſage to fulfil,
Thro' flowery bye-paths ſnug and ſtill.
As oft as on Digentia's brink,
Whoſe cool ſtreams all Mandela drink,
A little village chopt with cold,
Myſelf I at my eaſe behold,
What are my ſentiments, my friend,
For what do you think my knees I bend?

Sit mihi, quod nunc eſt, etiam minus, ut mihi vivam
Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſiquid ſupereſſe volunt dii.
Sit bona librorum & proviſæ frugis in annum
Copia: ne fluitem dubiæ ſpe pendulus horæ.
Sed ſatis eſt orare Jovem, qui donat & aufert:
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Mandela, a village chopt with cold, drinks, refreſhes me: what, O my friend! do you think are my ſentiments? for what, do you ſuppoſe, I pray? May what I now poſſeſs be rather leſs than more, that I may live my own the remaining part of my life, if it ſhould be the will of the Gods that there be any remainder to come. Let me have a good collection of books, and a proviſion for the year, that I may not fluctuate dependant on the hopes of uncertain time. This is enough to implore of Jove, who gives and takes away. Let him give life; let him give wealth; as for equanimity I will find that for myſelf.

That what I have of preſent ſtore
Be kept, or rather leſs than more,
That if the Gods more life ſhou'd give,
I may for ſelf-improvement live,
With choice of the beſt books to read,
And year's proviſion for my need,
Leſt I ſhou'd be in fortune's pow'r,
Dependent on th' uncertain hour;
Thus much is fit of Jove to pray,
Ev'n he that gives and takes away:
Let him long life and wealth beſtow,
I truſt from my own heart to know,
All things that make for peace below.

EPIST. XIX.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Pravum quorundam in imitandis poetarum vitiis potius quam virtutibus ſtudium reprehendit.

PRiſco ſi credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina poſſunt,
Quæ ſcribuntur aquæ potoribus: ut male ſanos
Adſcripſit Liber Satyris Fauniſque poetas.
Vina fere dulces oluerunt mane Camœnæ,
Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus Homerus.
Ennius ipſe pater nunquam niſi potus ad arma
Proſiluit dicenda. forum, putealque Libonis
Mandabo ſiccis, adimam cantare ſeveris.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O learned Mæcenas! if you give any credit to the ancient Cratinus, no verſes can pleaſe, or remain long, which are written by water-drinkers, ever ſince the mad-headed Bacchus aſcribed the poets to be numbered with the Satyrs and Fawns. The ſweet Muſes themſelves too have frequently ſmelt of wine in the morning. Homer is detected as a wine-drinker, by the praiſes he beſtows on wine. Father Ennius himſelf never ſprung forth to ſing of arms, unleſs well in liquor. I ſhall order off the abſtemious to the bar and judgment-ſeat that are placed by Libo, and will take away the privilege of ſinging from the auſtere. As ſoon as ever I made this edict, the poets have not ceaſed to vie with each other in wine taken by night, and to ſavour of it by day.—What? if any one ſhould imitate Cato, rough, with a rigid aſpect and naked foot, and texture of a ſcanty gown, will he therefore exhibit to us the virtue and morals of Cato?

EPISTLE XIX.

To Mæcenas.

He reprehends the falſe zeal certain writers had to imitate the defects, rather than the perfections of the poets.

DEAR Friend, if you the lore embrace
Of old Cratinus, in this caſe
No verſe can laſt, or charm the age,
Wrote by the water-drinking ſage;
And this has been a maxim fix'd,
E'er ſince the brain-ſick bards were mix'd,
By Liber's laws injoin'd to rove
With fawns and ſatyrs of the grove:
Hence all the muſes ſweetly gay,
Oft ſmell of wine at early day.
When * Homer call'd the grape divine,
He wrote his verſes by his wine;
And Ennius, our reverend ſire,
Wou'd not to ſing of arms aſpire,
Till for his ſubject made a match
By drink——I therefore ſhall diſpatch
The ſneaking milk-ſops one and all,
For ſentence to the judgment-hall,
Nor will I any licence grant,
For thoſe to ſing, who whine and cant.

* Ανδρα δε κεκμηωτα μενος μεγα οινος αιξει, *and ſundry other places.*

Hoc ſimul edixit, non ceſſavere poetæ
Nocturno certare mero, fœtere diurno.
Quid? ſi quis vultu torvo ferus, & pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ ſimulet textore Catonem,
Virtutemne repræſentet moreſque Catonis?
Rupit Hyarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua,
Dum ſtudet urbanus, tenditque diſertus haberi,
Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile, quod ſi
Pallerem caſu, biberent exangue cuminum.
O imitatores! ſervum pecus, ut mihi ſæpe
Bilem, ſæpe jocum veſtri movere tumultus.
Libera per vacuum poſui veſtigia princeps,
Non aliena meo preſſi pede; qui ſibi fidit
Dux, regit examen. Parios ego primus jambos
Oſtendi Latio, numeros animoſque ſequutus
Archilochi, non res & agentia verba Lycamben.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Cato? His tongue, which was emulous of Timagenes, burſt with envy the man of Mauritania, while he was ſtudying to be accounted polite, and endeavoured at eloquence. An example liable to be imitated for faults miſguides people. What if I ſhould turn pale by ſome accident, ſhould they drink cummin in their wine, to make their faces white. O ye imitators! a ſervile herd. How often the pucker you put yourſelves into, has moved my ſpleen! how often my pleaſantry! I, the original, placed my free ſteps on the vacant plain; I have not trod in another man's traces; he who depends ſolely on himſelf, as chief, commands the band. I was the firſt that ſhewed to Italy the * Parian Iambicks, following the numbers and ſpirit of Archilochus, but not his matter, and the ſeverity of ſuch words, as drove Lycambes

* *Archilochus, the inventor of Iambic verſes, was of the iſland Paros.*

to

Soon as this edict was promulg'd,
The poets night and day indulg'd
The bumpers they wou'd not abate.——
What if a man ſhou'd imitate
The naked feet, and ſurly frown
Of Cato, with his ſcanty gown?
Wou'd he be inſtantly endued
With Cato's worth and rectitude.
The mimic, who propos'd to pleaſe
By taking off Timagenes,
With envy burſt, as he in vain
Did after wit and utt'rance ſtrain.
Mean imitation foils the baſe,
As faults are all that they can trace,
As tho', when I've a pallid hue,
They ſhou'd take drugs to be ſo too.
O mimics! ſcarce above the brutes!
How very frequently the fruits,
Of that in which each bungler prides,
Provok'd my wrath, or ſplit my ſides?
A ſheer original from God,
I ſtalk'd upon the vacant ſod,
Nor in another's footſteps trod.
He who as leader can perform
His part in juſtice heads the ſwarm.
I firſt made Italy repeat,
Iambics of the Parian beat,
Form'd on Archilochus, to tow'r
At once in harmony and pow'r,

Ac, ne me foliis ideo brevioribus ornes:
Quod timui mutare modos & carminis artem:
Temperat Archilochi Muſam pede maſcula Sappho,
Temperat Alcæus: ſed rebus & ordine diſpar:
Nec ſocerum quærit quem verſibus oblinat atris,
Nec ſponſæ laqueum famoſo carmine noctit.
Hunc ego non alio dictum prius ore, Latinis
Vulgavi fidicen. juvat immemorata ferentem
Ingenuis oculiſque legi, manibuſque teneri.
Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuſcula lector
Laudet, ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus?
Non ego ventoſæ plebis ſuffragia venor,
Impenſis cœnarum & tritæ munere veſtis.
Non ego nobilium ſcriptorum auditor & ultor,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to deſtruction. And leſt you ſhould therefore think me only worthy of the leſſer leaves for my crown, becauſe I was affraid to alter the meaſure and ſtructure of the verſe; the manly Sappho, with the feet of her inventing, tempers the muſe of Archilochus. Alcæus too corrects him, but different in matter and diſpoſition; nor does he ſeek for a father-in-law, whom he may beſpatter in virulent verſe, nor by his ſcandalous lampoon, ties the rope for her that was betrothed to him. This man have I, the Roman lyriſt, publiſhed to the people of Italy, unmentioned by any other tongue. It delights me as I am introducing things, hitherto uncommunicated, both to be read by ingenuous eyes, and to be held in ingenuous hands. Would you know why the ungrateful reader approves, and is fond of my works at home, but when out of my threſhold is for ſuppreſſing them? I anſwer, I do not hunt after the ſuffrages of the capricious mob, at the expence of ſuppers, and the gift of caſt-off garments. I do not condeſcend to court the grammatical tribes, and poetic huſtings, as an auditor and replicant of the Noble Writers.

Hence

But not purſuing of his ſcheme,
To kill my brother with my phlegm;
And leſt I ſhou'd from Rome receive
A crown that ſparing critics weave,
Becauſe I fear'd to undertake
The changing meaſure of his make:
There's Sappho, writing like a man,
Corrects and variegates my plan;
Alcæus too——but all the while
Diverſe in numbers and in ſtile,
Nor does he now unto his ſhame,
Seek his ſtep-father to defame,
Nor ſtrangle, in poetic wrath,
The maid to whom he pledg'd his troth:
Him, who was never known before,
I harp'd upon the Latian ſhore:
For 'tis my pleaſure to be new,
And read by an ingenuous FEW.
Now wou'd you know the real cauſe,
My readers give me ſuch applauſe,
Fond of my arch-inſtructive tomes,
When ſung within their private homes;
But ſoon as e'er they quit their place
Degrade me——this is then the caſe.
To count the ſuffrage of the mob,
I ever thought too mean a job,
By treating them with dainty fare,
And rags and tatters for their wear.
I hear no writings of the great,
Nor in revenge my own repeat;

Grammaticas ambire tribus & pulpita dignor.
Hinc illæ lacrymæ. ſpiſſis indigna theatris
Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus:
Si dixi, rides, ait: & Jovis auribus iſta
Servas. fidis enim manare poetica mella
Te ſolum, tibi pulcher. Ad hæc ego naribus uti
Formido, & luctantis acuto ne ſecer ungui,
Diſplicet iſte locus, clamo, & diludia poſco.
Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen, & iram:
Ira truces inimicitias, & funebre bellum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Hence ſpring theſe invidious tears. If I have ſaid at any time, "I am aſhamed to reconcile my writings to the crouded "theatres, as unworthy of ſuch an honour; and to add an "air of importance to triſles." You are in jeſt, ſome one ſays, and reſerve theſe fine things for the ears of our Jupiter, (Auguſtus) for you have the vanity to think, that you alone can cauſe the poetical honey to flow; a pretty fellow in your own conceit. At this I am afraid to make uſe of my noſe, (*to deride, according to* BOND) and leſt I be wounded by the nails of my antagoniſt, I cry out, "this place diſpleaſes me;" and I demand a ceſſation of arms. For mock-fighting has, before now, begot a real combat and wrath, wrath cruel calamities and deadly war.

EPIST.

Nor do I hie me to the ſchools
Of thoſe, that teach the grammar-rules——
Hence all this grievance—if I ſay,
I am aſham'd my worthleſs lay
In crouds theatric to recite;
As tho' I wou'd to things ſo light
A thought of dignity and weight
In rank preſumption arrogate.
At us (ſays one) your honour ſneers,
Preſerving for celeſtial ears
Your poetry——for you diſtill
Alone, it ſeems, the honey'd rill,
A perſon in your own ſweet eyes,
Extremely beautiful and wiſe.
At taunts like theſe, I do not dare
To let my noſe have too much air,
And leſt their nails my ſkin deface,
I cry, I do not like this place,
And beg a truce——for gameſome jeſt
Brings on a trial, who is beſt,
Then emulation furthers ſtrife,
And THAT ill-blood, and loſs of life.

EPIST. XX.

Ad Librum Suum.

VErtumnum lanumque liber ſpectare videris:
Scilicet ut proſtes Soſiorum pumice mundus,
Odiſti claves, & grata ſigilla pudico:
Paucis oſtendi gemis, & communia laudas.
Non ita nutritus. fuge quò diſcedere geſtis.
Non erit emiſſo reditus tibi. Quid miſer egi?
Quid volui? dices: ubi quis te læſerit, & ſcis
In breve te cogi, quum plenus languet amator.
Quod ſi non odio peccantis deſipit augur,
Charus eris Romæ, donec te deſerat ætas.
Contrectatus ubi manibus ſordeſcere vulgi
Cœperis, aut tineas paſces taciturnus inertes,

Prose Interpretation.

O my book! you ſeem to look forwards to Vertumnus and Janus, to the end that you may be expoſed to ſale, after you are made neat by the pumice-ſtone of the Soſii. You hate keys and ſeals, that are acceptable to a modeſt volume: you murmur, that you are ſhewn only to a few, and praiſe the public, not educated with that intent. Haſte whither you are deſirous of going. There will not be any returning for you, when you are once ſent abroad. Anon, you will ſay, "Wretch, that I am! what have I "done!" When any one ſhall have offended you, and you underſtand that you are ſhelved into a nook, when the fated admirer is grown ſqueamiſh. But if my anger is not at fault, thro' deteſtation of the offender, I prophecy, that you

EPISTLE XX.

To his Book.

YOU ſeem to caſt, my vent'rous book,
Towards the town a wiſhful look,
That thee the chapmen may demand,
Where Janus, and Vertumnus ſtand;
When poliſh'd by the binder's art.——
Both keys and ſeals, with all your heart,
You hate, and every thing refuſe
Which all your modeſt volumes chuſe.
You grudge that you are ſhewn to few,
Deſirous of the public view,
On other principles compil'd——
Away then, ſince you are ſo wild—
When once ſet off there's no return—
Soon ſhall you ſay with much concern—
Ah! wretch, what wou'd I, when your pride
Is by ſome reader mortified,
And in ſome narrow nook you ſtick,
When curioſity is ſick,
But if the augur do not dream,
In wrath for this your deſp'rate ſcheme;
At Rome you'll be a welcome gueſt,
As long as you are new at leaſt.
But when all dirty you become,
In witneſs of the vulgar thumb,

Aut fugies Uticam, aut unctus mitteris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus: ut ille,
Qui male parentem in rupes protrusit asellum
Iratus, quis enim invitum servare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.
Quum tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,
Me libertino natum patre, & in tenui re
Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris:
Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas.
Me primis urbis belli placuisse domique:
Corporis exigui, precanum, solibus aptum:
Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.

Prose Interpretation.

you will be held precious at Rome, until the idea of novelty forsake you; that is, when you shall begin to grow dirty, thumbed by the vulgar, or shall in silence feed the lazy moths; or shall fly to Utica, or be sent all greasy to Ilerda. The adviser, that was not attended to, shall laugh: as he, who in wrath, threw a disobedient ass upon the rocks; for who would preserve any thing against its will? This fate likewise too awaits you, that faultering dotage shall seize upon you in the farthest streets, to teach the boys their rudiments. When the warm sun shall have brought to you more hearers, you will mention, that I who had a free'd-man for my father, and am in mean circumstances, have stretched out my wings too large for my nest; in such manner, however, that as much as you take away from my birth, you may add to my personal virtues, viz. that both in the war, and at home, I was acceptable to men of the first rank in the state; of a little size, as to my body, prematurely hoary, fit for enduring heat; quick to be angry, but in such wise as to be easily appeased,

Or groveling book-worms you muſt feed,
Or for us Utica ſhall ſpeed;
Or bundled up in packthread chain,
Be ſent a tranſport into Spain.
The good adviſer, all the while,
To whom you gave no heed, will ſmile:
As he who from the mountain threw
The ſulky aſs, that wou'd not do
His bus'neſs—— "then go down the hill—
"Who'd ſave an aſs againſt his will."
This deſtiny too muſt remain—
Thee faultring dotage ſhall detain
About the city-ſkirts to teach
The boys their rudiments of ſpeech.
And when the fervency of day
Brings you more hearers, you muſt ſay,
That poor and meanly born at beſt,
I ſpread my wings beyond my neſt,
And what you from my birth ſubſtract,
You for my virtues muſt exact;
That peace or war, I ſtill was great,
With the firſt pillars of the ſtate,
Short-ſiz'd, and prematurely grey,
Form'd for th' intenſity of day,
With paſſion ev'n to phrenzy ſeiz'd,
But very eaſily appeas'd.
If any perſon by the bye
Shou'd aſk how old I am, reply,

Forte meum ſi quis te percunctabitur ævum,
Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe Decembres,
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

appeaſed. If haply any one ſhould aſk you of my age, let him underſtand, that I fulfilled four times eleven Decembers that year in which Lollius had Lepidus for his collegue.

That when the faſces were aſſign'd,
To Lepidus and Lollius join'd,
I was full out, and fairly told,
Four times eleven Decembers old.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
EPISTOLARUM.
LIBER II.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF THE
EPISTLES OF HORACE.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
EPISTOLARUM.
LIBER II.

EPIST. I.

Ad Augustum.

Queritur de pravo Romanorum suæ ætatis judicio, poemata è vetustate æstimantium, & nova, non ob aliud quam quod nova essent, fastidientium.

QUUM tot sustineas & tanta negotia solus;
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes: in publica commoda peccem,

Prose Interpretation.

O Cæsar! while you alone sustain so many and momentous concerns; while you defend the state of Italy with your arms, and adorn it with laws respecting morals, and correct with ordinances, I should offend against the common utility, were

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE EPISTLES OF HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

To Augustus.

He complains of the depraved taſte amongſt the Romans of his time, who eſtimated the merit of poems by their antiquity, and deſpiſed modern ones, for no other reaſon than that they were modern.

SINCE you alone ſuſtain the ſtate,
Midſt things ſo various and ſo great,
And while your arms our coaſt defend,
To moral pulchritude attend,
Correcting us with wholeſome laws,
Twere ſin againſt the common cauſe

Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit invidiam ſupremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hic populus, ſapiens & juſtus in uno,

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were I to detain your PRECIOUS time with a long harrangue. Romulus, and father Bacchus, and Pollux, together with Caſtor, after prodigious atchievements, received into the temples of the Gods, while during life they are cultivating the earth and human nature, make up cruel wars, apportionate lands, build cities, bewailed, that the expected favour did not anſwer their merits; even he, who cruſhed the horrible Hydra, and ſubdued thoſe well-known monſters by his labour, decreed of the fates, found that Envy could be tamed by the laſt extremity alone. For he who bears down upon the arts that are placed beneathhim, galls the artiſts with his refulgence; but the ſame man, when dead *, ſhall be loved. As for thee, we give you mature honours even while you are preſent amongſt us, and place altars where oaths are taken by your name, confeſſing that nothing equal to you is about to ariſe in any other country, or has ariſen. But this people of yours, wiſe and juſt in this one particular, viz. by preferring you to our own leaders, by preferring you to thoſe of Greece,

* *Witneſs* SHAKESPEAR, MILTON, *and* BUTLER.

by

Was I to pen a tedious ſtrain,
Thy time, Auguſtus, to detain.
Rome's Founder, Bacchus, and the ſeed
Of Leda, men of might indeed,
And for their works in heav'n receiv'd,
Yet while on earth conjointly griev'd,
That human favour, human fame,
By no means anſwer'd to their claim,
As cultivators of mankind,
That ſpecial property aſſign'd,
And cities built, and lands diſpos'd,
And finally diſſentions clos'd.
The man that brought the Hydra down,
And beaſts of horrible renown
Subdu'd by his predeſtin'd toil,
Found yet their was a foe to foil,
Ev'n Envy, whoſe infernal blaſt
Cou'd not be worſted but the laſt.
He galls, whoſe merits overbear
The puny wits, with luſt'rous glare,
Hated while he retains his breath,
And lov'd for nothing but his death.
To you, tho' with us, we beſtow
The full-blown honours, as they grow,
And to your name thoſe altars rear,
Which men upon their oath revere,
Confeſſing that a man like thee,
Nor has been, nor again ſhall be.
But here your people wiſe to own
The truth, in this one point alone,

Te noſtris ducibus, te grajis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat: &, niſi quæ terris ſemota, ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit & odit.
Sic tautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina vatum,
Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte loquutas.
Si, quia Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque
Scripta, vel optima, Romani penſantur eâdem
Scriptores trutinâ; non eſt quod multa loquamur;
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ: pingimus, atque
Pſallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arrogat annus
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vereſque referri debet? an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

by no means eſtimate other matters in the ſame degree of reaſon, and the like manner, and nauſeates and deteſts other excellencies, unleſs it ſees them removed from their own territories, and defunct from their own times: ſo much a favourer of the ancients, that it contends the Muſes themſelves dictated in the Alban mountain † the tables forbidding to ſin, which the ten magiſtrates authorized, the leagues of the kings made upon equitable conditions with the Gabii, or

† *Theſe twelve tables containing as it were, the whole body of the Roman laws, were written in the three hundred and ſecond year of Rome, and in the following publicly propoſed by the Decemviri, who theſe two years adminiſtered the public, in the place of Conſuls.* LIVY.

rigid

(That is to place your matchleſs fame
Above each Greek and Roman name)
Cannot be made at any rate,
Thus other things to eſtimate,
And ſtill their futile venom ſpawn,
On all that are not dead and gone:
Such favourers of duſty ſhelves,
They will aſſert the NINE themſelves,
Upon mount Alban did ordain
Thoſe tables that the laws contain;
The leagues our antient monarchs made,
With neighbours for their mutual aid,
The Pontiff's rolls, and each record
The Angurs College keeps in ward.
If, as the oldeſt Greeks are beſt,
You ſay the ſame thing of the reſt
And prove our writers by that teſt;
Your tongue at once all truth diſowns,
Nuts have no ſhells, nor olives ſtones.
We've reach'd the higheſt pitch in arts,
In painting, muſic, ſhew our parts
And wreſtle cleaner on the ſtage
Than active Greeks, in any age.
If keeping to a certain date,
Like wine one's poems meliorate:
I fain wou'd know the very year
That makes this ſage deciſion clear.
Who died an hundred years ago,
Is he an ancient good or no?
Or muſt he rather be referr'd,
And ſcorn'd amongſt the modern herd.

Eſt vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos,
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne poetas?
An quos & præſens & poſtera reſpuet ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur honeſte,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello, demo unum, demo etiam unum:
Dum cadat eluſus ratione ruentis acervi,
Qui redit ad faſtos & virtutem æſtimat annis,
Miraturque nihil niſi quod Libitina ſacravit.
* Ennius, & ſapiens & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,
Quo promiſſa cadant & ſomnia Pythagorea.

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rigid Sabines, the books of the prieſts, and the old volumes of the prophets. If becauſe all the writings of the Greeks, which are the moſt ancient, are alſo the beſt, the Roman writers to be put in the ſame ſcale, there is no reaſon for multiplying words, *we muſt give up every thing*, there is no kernel in the nut, and no ſtone in the olive. We have arrived at the higheſt degree of ſucceſs, we paint and play upon the harp, and wreſtle with more ſkill than the anointed Grecians. If time renders poems better, as it does wine, I would fain know what year exacts a price for writings. The author that died an hundred years ago, is he to be referred to the perfect and antient, or to the mean and modern? Let a certain determination exclude all wrangling. He then is an ancient and fair author, who has compleated an hundred years. What of him tho', who departed younger by one month or year, amongſt whom ſhall he be reckoned, the old poets, or ſuch as both the preſent and future age ſhall reject? He truely, (you will ſay) may be ranked amongſt the ancients honeſtly, who he is junior only by one month, or even a

* *Ennius et ſapiens Euphorbus et alter Homerus.* Lucil. Frag.

whole

Here ſomething poſitive will ſuit,
To put the matter paſt diſpute—
Well he's an ancient true and good,
Who for an hundred years has ſtood:
But what for him do you deicde
Who month or year his junior dy'd?
Him will you condeſcend to place,
Amongſt the vet'ran's in this caſe,
Or ſuch as are condemn'd to ſcoff
Both now and many ages off?
Him then you ſay, we may be bold
In honeſty, to rank as old
Who did the junior depart
One month, or year—with all my heart—
From your conceſſions if you pleaſe,
I pull the tail off by degrees,
And certainly ſhall dock the mare
If once I work it hair by hair,
Till like an heap that falls to ground,
I my opponent ſhall confound,
Who to the almanacs adheres,
And reckons eminence by years;
And nothing will applaud at all
But trophies from a funeral.
  Ennius th' ingenious and the ſtrong,
A ſecond Homer for his ſong,
(As critics eſtimate the bard)
Seems now but lightly to regard
His dreams, of what ſhou'd come to paſs,
And figments of Pythagoras.

Nævius in manibus non eſt, & mentibus hæret
Pene recens. adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema.
Ambigitur quoties uter utro ſit prior, aufert
Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Actius alti:
Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro:
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi:
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens: habet hos numeratq; poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus Livi ſcriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.
Si veteres ita miratur, laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat.
Si quædam nimis antique, ſi pleraque dure
Dicere credit eos, ignave multa, fatetur:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

whole year. I make uſe of your conceſſions, and by little, and little I pluck away, as the hairs of the horſe's tail *, I take out firſt one and then another, till he falls to nothing, eluded upon the principle of a waſting heap, who has recourſe to the annals, and eſtimates merit by years, and admires nothing, ſave what Libitina has conſecrated. Ennius, both wiſe and brave, and a ſecond Homer, as the critics call him, ſeems now lightly to regard what may be the iſſue of his promiſes and Pythagorean dreams. Nævius is not handed about, but adheres to our minds almoſt freſh, ſo ſacred is every ancient poem. As often as it is queſtioned, which is preferable of the two, Pacuvius bears away the reputation of a learned man; Actius of a ſublime one. The comic dreſs of Afranius is ſaid to have been ſuitable to Menander: Plau-

* *Alluding to the ſtory of Sertorius in Plutarch, who having an occaſion to ſhew the preference of ſkill to main ſtrength, ſet a ſtrong man to one horſe's tail, and a weak one to that of another. The former attempted in vain to pull it off all at once, but the weak one ſucceeded by going to work gradually.*

tus

Nævius, altho' he be not read,
Is freſh in every perſon's head,
All ancient verſe is held ſo dread.
When critic deſputants conteſt,
Which of the poets is the beſt.
* Pacuvius is for learning prais'd,
And Accius reckon'd great and *rais'd*;
Afranius all the town admit
His gown wou'd on Menander ſit.
Plautus ſtill keeps each ſketch in view,
Sicilian Epicharmus drew:
Cœcilius did in weight excel,
And Terence in conducting well.
Theſe mighty Rome by heart has got,
With theſe cram'd theatres are hot.
Theſe are the poets of the ſtage
From † Livius to the preſent age.
Sometimes the populace are right,
Sometimes remote from reaſon quite.
If poets of the former days
At ſuch a rate th' admirers praiſe,
So that they nothing will prefer
Or ev'n compare with them, they err;
If they but fairly wou'd confeſs,
Some things are in too ſtale a dreſs,
Moſt lines put down too harſh and rough,
And many errant idle ſtuff,

* *Ennius his nephew, by his ſiſter, born at Brunduſium.*
† *Livius Andronicus.*

Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem inſector, delendaque carmina Livi
Eſſe reor, memini quæ plagoſum mihi parvo
Orbilium dictare: ſed emendata videri,
Pulchraque & exactis minimum diſtantia, miror.
Inter quæ verbum emicuit ſi forte decorum, &
Si verſus paulo concinnior unus & alter,
Injuſte totum ducit venditque poema.
Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & premia poſci.
Recte necne crocum floreſque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, ſi dubitem, clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pœne patres, ea quum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æſopus, quæ doctus Roſcius egit:

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tus to diſpatch buſineſs after the manner of the Sicilian Epicharmus; Cæcilius to excel in gravity; Terence in art. Theſe powerful Rome gets off by heart, and theſe ſhe is a ſpectator of, crouded in the narrow theatre; ſhe eſteems theſe, and numbers them as poets, from the age of Livius Andronicus to our own time. Sometimes the vulgar diſcern right, there is, when it blunders. If it admires and praiſes the ancient poets in ſuch wiſe, that it will prefer nothing, compare nothing to them, it is miſtaken. If it ſuppoſes, that they expreſs certain things too obſoletely, if the moſt part harſhly, if it owns they ſay many things idly, it both is wiſe, and of my opinion, and judges with the approbation of Jupiter. For my part, I do not ſo far detract, as to ſuppoſe that the verſes of Livius ought to be ſuppreſſed, which I remember the flogging Orbilius to have dictated to me, when a littte boy, but I am aſtoniſhed, that they ſhould appear to any one correct and charming, and within a trifle of being perfect; amongſt which, if by chance a beautiful word ſhine out, and if a verſe or two be a litsle neater than ordinary, it unjuſtly publiſhes

Then are they wiſemen, and agree
With what is very truth—and me.
I do not for * my part devote
To ſilence, all that Livius wrote,
Who when a boy, that flogging cull
Orbilius hammer'd in my ſkull,
But am aſtoniſh'd they appear,
To any beautiful and near
To finiſh'd———for 'mongſt many lines
If but one bright expreſſion ſhines,
And midſt the lamentable whole,
One verſe or two harmonious roll,
In every righteous man's deſpite
It carries off th' edition quite.
'Tis wrath—when works they diſcommend,
Not that they're ſtupid or ill penn'd,
But merely for their modern date:
And for the ancients arrogate,
Rewards and reputation too,
When pardon barely is their due.
Shou'd a man queſtion in this age
If Atta tread the † eſſenc'd ſtage
With grace or not, our fires wou'd roar
That modeſty is now no more,
Thoſe parts by me to be diſdain'd,
Whence grave Eſopus glory gain'd,
And which learn'd Roſcius too ſuſtain'd.

* *Here Horace diſſents from Cicero, who tells us that the comedies of this perſon were not worth a ſecond reading.*

† *The Roman theatre was ſprinkled with ſaffron-water for the refreſhment of the audience.*

Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam ſaliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
Quod ſi tam Græcis novitas inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis, quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, & in vitium fortuna labier æquâ,
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit equorum:
Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit:
Suſpendit pictâ vultum, mentemque tabellâ:
Nunc tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
Sub nutrice puella velut, ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit,

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publiſhes and ſells the whole poem. I am in wrath that any thing ſhould be found fault with, not becauſe it is thought to be put together in a bungling manner, and without cleverneſs, but becauſe it is done lately, nor excuſe to be ſought after for the ancients, but even honours and rewards. If I ſhould make a doubt whether the comedy of Atta tread the ſtage, ſtrewed with ſaffron and other flowers, decently, or not, almoſt all the ſeniors would cry out, that I had loſt all modeſty; who ſhould undertake to reprehend theſe parts, which the grave Eſopus and learned Roſcius acted, either becauſe they hold nothing right, but what has pleaſed themſelves, or becauſe they think it a ſhameful thing to be guided by their juniors, and acknowledge that ſuch poems, which when youths they learned, ſhould be demoliſhed in their old age. Now he that praiſes that verſe, which Numa made for the Salians

Becauſe they think, there's nothing right
But which is pleaſing in their ſight,
Or that they hold themſelves diſgrace't
If once their juniors *ſet the taſte*,
And that when young (they muſt allow)
They learnt, what they ſhou'd cancel now.
Who Numa's Salian hymn wou'd praiſe
And ſuch ſtrange ſtuff, which now a days
Cannot be underſtood, when read,
Does not ſo much applaud the dead,
As his invidious taunts he ſhow'rs
On us and every thing of ours.
But if in Greece new things had been
Thus odious, how ſhou'd we have ſeen
One ancient, how had they remain'd
With which we all are entertain'd?
When firſt upon a gen'ral peace
They learn'd to play the fool in Greece,
And into luxury to ſlide
By fortune fav'ring wind and tide,
Now wreſtlers, now the race alone,
Now works in iv'ry or in ſtone,
Now buſts, now pictures were admir'd
Thro' which the very ſoul tranſpired.
Now were they fond of pipe, now plays
Full of thoſe wild infantine ways,
Like little miſſes when they're nurſt
Soon ſlighting what ſo pleas'd at firſt.
Nought ſweeten'd and nought made them ſour
But had mutations every hour.

Quid placet aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ ventique ſecundi.
Romæ dulce diu fuit & ſolenne, recluſâ
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos,
Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
Scribendi ſtudio. pueri patreſque ſeveri
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.
Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior, & prius orto
Sole, vigil calamum & chartas & ſerinia poſco.
Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum agro
Non audet, niſi qui didicit, dare; quod mediocrum eſt,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri.
Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim,
Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania quantas

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Salians to dance to, and what he, together with me is *totally* ignorant of, would alone pretend to know. Such an one does not ſo much favour and applaud the buried geniuſes, as he attacks the poems of this age, and invidious hates *both* us and ours. But if novelty had been equally odious to the Grecians as it is to us, what by this time would have been ancient? or what would the public cuſtomers have, that they might read and wear it out man by man? When Greece firſt began to trifle, the wars being compoſed, and ſlide backwards into vice by the favour of fortune; one while ſhe was hot upon the practices of the wreſtlers, another while upon horſes, was in love with the artiſts in marble, or ivory, or braſs. She hung up both the aſpect and ſoul in a painted tablet; now ſhe rejoiced with pipers, now with tragedies, as though a female infant ſhould play under the care of a nurſe, quickly ſatiated,

Such were the things that peace cou'd do,
And all the proſp'rous gales that blew.
In Rome it was in much repute,
And held a pleaſant taſk to boot,
Betimes each morning to be found
And to a client laws expound;
Caſh with great caution to put out;
To be attentively devout
To hear the old—the young direct
How wealth may grow and luſt be check'd.
Light faſhion now has chang'd our mind,
All are to verſe alone inclin'd,
Each boy and rigid elder's crown'd
With bays, and as the cup goes round
At ſupper will their lines rehearſe—
Ev'n I, who ſwear I make no verſe,
Am found a Parthian to outlie,
And e'er the Sun's a ſecond high,
Call for my ink with quick demand,
My pen, my paper and my ſtand.
A man that knows not how to ſteer
A ſhip, will ſuch an office fear;
No one with drugs the ſick will aid
Who was not 'prentice to the trade—
They're doctors who the art profeſs,
Smiths uſe their hammers with addreſs,
But wits or blockheads, wrong or right,
We one and all muſt verſe indite
But yet this error in degree
This tincture of inſanity

Virtutes habeat, ſic collige. vatis avarus
Non temere eſt animus: verſus amat, hoc ſtudetunum
Detrimenta, fugas ſervorum, incendia ridet:
Non fraudem ſocio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo: vivit ſiliquis & pane ſecundo:
Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi.
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
Os tenerum pueri balbumque Poeta figurat:
Torquet ab obſcœnis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Aſperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ:
Recte facta refert: orientia tempora notis
Inſtruit exemplis: inopem ſolatur & ægrum,
Caſtis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde preces, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, & præſentia numina ſentit:
Cœleſtes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ſatiated, ſhe deſpiſed what juſt now ſhe with ardency deſired. What pleaſes, or diſguſts, which one may not *eaſily* ſuppoſe to be changeable? This effect had many an happy peace, and the favouring gales of fortune. At Rome, for a long time, it was an agreeable and cuſtomary thing to wake with the houſe open in the morning, to expound the laws to a client, to place out money with caution under ſufficient names, to hear ſuperiors, to dictate to thoſe beneath them ſuch things, by means of which, one's eſtate might be augmented, one's evil concupiſcence be abated. The capricious people have changed their mind, and *now* is inflamed with the ſingle inclination to write: our boys and rigid old men ſup, and dictate verſes, with the hair bound with the laurel-leaf, I myſelf, who affirm that I write no verſes at all, am found more a liar than a Parthian, and wakeful before the ſun-riſe, demand my pen, and papers, and deſk. He that is ignorant to work a

ſhip,

How much the virtues it can ſerve
Pleaſe in this manner to obſerve.
The poet ſeldom on the whole
Has got an avaricious ſoul,
Verſe is his ſtudy and delight—
At detriments of fire and flight
Of ſervants he ſecurely ſmiles,
By craft no neighbour he beguiles,
No pupil of his truſt, as fed
On homely huſks and ſecond bread:
Tho' ſlow and uſeleſs in the war,
Rome's weal is that he's ever for,
And if you'll grant me this withal
That great things are upheld by ſmall,
The infant's mouth the poets frame,
And tune their language liſping—lame.
Weans from bad words their ears betimes
With friendly care their heart ſublimes;
Corrects their rudeneſs, all the ſeeds
Of envy or of paſſion weeds;
Records good actions with the pen
And in the lives of glorious men
Inſtructs hereafter, to the poor
And weakly gives a gentle cure.
How ſhou'd good boys and girls regard
Their pray'rs, had heav'n denied a bard!
The chorus for heav'n's aid applies
And feels the preſent deities,
Sweet in myſterious pray'r the rain
They from the higheſt heav'n obtain,

Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit:
Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.
Carmine di ſuperi placantur, carmine manes.
Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvarum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium, memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit,
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax, doluere cruento

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ſhip, is affraid of a ſhip; no one dares adminiſter ſouthern-wood to a patient, unleſs he has learned his trade; phyſicians promiſe what is the part of a phyſician, and artiſts, in general, handle their reſpective tools. Learned and unlearned we write verſes indiſcriminately. This error, however, and light inſanity, what virtues it has, conclude with me in this manner. The ſpirit of a poet is not eaſily covetous; he loves verſes; this is his only ſtudy. Loſſes, the flight of ſlaves, and damage by fire, are what he laughs at. He does not lay any ſchemes to defraud his neighbour, or the youth that is his ward. He lives upon huſks and brown bread: though he be * tardy and aukward for the war, yet he is uſeful to the ſtate. If you grant this too, that even great things may be helped out by ſmall, the poet forms the tender and liſping mouth of the child; he turns away his ears betimes from filthy diſcourſe. Anon alſo, he inſtitutes his breaſt with friendly precepts, the chaſtiſer of ill-nature, and envy, and

* *Horace is by no means fair in this place, to ſuppoſe all poets run-away cocks, becauſe he was one.*

wrath,

Avert diſeaſe, ſtave dang'rous fears
Bring peace with rich and fruitful years:
The gods above, the pow'rs below
By verſe their conſolation know.
  Our ancient ruſtics hale and rough,
And with a little bleſs'd enough,
Soothing upon their garner'd grain
Their limbs and minds, which cou'd ſuſtain,
In hopes of reſpite, grievous pain;
With children and with faithful wife,
And fellow-craft in rural life,
The goddeſs Tellus with a ſwine,
Sylvanus with the milk and kine,
All worſhipp'd, and with wine and flow'rs
The genius of the mental pow'rs
Who's mindful ſtill that life is fleet
And thence invites to make it ſweet.
  From ſports like theſe driv'n to exceſs
Came Feſcennine licentiouſneſs,
Which pour'd out clowniſh verſe profuſe
In dialogue and groſs abuſe,
Which grateful liberty each year
Was rather cheerful than ſevere.
At length the jeſt too far inhanc'd
To downright open rage advanc'd,
And while impunity remain'd
Upon ingenuous houſes gain'd,
The ſuff'rers from their bloody frangs
Were tortur'd with moſt cruel pangs,

Dente laceſſiti. fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi, quinetiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.
Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agreſti Latio: ſic horridus ille
Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere. ſed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, veſtigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,
Et poſt Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,
Quid Sophocles & Theſpis & Æſchylus utile ferrent.
Tentavit quoque, rem ſi digne vertere poſſet:
Et placuit ſibi, naturâ ſublimis & acer.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

wrath. He relates facts with accuracy; inſtructs the riſing times by known examples; he conſoles the poor and ailing. How ſhould the damſel, unexperienced in an huſband, together with good boys, learn their prayers, unleſs the muſe had given a poet? The † chorus of boys and virgins requires aſſiſtance, and is ſenſible of the preſent deities, implores the heavenly rain with the blandiſhment of prayer, that it is learned in. It averts diſeaſes, drives away perils, which are to be dreaded; obtains both peace, and the year opulent with fruits. The gods above are appeaſed with verſe; with verſe the departed ſpirits. The ancient huſbandmen, ſtout, and happy with a little, after their harveſt home, relaxing their bodies at the holiday time, and even the ſoul itſelf ſuſtaining great hardſhips, with the hopes of an end to them, together with their fellow-labourers, and children, and faithful wife, did homage to Tellus with a pig, to Sylvanus with milk, to their Genius, mindful of the ſhortneſs of life, with flowers and wine. By this cuſtom, the Faſcennine licentiouſneſs being inverted,

† *He alludes here to his own ſecular ode.*

poured

And many, tho' unhurt, were grieved,
That men ſuch injuries receiv'd,
The ſenate made a law in fine
Which did a penalty injoin,
If any man they ſhou'd aſperſe;
And point out in ſatiric verſe,
They were oblig'd to change their plan
For fear of beating, and began
Their works poetic to diſpenſe
For pleaſure and benevolence.
Bow'd to our arms the captive Greece,
Took the fierce victor on the peace
And introduced politer arts
In Italy's more ruſtic parts;
Thus lines of barbariſm and ſcoff,
Prais'd in Saturnian times, flow'd off,
And elegance, which muſt be neat
Did ſqualled filthineſs defeat,
Yet this (as former times) retains
Some traces of the rough remains.
'Twas late e'er they their talents tried
And to the Grecian ſtyle applied;
And both the Punic wars were o'er
E'er they ſet by th' Athenian lore,
And made enquiry by degrees,
What Æſculus, and Sophocles,
And Theſpis, had of uſeful vein,
And ſtrove too, if they might attain
Each author's beauties to tranſlate,
Conſcious of natures high and great.

Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet:
Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.
Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus, aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:
Quantus ſit Dorſennus edacibus in paraſitis:
Quam non adſtricto percurrat pulpita ſocco.
Geſtit enim nummum in loculos demittere, poſt hoc
Securus, cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo,
Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat,
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

poured forth ruſtic ſcurrilities in alternate verſe; and a freedom admitted of through a courſe of years, ſported *rather* agreeably: till at laſt, the brutiſh jeſt began to be turned into open rage, and preſumptuous through impunity, to make way amongſt reputable families. Thoſe that were attacked by the virulent tooth of ſlander, were grieved; there came alſo anxiety upon thoſe that were untouched, in reſpect to the common concern. Moreover a law was brought in, attended with a penalty, which was to prohibit every one from being pointed out in injurious verſes. *Upon this*, they changed their method, thro' dread of the baſtinado, reduced *in the end to the neceſſity* of ſpeaking well, and giving pleaſure. The captive Greece took the fierce victor, and introduced the arts into clowniſh Latium. So that rough Saturnian meaſure flowed off, and an idea of neatneſs expelled the grievous poiſon. But the traces of that ruſtic *poetry* remained for a long time, and even are extant to this day. For *the Roman poet* but lately applied

For ſpirit we've enough in Rome,
And wear with grace the Tragic plume,
But cannot bear to be correct,
And hate a blot as a defect.
The comic muſe that draws her ſcene
From things of common life and mean,
Is thought to ſmell too much of ſweat:
But the leſs favour it can get,
The more of ſtudy it ſhou'd take.
Obſerve how Plautus paints his rake,
How ſtupidly th' old huncks is drawn,
And crafty bawds that huff and fawn;
How much Dorſennus' muſe delights
In eating and in paraſites,
Who treads the ſtage an errant ſlouch
For while there's money in his pouch,
With him is no concern at all
Whether the Drama ſtand or fall.
He, whom vain-glory's chariot draws
Upon the ſtage for mere applauſe,
Faints when the audience languid grows,
But when they're lively puffs and blows.
So light, ſo trivial are the things
By which a ſpirit flags or ſprings,
That's covetous of praiſe——Farewel
All thought in writing to excel,
If glory giv'n or ta'en away
Make me look fat or lean a day——
This too makes many a bard withold
And well may terrify the bold,

Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti ſtolidique, & depugnare parati,
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut urſum, aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana,
Quattuor, aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas,
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ.
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus, ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret aſello
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quæ pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

applied his genius to the Grecian writings, and being at peace after the Punic wars, began to enquire what uſeful matter Sophocles, and Theſpis, and Eſchylus might afford. He endeavoured alſo, if he could take their matter, and give a worthy verſion of it, and pleaſed himſelf, being ſublime and lively by nature. For he breathes the tragic ſpirit ſufficiently, and is bold with ſucceſs, but thinks a blot diſgraceful in his writings, and is, *conſequently*, affraid of it. Comedy, as it takes its materials from middle life, is ſuppoſed to have too much labour in it, but it has the greater difficulty, as the leſs excuſe. Obſerve Plautus, in what manner he ſupports the character of a young fellow in love, how of a cloſe-fiſted father, how of a treacherous bawd. *Obſerve too*, how much Dorſennus is upon the voracious paraſites, with how negli-

gent

That thoſe who're of no worth poſſeſs'd
Or name, out-number all the reſt,
Unlearn'd and dolts and prone to box
When a knight's taſte their fancy ſhocks:
Theſe midſt the moſt inchanting airs
Demand the wreſtlers and the bears,
For in all ſuch the mob delights:
Nay ev'n the pleaſure of our knights,
Driv'n from judicious ears, decoys
Th' uncertain eyes to gewgaw toys.
—Three or four hours the curtain's drawn
And horſe and foot at once come on,
March o'er the ſtage with hapleſs kings,
Their hands behind them tied in ſlings,
Then chariots, litters, ſhips and wains
And ſlaves with iv'ry drag'd in chains,
And Corinth, to conclude the whole,
Is carried on a cloth and pole.
Democritus, was he on earth,
Wou'd fairly burſt his ſides with mirth,
To ſee the people ſtaring hard
Upon ſome ſtrange camelo-pard,
Or on an elephant all white,
The mob wou'd more attract his ſight,
Than all the fun upon the ſtage,
Mean time he'd find the author's rage,
On a deaf aſs, was ſpent in vain,
For who can rant in ſuch a ſtrain,
As all that din to over-bear,
With which they drown both houſe and play'r.

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuſcum;
Tanto cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, & artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus actor
Quum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem
Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne:
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
Verum age, & his, qui ſe lectori credere malunt,
Quam ſpectatoris faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam redde brevem, ſi munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, & vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

gent a ſock he traverſes the ſtage. For it is his delight to put money into his purſe, and after that is accompliſhed, is indifferent whether the drama ſtand rightly upon its legs or no. A dull ſpectator diſpirits, a buſy one inflates any poet, whom vain-glory has brought upon the ſtage in her airy car; ſo trivial, ſo little a thing is it, that pulls down, or builds up a mind that is covetous of praiſe; farewel to the comic muſe, if the palm denied me makes me lean, or granted, brings me into fleſh again. This circumſtance alſo, frequently drives away and terrifies the bold poet, viz. that thoſe that are greateſt in number, (the mob) and inferior in worth and honour, unlearned and ſtupid, and ready to fight it out, if the rows of knights diſagree with them, amidſt the verſes demand either the bear or the wreſtlers, for with ſuch things the vulgar is pleaſed. But at this time the pleaſure of the knights themſelves, has totally ſhifted from the car, to the uncertain eyes and vain recreations. The curtain is folded up for three or

more

You'd think Garganian foreſts roar,
Or billows on the Tuſcan ſhore:
With ſo much clamour from their hearts,
The foreign gems, and wealth, and arts,
In which the actor's trick'd, are view'd,
For when he comes, in claps renew'd,
The right-hand and the left agree——
Has he ſaid any thing?——Not he——
Whence therefore all this wond'rous glee?
From robe of true Tarentian die,
Whoſe tints may with the violet vie;
And leſt you think that I degrade
With ſparing praiſe, what I'm affraid
To undertake myſelf, when done
By others for a general run,
Know then, that far above my hopes
That poet treads the higheſt ropes,
With fictious grief who wounds my breaſt,
Inflames, ſerenes, diſturbs my reſt
With magic terrors, that he makes,
And now to Thebes, now Athens takes.
But Cæſar, take a little care
Of writers, that the ſtage forbear,
Who for the cloſet bards commence,
And dread an haughty audience,
So ſhall that library be fill'd
To Phœbus, which you roſe to build,
And bards have ſpurs for new eſſays,
To gain the Heliconian bays.

Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe Poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum
Sollicito damus, aut feſſo. quum lædimur, unum
Si quis amicorum eſt auſus reprehendere verſum:
Quum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores
Noſtros, & tenui deducta poemata filo:
Quum ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Accerſas, & egere vetes, & ſcribere cogas.
Sed tamen eſt operæ pretium cognoſcere, quales
Ædituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.
Carus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

more hours, while the troops of horſe and battalions of foot run away. Anon, kings, in their adverſity, are dragged along, with their hands tied behind them. Chariots, coaches, and waggons, and *even* ſhips hurry on. The ſpoil of ivory, and the city of Corinth, *in effigy*, is borne up. If Democritus was upon the earth he would laugh, whether a panther confounded, in regard to a different ſpecies with a camel, or a white elephant, turned the eyes of the populace upon it: he would look upon the people with more attention than the entertainment, as affording him ſomething more of a ſhow than a player. But he would think the writers were telling their tale to a deaf aſs, for what voice of an actor can outdo the noiſe of the people, with which our theatres reſound? You would think that the Garganian grove, or the Tuſcan ſea was a roaring, with ſuch a clamour are the plays beheld, and the artificial dreſſes, and the foreign coſtlineſs, with which when the actor bedaubed has once ſhowed upon the ſtage, the right hand meets the left. Has he ſaid any thing as yet? Nothing truly. What therefore gives ſo much pleaſure?

We poets oft to mar the plot
Of our own comrades are, got wot,
Too apt to do ourſelves much wrong,
When we preſent th' * obtruſive ſong
To thoughtful patrons, when in league
With ſleepy dulneſs, thro' fatigue:
When we are pain'd, if any friend
Has dar'd to call one line ill-penn'd;
When tho' unaſk'd, we read again
The place that did ſmall praiſe obtain,
Griev'd that our works ſo very clear,
And finely ſpun did not *appear*;
When we indulge our hopes, in fine,
That when our verſes we divine,
You'll cite us of your own accord,
Force us to write for a reward,
Nor dream of want, when you're Lord.
And yet 'tis worth the while to know,
Who ſhou'd be virtue's prieſt below,
Who gives to their immortal tome
Your worth in battle and at home,
Themes far too ſacred for a bard,
That is not worthy prime regard.
Lov'd by the Macedonian youth
Was Chærilus, whoſe verſe uncouth,

* *There are more paſſages in Horace (particular, a caution to Lollius, and his own reaſon of forbearance to Trebatius) that ſhew, what extreme addreſs it required to approach Auguſtus with verſes, who tho' he loved them, and could make them, yet did not chooſe they ſhould interfere with certain times and circumſtances.*

Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe, præter Apellem,
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra
Fortis Alexandri vultum ſimulantia. quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,
Bœotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.
At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque Poetæ.
Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent: nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, quam res componere geſtas;
Terrarumque ſitus, & flumine dicere, & arces

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ſure? The veſtment imitating the colour of violets, by means of the Tarentine die. And leſt haply you ſhould think that I give malignant praiſe, while others are handling theſe matters dexterouſly, that I refuſe to do myſelf: *Know* that poet ſeems to me able to tread the tight rope, who torments my breaſt for the nonce, irritates, aſſuages, fills with unreal terrors, as a magician, and places me one while at Thebes, and another at Athens. But, come on, and render a ſhort attention to theſe poets, who had rather truſt themſelves to the reader, than endure the diſdain of the proud ſpectator: if you intend to fill that Palatine library, which was a gift worthy of Apollo, with books, and add a ſpur to authors, that with greater induſtry they may make to the verdant Helicon. We poets frequently do many evils againſt ourſelves (that I may

kick

And vilely made, cou'd yet purloin
An hoard of royal Philip's coin.
But as the ink not manag'd right
Leaves blots, ſo ſcriblers that indite
Bald verſes, muſt their theme debaſe,
And the moſt ſhining acts diſgrace.
This ſame king, who cou'd verſes buy
So ſtupid, at a price ſo high,
Cou'd make an edict of reſtraint,
That not a hand his face ſhou'd paint
Except Apelles, nor in braſs
Shou'd buſtos for his likeneſs paſs,
Sav'd form'd in fam'd Lyſippus' mould——
Now ſhou'd a perſon make ſo bold,
This monarch's judgment to refer
To books and bards, one might aver,
Or even undertake to ſwear,
His birth was in Bœotian air.
But thoſe, your fav'rite ſons of ſong,
Virgil and Varius, do not wrong
Your judgment, or the gifts that crown
Theirs and the donor's juſt renown.
Nor are the lineaments more juſt,
When caſt into a brazen buſt,
Than in th' immortal poet's lays,
Appear the ſpirit and the ways
Of heroes——I am none of thoſe
Who wou'd prefer your creeping proſe,
To the deſcribing mighty acts,
Earth's, rivers, and extenſive tracts,

Montibus impoſitas, & barbara regna, tuiſque
Auſpiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Clauſtraque cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam:
Si, quantum cuperem, poſſem quoq; ſed neq; parvum
Carmen majeſtas recipit tua, nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent
Sedulitas autem, ſtultè quem diligit, urget;
Præcipue quum ſe numeris commendat & arte:
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur,
Nil moror officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:

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* kick down my own pail firſt) when we preſent a book to you when you are in an anxious mood, or weary: when we are hurt, if any of our friends has ventured to find fault with one line; when we turn over again the places already recited, without being called upon; when we expect matters ſhould come to ſuch a paſs, that as ſoon as you have got intelligence, you would obligingly ſend for us of your own accord, and forbid us to work, and compel us to write. But nevertheleſs, it is worth while to be informed, what ſort of heralds that merit of yours obtains, *that merit, I ſay*, which has been approved of both at home and in the field of battle, not to be given up to the panegyric of an unworthy poet. That *poor fellow* Chœrilus, was acceptable to king Alexander the Great, who with unfiniſhed and ſilly turned verſes, acknowledged the receipt of the *Philips*, a royal coin. But as ink, when it is handled, leaves a mark and blot behind, *ſo* writers beſmear ſplendid acts with ſlovenly verſe. That ſame king, who, in his prodigality, bought ſo ridiculous a poem, at ſo dear a price, forbad by proclamation, that no one ſhould

* *Litterally, that I may cut down my own vineyard.*

paint

And tow'rs upon the mountains built,
And kingdoms of barbarian guilt,
With all the wars conſtrain'd to ceaſe,
By proclamation of your peace,
And Janus' temple lock'd and barr'd,
To ſtand for Concord upon guard,
And Rome, that now the Parthians dread,
Becauſe Auguſtus is our head.
All this ſuppoſing I cou'd do,
As well as is my wiſh, is true.
But nor your grandeur will admit
Of grov'lers, nor can I think fit,
In modeſty a theme to try,
Which for my ſize is far too high.
An author's zeal that's too intenſe,
Will urge his folly to offence;
But moſt ſo, when he acts his part
In numbers, and poetic art:
For things ridiculouſly wrong,
Will to the mem'ry ſtick more ſtrong,
Than paſſages of better thought,
For praiſe and admiration wrote.
Were I a patron I ſhou'd feel
Uneaſineſs for ill-tim'd zeal,
Nor like by any means to ſpy
My ugly likeneſs in a die,
Nor chooſe to be a heroe call'd,
In verſes miſerably bald,
Leſt I ſhou'd bluſh, when forc'd to take
The gifts fat dulneſs comes to make,

Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una
Cum ſcriptore meo, capſâ porrectus apertâ
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

paint him, but Apelles, or any other than Lyſippus caſt the braſs, reſembling the countenance of the brave Alexander. But if one was to refer that penetrating judgment of his, with regard to his inſight into the arts of ſculpture and painting, to books, and the gifts of the muſes, a man would ſwear, that he was born in the thick air of the Bœotians. But Virgil and Varius, your *juſtly* beloved poets, neither diſgrace your judgment concerning them, nor thoſe gifts which they have received to the abundant praiſe of the donor: nor are the aſpects of illuſtrious men better expreſſed by figures of braſs, than their manners and minds appear by the operation of the poet. Nor had I rather keep writing of diſcourſes creeping along the ground, than great matters, which you have atchieved, and to mention the ſituation of the regions, and rivers, and fortreſſes built upon the mountains, and barbarian dominions, and wars brought to a concluſion by your auſpices throughout the whole world, and the gates that confine Janus as keeper of the peace, and Rome, dreaded by the Parthians, you being our ruler: if I was able to do all this as much as I am deſirous of it. But neither does your majeſty admit of a mean verſe, nor does my prudence dare attempt ſuch an affair, ſeeing my abilities refuſe to ſupport the burden. But officiouſneſs is apt to offend him, for whom it has an ill-conducted affection; particularly, when it recommends itſelf by the poetic numbers and art. For any perſon learns ſooner, and remembers more willingly, that which he derides, than that which he approves and venerates. I make no account of the ſervility that oppreſſes me, and neither do I wiſh ever to be ſet forth in waxwork, with my countenance made for the worſt, nor to be decorated with verſes miſerably put together, leſt I ſhould bluſh when preſented with the clumſy gift, and together with my writings extended in an open trunk, be carried off into the ſtreet that ſells frankincenſe and *other* perfumes, and pepper, and what ever *elſe* is *uſually* wrapped up in fooliſh papers.

EPIST.

And in an open trunk repine,
To ſee my author's name and mine;
Or carried off thoſe ſtreets behold,
Where all-ſpice and perfumes are ſold,
And fritter'd into many a ſcrap,
Be doom'd all ſorts of traſh to wrap.

EPIST. II.

Ad JULIUM FLORUM.

Excuſat ſe Julio Floro querenti, quod nec epiſtolam ullam, nec ea, quæ promiſerat, carmina miſiſſet.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure, vel Gabiis: & tecum ſic agat: Hic &
Candidus, & talos à vertice puleher ad imos:
Fiet, eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo:
Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles,
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet; argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ.
Quinetiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius æquo
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in ære.
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi. non temere à me

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Florus! thou faithful friend to Nero, the good and illuſtrious, if any man, by chance, ſhould be inclined to ſell you a boy born at Tibur, or Gabii, and ſhould treat with you in this manner: "This boy is both well-diſpoſed, and handſome from top to toe; he ſhall become, and remain yours, "for eight thouſand ſeſterces; a waiter, well calculated by "his ſervices, for his maſter's commands; has a ſmattering "in the Greek language; fit for any kind of handicraft; "you may make any thing of him, as of moiſt clay. More"over, he can ſing, tho' not in a maſterly manner, yet ac"ceptable to you, when drinking: many promiſes leſſen cre"dit, when a perſon praiſes out of meaſure the venal

"goods

EPISTLE II.

To JULIUS FLORUS.

He makes his apology to Julius Florus, who complained that he neither ſent him any letter, nor thoſe verſes, which he had promiſed.

FLORUS, great Nero's faithful friend,
Shou'd any man by chance commend
A little ſtripling, to be bought
From Gabii, or from Tibur brought,
And thus begin with you to treat,
" This boy, Sir, 's of a temper ſweet,
" And ſightly ev'n from head to foot,
" And he his Lord's commands will ſuit;
" Pay me but fifty pounds——he goes——
" A little Greek the youngſter knows.
" Like clay for models, you with eaſe
" Can make him learn whate'er you pleaſe;
" His voice, tho' rude, is well to paſs,
" And entertaining o'er a glaſs.
" Huge promiſes will credit loſe,
" When any man is too profuſe
" In praiſing what he wants to ſell:
" Neceſſity does not compel
" That he muſt needs be ſold as yet,
" Tho' poor I am in no man's debt;

Quivis ferret idem. ſemel hic ceſſavit: & (ut fit)
In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.
Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi fuga lædat.
Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex,
Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.
Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" goods that he wants to put off. No circumſtance urges " me to this, I am a poor man, but in nobody's debt: " none of the dealers would do thus much for you; every " man ſhould not receive the ſame offer from me in a hurry. " This lad, *however*, once on a time, loitered on an errant, " and (as is the cuſtom) hid himſelf, in dread of the whip " hanging upon the ſtair-caſe." You may give the fellow his money, if the flight objected againſt nothing offend you. He will carry off his price, in my opinion, without hazard of puniſhment. You wittingly bought a vicious varlet, and the conditions were told you. Nevertheleſs, you perſecute this fellow, and hamper him with an unjuſt law-ſuit. I told you, when going, that I was lazy; I told you, that I was well nigh an invalid for theſe offices: left, enraged as you are, you ſhould rate me, becauſe no epiſtle came to you. What then have I profited? if nevertheleſs, you attaint thoſe laws which are of my ſide? You complain alſo, over and above all this, that, falſe to my word, I did not ſend the expected verſes to you. A ſoldier of Lucullus, while weary, he ſnores by night, loſt his pay to a farthing, which he had got together by many hardſhips: after this, as an impetuous wolf in wrath, alike with himſelf and the enemy, fierce in his hungry fangs, he drove a royal guard *of Mithridates* (as they report) *from their poſt*, which was conſummately fortified, and

" There's not a dealer you cou'd find,
" So much unto your honour's mind,
" And there's not any man but you
" That I wou'd thus oblige——'tis true,
" This boy, (as often is the way)
" Did once upon an errant ſtay,
" Then fled, thro' fear to feel the pangs
" Of whip, that on the ſtair-caſe hangs,
" Wherefore if this, his only vice,
" Offend you not, pay down the price."
The man may for his money call,
And be indemnified withal,
According to my ſkill in trade;
You wittingly a purchaſe made
Of him, who for a knave was ſold,
But the conditions were foretold,
And yet you will th' affair diſpute,
And forward an unrighteous ſuit.
I told you, when you went away,
That I was idle, out of play,
Nor cou'd ſuch offices abide———
I told you that you might not chide,
When from my hands no letter came.
But what's all this, if you diſclaim
Conditions for myſelf I made,
And furthermore your friend upbraid,
That he's no better than a liar,
Not ſending verſe, as you require.
After much hardſhip in the fight,
As tir'd he ſnor'd away the night,

Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, & ſibi & hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præſidium regale loco dejecit (ut ajunt)
Summe munito, & multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit & his dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cæpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I bone quo virtus tua te vocat; I pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, Ibit,
Ibit eo quo vis. qui zonam perdidit: inquit,
Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Grajis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and rich in many valuable things. Made famous for that atchievement, he is ſet off with honourable preſents, and receives beſides twenty thouſand ſeſterces. By chance, about this time the general being deſirous to overthrow a certain fortreſs, began to exhort the ſame chap with words which might have given ſpirit to a coward. "Go along, "thou good fellow! where your valour calls you. Go with "a proſperous march, about to reap glorious rewards for "your merit. Why do you ſtand ſtill?" After this ſpeech, he (the ſoldier) an arch wag, tho' a clown, replied, "he "ſhall go wherever you pleaſe, who has loſt his girdle and "purſe."—It happened to me to be educated at Rome, and to be taught how much Achilles in wrath was determental to the Grecians. Ingenuous Athens added a little more of ſcience; that is to ſay, how I might diſtinguiſh diſcretion from

A ſoldier of Lucullus' hoſt,
His money to a farthing loſt;
From this a rav'nous wolf he grows,
Wroth with himſelf, as with his foes,
Fierce ruſhing, with his hungry fangs,
From off their poſt he ſoundly bangs
A royal guard (as they report)
And took their ſtores and ſtrongeſt fort.
By ſuch great gallantry renown'd,
He is with higheſt honours crown'd:
The Chief beſides to him decrees,
Full fifty thouſand ſeſterces.
It happen'd juſt upon this feat,
His captain was intent to beat
The foe, and batter their redoubt———
Words that wou'd make a coward ſtout,
He to the ſelf-ſame man addreſt,
" Go thou the braveſt and the beſt,
" Go where thy valour calls, and ſpeed
" About to ſhare rewards indeed!
" Why do you ſtand debating—march!"———
On which my chap extremely arch,
Tho' but a clown, made anſwer back,
" Let him go foremoſt to th' attack,
" His lance at your command to couch,
" Who's fall'n aſleep, and loſt his pouch."
It was my lot in tender age
At Rome, to con th' Homeric page,
How by the wrath of Peleus' ſon,
The Grecian councils were undone;

Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum;
Atque inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum.
Dura ſed amovere loco me tempora grato,
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primum me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris & fundi; paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem. ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quæ poterant unquam ſatis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes:
Eripuere jocos, Venerem, convivia, ludum:
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

from obliquity, and amongſt the groves of Academus, to make my reſearches concerning truth. But the hard times removed me from the agreeable place, and the tide of the civil war, and forced me, novice as I was, to the taking up of arms, by no means about to cope with the ſtrength of Auguſtus Cæſar; from whence, as ſoon as Philippi firſt diſmiſſed me, meek with my clipped wings, and deprived of my paternal home and eſtate, bold poverty impelled me to that paſs, that I ſhould write verſes, but what medicines ever could ſufficiently purge me, in a ſtate of competency, if I did not think it better to indulge repoſe, than ſcribble verſes? The years in their courſe ſteal away every thing from me: they have carried off my jeſts, my amours, my banquetings, my diverſions: they are going on to extort my poetry from me. What would you have me do? Finally, all men do not love and admire the ſame things; you rejoice in the ode; this man in Iambicks; another in the eſſays of Bion, and malignant pleaſantry. Three gueſts of mine ſeen almoſt ready to diſagree, requiring very different things by the variety of their palates.

Ingenuous Athens added more,
Of what is call'd the uſeful lore,
The right from its reverſe to know,
And in the ſearch of truth to go,
Where ſolitary wiſdom roves,
And thinks in academic groves.
But the perverſeneſs of the time,
Diſplac'd me from that pleaſant clime,
And, e're I knew whom I was for,
Involv'd in tides of civil war,
And arms, in which there was no hope
That they ſhou'd with Auguſtus cope,
From whence when we were all diſpers'd,
And from Philippi ſent amerc'd,
With my wings clipt, and heart unmann'd,
And deſtitute of houſe and land,
Compell'd by poverty intenſe,
I boldly did a bard commence.
But now remote from being poor,
What med'cines cou'd my phrenzy cure,
If I ſhould write or verſe, or proſe,
In preference to my repoſe?
The fleeting years from ſpring to fall,
Have fairly rob'd me of my all,
My jeſts, my gallantry, my play,
And revellings are ta'en away.
Now they're exerting of their force,
The very Muſes to divorce,
Then how ſhou'd I direct my courſe?

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur, amantque:
Carmine tu gaudes, hic delectatur jambis:
Ille Bionis ſermonibus, & ſale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato:
Quid dem? quid non dem, renuis tu, quod jubet alter;
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.
Præter cætera, me Romæne poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas, totque labores?
Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta relictis
Omnibus officiis. cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino: viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humanè commoda, verum
Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet:
Feſtinat calidus mulis geruliſque redemptor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum;

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

palates. What ſhould I give! what ſhould I not give? You refuſe what the other orders. What you require truly is diſguſtful and ſour to the taſte of two. Over and above all this, do you think I can write Latin poetry amidſt ſo many cares, and ſo many toils? One calls me to be his ſurety, another to hear his writings, ſetting aſide all kinds of buſineſs. One dwells on the hill of Quirinus, the other on the extremity of mount Aventine, both muſt be waited on. You ſee the diſtance is charmingly ſuitable; but the ſtreets are clear, ſo that nothing can obſtruct men of meditation. *In the mean time*, a paſſionate builder is hurrying on with his mules and labourers. The great machine now throws out a ſtone, and now a log of wood. The mournful funerals contend with the clumſy waggons. One way a mad bitch runs along, and a bemired ſow ruſhes another. Go to now, and meditate harmonious verſes by yourſelf: the whole band of writers loves the grove, and flies the cities, being, according to cuſtom, the clients of Bacchus, who rejoices in repoſe and ſhade.

In ſhort, all matters do not ſtrike
On every perſonage alike;
The ode is by your choice preferr'd,
He likes iambics, and a third
The ſatires written on the plan
Of Bion, that invet'rate man;
Here are three gueſts, cannot approve
Of the ſame *diſh*, or ſame *remove*;
What ſhall I give, or what refuſe,
You ſpurn the things that others chuſe,
And what's acceptable to you
Will give offence to t'other two.
Beſides all this, pray how do you think
A man can harmonize his ink,
At Rome, amidſt his toils and cares
And all his intricate affairs?
One ſummons me to be his bail,
And one to hear him without fail,
While he, forſooth, his work recites!
To mount Quirinus one invites,
The other two I muſt attend,
On Aventine the farther end.
Both muſt be viſited, you ſee
The diſtance ſuits one *charmingly*:
But never mind the ſtreets are clear,
Fit for the thoughtful and ſevere;
A builder hurries with his mules,
And porter bearing chips and tools;
The timber-tug, now whirls a ſtone,
And now a log to break a bone;

Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac luculenta ruit ſus.
I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes
Rite cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis & umbrâ.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, & contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumpſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris & curis, ſtatuâ taciturnius exit
Plerumque & riſu populum quatit. hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, & tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?
Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor: ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mutius ille.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ſhade. Will you amongſt ſuch noiſes, both by night and day, be inclinable to ſing, and perſue the narrow veſtiges of the poets? a genius which has choſe out for himſelf the eaſy Athens, and has given ſeven years for the completion of his ſtudies, and has grown old in books and anxiety, uſually comes forth more ſilent than a ſtatue, and ſhakes the people with laughter *at the oddneſs of his figure*; ſhall I then, here in the midmoſt tide of things, and tempeſts of the city, deign to put words together, in order to excite the ſound of the lyre! There was at Rome an orator, the brother of a counſellor, ſo very affectionate both of them, that the one in converſation would hear nothing but the praiſes of the other, ſo that this was as Gracchus to that, and that as Mucius to this. How ſhould that rage of mutual admiration leſs beſet the poets? I compoſe odes, this man elegies, wonderful to be ſeen, and a work finiſhed off by the nine muſes. Obſerve, in the firſt place, with how much diſdain, with what an earneſtneſs we behold the temple of Apollo vacant of Roman poets. Immediately (if haply you are diſengaged) follow likewiſe,

and

Now a diſpute is likewiſe made
'Twixt waggon, and the ſad parade
Of fun'ral pomp—a mad dog now,
Now ruſhes a moſt filthy ſow:
Go, poet, make your verſes neat,
And let their melody be ſweet.
Thro' all their choir, the gen'ral run
Of bards love groves, and cities ſhun,
Due votaries of Bacchus made,
Rejoicing in repoſe and ſhade.
Muſt I then ſing the tuneful lay
Amidſt ſuch din both night and day,
And up hill ſtrive the ſteps to trace
Of poetry's retarded race.
A genius who has made retreat,
In Athens leiſure-loving ſeat,
And there his conſtitution wears
Sev'n years immers'd in books and cares.
Sometimes comes out into the town,
A mere dumb ſtatue in a gown,
Till all the people ſhake their ſides——
But how in all theſe boiſtrous tides
And tempeſts of the city-throng
Can I aſſociate lyre and ſong!
At Rome together liv'd of late,
A dab in tropes and advocate,
Thoſe men were brothers, and ſo near
Allied, that they wou'd only hear
Their mutual praiſe, in mutual ſpeech,
Gracchus and Mucius, each to each.

Qui minus argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
Carmina compono, hic elegos: mirabile viſu,
Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primum,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem:
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, & procul audi,
Quid ferat, & quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus,
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Quum ſcribo, & ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto.
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, & mente recepta,
Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.
Ridentur, mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribentes, & ſe venerantur, & ultro

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and hear at a diſtance, wherefore both of us bring and weave for ourſelves a crown. We are upon the encounter, and harraſs the enemy with an equal number of blows, by a ſlow engagement, like Samnites to the firſt lights at evening. I depart an Alcæus by his vote—who is he by mine? Who but Callimachus; if he ſeems to have any farther demand, he becomes Mimnermus, and thrives by the wiſhed-for name. I endure many things, that I may appeaſe the irritable race of poets, when I write, and in a ſuppliant manner aim at the ſuffrages of the people. I, the ſame man, having finiſhed my ſtudies, and recovered my ſenſes, can bar my open ears againſt reciters, with impunity. Thoſe who compoſe bad verſes are derided, but they themſelves rejoice in the writing of them, and reverence themſelves, and, happy men as they are, of their own accord (if you are ſilent) extol whatever they

Why ſhou'd this wrath of complaiſance
Be leſs in them that ſing and dance?
I write but odes, another ſings
His elegies, amazing things
Trick't up by all the muſes train—
Obſerve you firſt, with what diſdain,
And what importance for ourſelves,
We view the * temple's vacant ſhelves.
Next if your leiſure is inclin'd,
Yourſelf may follow us behind,
And hear us quote and judge the cauſe
We crown each other with applauſe.
We work in counterfeited fight,
Like ſamnite blades till candle-light.
I am Alceus the divine,
By his decree—who's he by mine?
Callim'chus, if I underate,
Mimnermus more divinely great.
Much do I bear to keep in grace
With bards, that irritable race,
Whilſt I myſelf to get the bays,
Submiſſive court the people's praiſe,
But having now my ſtudies clos'd,
Quite ſound, tho' lately indiſpos'd,
I can, ſecure of former fears,
Againſt reciters ſtop my ears.
The makers of your wretched ſtrains,
By all are laugh'd at for their pains;

* *Of Palatine Apollo.*

(Si taceas) laudant quicquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet feciſſe poema,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco: quamvis invita recedant,
Ut verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ.
Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum:
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit & deſerta vetuſtas.
Adſciſcet nova, quæ genitor produxerit uſus.
Vehemens & liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ,
Luxuriantia compeſcet, nimis aſpera ſano

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

they have wrote. But he that ſhall deſire to make a genuine piece of poetry, ſhould take up, together with his tablets, the reſolution of an honeſt cenſor. He will be bold enough to diſplace all words, whatever ſhall appear to have too little luſtre, and ſhall be without weight, and eſteemed unworthy of honour; tho' they unwillingly recede, and as yet remain in the ſanctuary of Veſta. A good author will bring out words for a long time, hid from the people, and produce to light beautiful denominations of things, which were mentioned by the old Catos and Cethegus's, but now deformed mouldineſs, and deſerted age ſuppreſs them. The good author will, likewiſe, add new ones, which father cuſtom ſhall beget. Vehement and clear, and very like to a pure ſtream, he will pour out his treaſures, and make Italy happy by his rich eloquence. He will lop the luxuriant, the too rough he will poliſh by ſound culture, he will take away what wants merit. He will put on the appearance of one playing with his pen, and yet will be fatigued, as the dancer is put into motion, one while acting the Satyr, at another the ruſtic cyclops. I would

But in the writing they rejoice,
And for themſelves will give their voice,
And if you let their praiſe alone,
The men are happy in their own.
  But whoſo chuſes to compile
A work in genuine form and ſtyle,
Shou'd with his pen aſſume the mind
Of critic, honeſt and refin'd;
He boldly will all words diſplace,
Devoid of cleanneſs and of grace,
Such as are deſtitute of weight,
Such as are not ſublime and great;
All theſe your blotting hand require,
Howe'er unwilling to retire,
And deem'd eternal for their fire.
Such phrazes, as from Rome have long
Been hid, he will receive in ſong,
And kindly bring to light again
Words, which ideas beſt explain,
The language of the great and juſt,
Tho' now diſus'd thro' age and ruſt.
New words he likewiſe will invent,
All founded on experiment:
At once ſtrong, muſical, and clear,
Like ſome pure river he'll appear,
And pour out his redundant ſtore
Abroad upon th' Italian ſhore;
What's too luxuriant he will pare,
To what is harſh he'll give an air;

Lævabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, & torquebitur: ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur,
Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel deniq; fallant:
Quam ſapere, & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro,
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More, bonus ſane vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis;
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum, bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe; Pol me occidiſtis amici,
Non ſervaſtis, (ait) cur ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

would prefer to have the appearance of a fooliſh and idle writer, ſo long as my faults give me pleaſure, or even deceive me, than to be wiſe, and galled at it. There was at Argos, a man of no mean rank, who in high ſpirits, ſitting and applauding in an empty theatre, imagined he heard wonderful fine tragedians. This man, who nevertheleſs, could diſcharge the other offices of life in a right manner, was really a good neighbour, an good-natured hoſt, obliging to his wife; who could forgive his ſlaves, and not run raving mad, tho' the ſeal of the flaggon had ſuffered damage; one who was able to avoid a precipice, or an open well. This man, when aſſiſted by the wealth and anxiety of his relations, he expelled the diſeaſe and ſpleen with pure hellebore, and came to himſelf. "In truth, (ſays he) my friends, you have killed "me, and not ſaved me, from whom a pleaſure was thus ex-

"torted,

What has no worth he'll take away,
He'll ape the mimic in the play,
With his invention on the rack,
While now he has the Satyr's knack,
And now like Cyclops muſt advance,
Stupendous in the clumſy dance.
I'd rather be eſteem'd a fool,
And object of all ridicule,
Self-entertain'd, or ſelf-deceiv'd,
Than with my wiſdom be aggriev'd.
At Argos once it came to paſs,
A perſonage of no mean claſs,
Set in a theatre at eaſe
Alone, and clapt himſelf to pleaſe,
Suppoſing that he hear'd the play'r,
Divinely tragedizing there:
And yet in other points of view,
This man cou'd all his duty do,
Good neighbour, courteous to his gueſt,
And with kind love his wife careſt,
Indulgent to forgive a ſlave,
So as not actually to rave,
If he had dar'd to tap his wine—
Wou'd well, or precipice decline—
At length by care, and by expence
Of friends, recovering his ſenſe.
"Good ſirs, (ſays ſhe) be all aſſur'd,
"You've kill'd me, rather than have cur'd,
"Who've rob'd my thoughts of ſweet employ,
"And all my viſionary joy."—

Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum,
Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque ediſcere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor:
Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura paraſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
Si vulnus tibi, monſtratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier. audieras, cui
Rem dii donarent, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam, & quum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iiſdem?
At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te: nempe ruberes,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" torted, and a moſt agreeable deception of the mind, taken " away by force." To ſpeak fairly, it is uſeful to be wiſe, by throwing away trifling concerns, and to leave the boys that ſport, which is ſuitable to their time of life; and not to perſue words, in order to be accompanied with the Latian ſtrings, but thoroughly to learn the numbers and meaſures of true life, wherefore I ſpeak theſe things with myſelf, and ſilently treaſure them up in my memory: " If no plenty of " water would end your thirſt, you could communicate it to " the doctors; will you confeſs to no one, that the more you " have got together, by ſo much the more you are covetous " after? If your wound ſhould become no eaſier by a root, " or herb, that was ſhewed you, you would ſhun the at- " tempt of being cured by a root, or herb, that profited no- " thing. You had heard it ſaid, that to whom the gods " gave an eſtate, from his depraved folly would recede: but " tho' you are by no means the wiſer, from the time that " you are in a greater ſtate of abundance, yet you make

uſe

'Tis granted life is beſt apply'd
To wiſdom, throwing toys aſide;
Leave then to boys all childiſh play,
Theirs is the proper time of day,
Nor merely think on words to dwell,
Adapted to the Latian ſhell,
But method and array to ſcan,
Which tend to harmonize the man:
Wherefore I with myſelf converſe,
And only things like theſe rehearſe:
" If, tho' you drank untill you burſt,
" No water yet wou'd quench your thirſt;
" To doctors you wou'd tell th' affair,
" How is it that you do not dare,
" By frank confeſſion to explain,
" The more you've got, the more you'd gain.
" If from a root or herb preſcrib'd,
" Your wound no healing balm imbib'd,
" That herb, or root, you'd ſurely ſhun,
" By which you found no good was done;
" You by ſome conjurer was told,
" To whom the Gods give ſtore of gold,
" From him depravity of heart,
" And folly ſhall of courſe depart;
" But ſince you are no wiſer grown,
" With all this plenitude your own,
" Why have you therefore any more
" The ſame adviſers, as before?
" But if wealth made you wiſe of ſoul,
" Your luſts and terrors to controul,

Viveret in terris te ſi quis avario uno,
Si proprium eſt, quod quis librâ mercatus & ære eſt,
Quædam (ſi credis conſultis) mancipat uſus:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt, & villicus Orbi
Quum ſegetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus.
Te dominum ſentit das nummos: accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti. nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis
(Aut etiam ſupra) nummorum millibus emptum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
Emptor Aricini quondam Vejentis & arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat: emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum,
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia, tanquam
Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" uſe of the ſame adviſers. But if riches can render thee " wiſe, if they could warrant you leſs craving or cowardly, " of right you might bluſh, if any man lived upon earth " more covetous than thee." If that be a man's own, which he purchaſes by the pound, or the penny, *and* ſome things (if you believe the lawyers) uſe appropriates: the field that feeds you is yours, and the hind of Orbus, when he harrows in the corn, in a ſeaſon about to give the fruit to you, perceives you are his lord. You give money *for his labour*; you receive grapes, pullets, eggs, a hogſhead of ſtrong wine. In that manner, truly, you by degrees purchaſe the farm, which, perhaps, was *originally* bought for three hundred thouſand ſeſterces, or even more. What ſignifies it, whether you live upon what was paid for lately, or formerly? The perſon who formerly was the purchaſer of the Aricinian, or Veientian field, ſups upon bought herbs, tho' he think otherwiſe; at the approach of cold night, he heats his pot with bought wood, but calls every thing his own as far as where the planted

" You ought to bluſh if earth cou'd ſhew
" A man more covetous than you.
If goods your property are found,
Bought by the penny, and the pound;
And ſome things (as the law aſſures)
Are wholly by poſſeſſion yours;
The field that feeds you is your own,
And while he harrows it when ſown,
The hind of Orbus ſtill imputes
The right to him that has the fruits.
You give your caſh receiving more,
Grapes, pullets, eggs, and wine galore,
Till by degrees the farm you've made,
For which p'rhaps the owner paid,
(To ſpeak upon a mod'rate gueſs)
Three hundred thouſand ſeſterces.
What boots it if your food you owe
To things bought now or long ago!
He, who that Aricinian ſpot,
Or field of Veiens lately got,
Sups on bought herbs, tho' he thinks not.
Nay more, he boils his very food
Each froſty night with purchas'd wood;
And yet they're all his freehold lands
As far as where the poplar ſtands,
And is the limit too forefend,
Diſputes at law 'twixt friend and friend,
As if ought was a man's eſtate,
Which in one moment of his date;

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſuprema
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.
Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur uſus, & hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam;
Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani? ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas
Sunt qui non habeant, eſt qui non curat habere.
Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, & ludere, & ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus, alter
Dives & importunus. ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Sylveſtrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum;
Scit Genius natale comes quo temperat aſtrum,
Naturæ deus humanæ, mortalis in unum
Quodque caput: vultu mutabilis, albus, & ater.
Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poſcet acervo

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

planted poplar on the determinate boundaries, ſhews how to avoid litigations in the neighbourhood, as tho' any thing were a man's property, which in a moment of the fleet hours, one while by petition, one while by the price, now by violence, and now by the laſt lot of all men, changes lords, and goes off to the right of another. Thus ſince a perpetual tenure is granted to no perſon, and one heir comes upon another, like wave upon wave, What do whole villages profit, or garners in proportion? Or what the Lucanian paſtures joined to the Calabrian, if deaths mows down the great, together with the ſmall, not exorable by gold? There are who have not in their poſſeſſion gems, marble, ivory, Etrurian images, pictures, plate, and garments tinctured with Getulian ſcarlet; there is now and then a man too, who has no deſire for ſuch things. Why one of two brothers preſers to the rich palm-

Now by petition, now by pay,
By violence another day,
Or by the common lot of all,
May to ſome other owner fall.
Then ſince for ever is not here,
Heir making heir ſtill diſappear,
As wave o'er wave the billows riſe,
Then what are towns, or granaries,
Or cou'd you join your flocks to feed,
Calabrian with Lucanian mead,
Since ſtern inexorable fate,
Unbrib'd by gold mows ſmall and great?
Gems, marble, iv'ry, buſts, and plate,
Fine pictures, and rich robes of ſtate,
There are who never can acquire,
There are who no ſuch things deſire.
  Why of two brethern one conſumes
His time in idling, play, perfumes,
Nor heeds rich Herod's palm-eſtate;
The other, miſerably great,
From morn to night with fire and ſteel,
Seeks with his foreſt fields to deal;
Our guiding genius here on earth
That rules the planet of our birth,
The beſt can certify, ev'n he,
Our nature's true divinity,
That o'er our heads exerts his might
And cheques our lives with black and white.
  I'll freely take with mod'rate hands,
As much as exigence demands,

Tollam nec metuam quid de me judicet hæres,
Quod non plura datis invenerit, & tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, & quantum diſcordet parcus avaro,
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumptum
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores.
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus, olim
Exiguo, gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies immunda domus procul abſit, ego, utrum
Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus & idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

palm-plantations of Herod lounging, and gaming, and anointing himſelf: the other, rich and vexatious, from the riſing of the ſun to the advancing of the ſhade, is cultivating his woodland field with ax and fire. *How this comes to* paſs the concomitant Genius that rules the natal ſtar, knows even the God of human nature, over the head of every man, changeable in his aſpect, ſometimes black and ſometimes white. I will make uſe of, and take as much as the neceſſity of the caſe demands, out of a moderate heap, nor will I be concerned what judgment my heir ſhall form about me, becauſe he ſhall not find more than what I have bequeathed. Yet I, the ſame man, am willing to underſtand how much a ſimple and chearful fellow differs from a rake; and how much an œconomiſt diſagrees with a churl: for there is a difference whether you diſſipate every thing in a prodigal manner, or at ſeaſons ſpend willingly, nor take pains after more. But rather, as when a boy, at the breaking up on Minerva's holidays, formerly you enjoy your ſhort and delightful time with eagerneſs. Poverty, a ſlovenly houſe, be far away; I, be I carried in a great or ſmall ſhip, ſhall be carried one and the

Nor will I waſte a ſingle care,
About th' opinion of my heir,
When at his coming he ſhall find
No augmentation left behind.
Yet I with meaſures thus adviſ'd,
Am ſtill inclin'd to be appris'd,
How much the chearful and the free,
Is diſtant from the debauchee,
And what diſtinction exiſts
'Twixt miſers and oeconomiſts.
For know there is a diff'rence quite,
Shou'd you waſte ev'ry thing out-right,
Or only ſpread a plent'ous board,
Nor ſeek addition to your hoard:
But rather ſelf and friend enjoy
By fits and ſtarts, as when a boy,
Glad of the breaking-up retreat,
As ſhorter ſo by far more ſweet.
Let dirty poverty, I pray,
Be far, yea very far away;
And be my veſſel ſmall or ſtrong,
Let me go uniform along,
The wind, perhaps, is not ſo fair,
Sails ſwelling with the Northern air,
And yet I have not in my mouth
The tempeſt of the adverſe South.
In force, in genius, figure, weight,
In virtue, ſtation, and eſtate,
The laſt of them that foremoſt go,
But captain of the band below.

Non es avarus: abi, quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine, & irâ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior & melior ſis accedente ſenectâ?
Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?
Vivere ſi recte neſcis, diſcede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis; ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, & pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the ſame man. We are not driven with ſwelling ſails, the North-wind being fair for us; nevertheleſs, we do not wear our time with the South *continually* againſt us: being, with regard to ſtrength, genius, perſonal qualities, virtue, place fortune the hindmoſt of thoſe that take the lead, but ſtill before the laſt. You are not covetous—away.—What, have you eſcaped all other vices with that? Is your breaſt clear of vain ambition? Is it without the dread of death, and free from wrath? Do you deride ſuch things as theſe, viz. dreams, magic terrors, portents, witches, goblins of the night, and Theſſalian miracles? Do you with gratitude reckon your birth-days? Are you reconciled to your friends? Are you more good-natured, and a better man, as old age comes on? What, does one thorn taken away, out of many, profit you? If you do not know how to live properly, give place to the ſkillful. You have ſported enough; you have eat and drank enough: it is high time for you to walk off, leſt the age of juvenile wantonneſs ſhould deride you, having boozed more than your ſhare, and with more of decency drive you off the ſtage.

You are not covetous—go to—
But have you manhood to ſubdue,
And put to flight all vice beſide?
Clear is your breaſt from worldly pride?
Of wrath and dread of dying clear?
Do you at dreams and conj'rer ſneer?
Mock wonders, witches, nightly elves?
And ev'n Theſſalian charms themſelves?
When heav'n another birth-day ſends
Art grateful? do you ſpare your friends?
At the approach of hoary age,
Art more good-natur'd and more ſage?
Why pluck one thorn from out your mind
And leave ſo many more behind?
If you no more your life purſue
With ſkill, make room for them that do.
You've play'd, and eat, and drank, your ſhare,
'Tis time your journey to prepare;
Leſt youth, that has more decent claim
To every kind of wanton game,
Shou'd, midſt your cups o'ercharg'd, with ſcoff
Hiſs your laſt ſcene, and drive you off.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

DE ARTE POETICA.

HORACE

HIS

ART OF POETRY.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

DE ARTE POETICA

Ad Pisones.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum

Prose Interpretation.

If a painter ſhould be inclined to join a horſe's neck to a human head, and draw a diverſity of feathers over limbs of ſundry animals, taken from far and near, ſo that what is a fair woman in the upper parts, end ſhamefully in an ugly fiſh below; cou'd you, my friends, withhold your laughter, when introduced to ſuch a ſpectacle? believe me, O ye Piſoes! the book will be extremely like ſuch a piece of painting, the ideas of which, like the dreams of a light-headed man, are all futile; ſo that neither head nor foot may be reduced to

any

HORACE

HIS

ART OF POETRY.

Inſcribed to the HOUSE of PISO.

IF any painter ſhou'd deſign
A human viſage, and ſubjoin
A horſe's neck with plumage ſwoln,
And limbs from various creatures ſtol'n,
Untill the figure, in th' event,
Which for a beauteous dame was meant,
At length moſt ſcandalouſly ends
In a black fiſh's tail—my friends!
Admitted to ſo ſtrange a ſight,
Wou'd not your laughter be outright?
Believe me, Piſos, that a book
Will juſt like ſuch a picture look,

Perſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Fingentur ſpecies: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas.
Scimus; & hanc veniam petimuſq; damuſq; viciſſim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna profeſſis,
Purpureus, late qui ſplendeat, unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus, quum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius deſcribitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortaſſe cupreſſum
Scis ſimulare. quid hoc? ſi fractis enatat exſpes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Inſtitui, currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?
Deniq; ſit, quod vis, ſimplex duntaxat & unum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

any conſiſtency. Poets and painters have ever had an equal privilege of doing any thing. We know all this, and this licence we mutually give and take; but not in ſuch meaſure that the tame ſhould be coupled with the ſavage; nor that ſerpents ſhould be mixed with birds, lambs with tigers. In weighty introductions, and ſuch as profeſs to do great things, it generally happens, that one or two purple patches, in order to cut a figure at a diſtance, are tagg'd to the work; as when the grove and the altar of Diana, and the windings of a ſtream, running through pleaſant fields, or the flow of Rhine, or the rainbow, is deſcribed. But here there was no room for this trumpery: perhaps likewiſe you know how to imitate a cypreſs: but what ſignifies that if he who is to be painted, for the money down, is to be drawn as ſwimming in deſpair out of a ſhipwreck? a firkin firſt was intended: why, at the turning of the wheel, comes out a pitcher? In a word, be your deſign what it will, let it be merely ſimple and preſerve its

Whoſe matter, like a ſick man's dreams,
Is form'd of vanities and whims;
Where ſuch abſurdities prevail,
You can make out nor head nor tail;
The painters and the bards, 'tis true,
Claim licence as of both their due.
'Tis a conceſſion that I make,
And hence excuſe we give and take:
But not ſo largely as to coop
The tame and ſavage in a groupe,
And ſnakes with turtle-doves to mate,
And lambs with tigers copulate.
In pompous proems, big with threat,
The uſual pattern that is ſet,
Is that they place to make one ſtare,
A piece of patchwork full of glare.
As when the fane and ſacred wood
Of Dian, or meand'ring flood,
In pleaſant fields, or copious flow
Of rhine, or many-colour'd bow,
Are all deſcrib'd—but in this caſe
The foppiſh trump'ry had no place.
Perhaps a cypreſs you can draw—
But does that ſignify a ſtraw,
If he that buys what you perform,
Was to be made as in a ſtorm.
The potter had a jar begun;
Why nothing but a pipkin done?
In ſhort, the ſubject what it will,
Be ſimple and conſiſtent ſtill.

Maxima pars vatum (pater, & juvenes patre digni)
Decipimur ſpecie recti. brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio, ſectantem lævia nervi
Deficiunt animique; profeſſus grandia turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimium, timiduſque procellæ.
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, ſi caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos:
Infœlix operis ſummâ, quia ponere totum
Neſciet. hunc ego me; ſi quid componere curem,
Non magis eſſe velim, quam pravo vivere naſo,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

it's unity. O father! and youths worthy ſuch a father! the greateſt part of us poets are miſled by the ſemblance of right: I labour to be brief, and ſo I become obſcure: nerves and elevation *frequently* fail him who ſtrives to be eaſy: the profeſſor of ſublimity proves bombaſtical: he that is too ſollicitous for ſafety and fearful of the ſtorm, creeps along the ground: he who wants to diverſify his theme in an improbable manner, aſcribes the dolphin to the woods, the boar to the billows. The eſcape of an error leads to a fault, if the artiſt wants ſkill. A ſtatuary, the loweſt in the environs of the Æmilian ſchool, ſhall both expreſs the nails, and ſhall take off in braſs the ſoft hair; unlucky yet upon the whole, becauſe he knows not how to execute a complete work. I would no more like to be ſuch a one as this, had I a mind to compoſe any thing, than to live with an unſightly noſe, tho' to be looked upon for black eyes and black hair. Ye who write, take a ſubject ſuitable to your ſtrength; and caſt in your mind, a conſiderable time, what your powers can diſpenſe with, and what they refuſe to ſuſtain. Neither elegance of ſtyle, nor a clear connection ſhall fail him, by whom the ſubject matter is choſen with an eye to his abilities. This,

or

Moſt of us—(I the ſire addreſs,
And each good ſon the ſire expreſs)
Are dup'd by things that ſeem aright:
I wou'd be brief with all my might,
And ſo become as dark as night!
He nerves and ſpirit muſt neglect,
Who ſtrives to be extreme correct;
He's apt to ſwell, who wou'd be grand,
And he that dreads to leave the ſtrand,
In terror of the fierce profound,
Is ſure to run his ſhip aground:
And he that works a ſimple theme,
* With monſter, prodigy and dream,
Will paint the dolphin in the lawn,
While boars are upon ocean drawn;
A ſcape from error leads to vice,
If your diſcernment be not nice.
A ſculptor near † th' Emilian ſchool,
Can ſkill to faſhion with his tool
The nails, or flowing of the hair,
But not compleat the whole affair.
If I had any thing to write
I wou'd no more be ſuch a wight,
Than I wou'd chuſe black hair and eyes,
With noſe of moſt portentous ſize.

* *I cannot help thinking, but in this and ſundry paſſages, at the beginning of this epiſtle, there are tacit ſneers at Ovid's Metamorphoſes, that Horace might at once pleaſe Auguſtus, and gratify (not improbably) a ſmall degree of poetical jealouſy.*

† *The Statuaries had their work-ſhops near the fencing ſchool, that they might be at hand to take the attitudes of the Gladiators.*

Sumite materiam veſtris qui ſcribitis æquam
Viribus, & verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deſeret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & venus (aut ego fallor)
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, & præſens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc ſpernat promiſſi carminis auctor;
In verbis etiam tenuis, cautuſque ſerendis.
Dixeris egregie, notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. ſi forte neceſſe eſt,
Indiciis monſtrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget, dabiturque licentia ſumpta pudenter.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem
Cæcilio, Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

or I am in an error, will be the merit and beauty of judicious diſpoſition, that the author of the intended poem juſt now ſays, what ought at this juncture to be ſaid, poſtpone moſt of his thoughts, and wave them for the preſent; and chuſe and refuſe this thing and that according as matters preſent themſelves; in the interſperſing of his words too he muſt be nice and wary. You will expreſs yourſelf admirably well, if a clever connection ſhould impreſs an air of novelty to a common word. If it happen to be expedient to illuſtrate ſome abſtruſe ſubjects by new invented terms; it will follow that you muſt coin words never heard of by the old-faſhion'd Cethegi: and a diſpenſation will be granted, if uſed with moderation: and new and lately coin'd words will have more credit, if they deſcend from a Greek fountain, ſparingly deduc'd. But why ſhould the Romans indulge to Plautus and Cæcilius, a liberty refuſed to Virgil and Varius? why ſhould I be grudged, if I have it in

Your plan, whene'er you tune your lay,
Suit to your faculties, and weigh
How much they can or cannot bear;
He who ſelects his theme with care
Will find no want of flowing ſtyle,
With clean arrangement all the while.
But, if the thing I rightly trace,
This is the merit and the grace
Of diſpoſition, that the bard
To time and place have juſt regard,
And mention what ſhou'd firſt be known,
But other things a while poſtpone.
The true profeſſor of the muſe
Shou'd know to take and to refuſe;
Yet if new words he interſperſe,
He ſhou'd be cautious in his verſe,
And choice—It is exceeding well
To give a common word the *ſpell*,
To greet you as intirely new—
It is a point you muſt perſue,
In modern language to confirm
Each ſtrange and philoſophic term,
Words you may uſe, to ancient Rome
Unknown, yet modeſtly preſume.
But new-coin'd words will ever be
Of more approv'd authority,
If from the Grecian fount they fall,
And their mutation be but ſmall,
For why ſhou'd Rome Cæcilius give,
And Plautus a prerogative,

Virgilio, Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca,
Si poſſum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis & Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, & nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? licuit, ſemperque licebit,
Signatum præſente notâ producere nomen.
Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, noſtraque; ſive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, claſſes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus, ſteriliſque diu palus aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum:
Seu curſum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum ſermonum ſtet honos, & gratia vivax.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

in my talent to acquire a few words; when even the ſtyle of Cato and Ennius have enrich'd the venacular, and produced new names of things? It has been and ever will be lawful to make a word mark'd with the ſtamp of the preſent mode. As woods are changed with regard to their leaves by the fleeting years; the earlieſt fall off firſt: in like manner there is an old age of words that decays, and thoſe lately invented flouriſh and are in vigour, in the manner of young men. We, and all our works, are debtors to death: whither Neptune, admitted into the beach defends our navies from the north winds, a work of royal grandeur; or the lake for a long time unfruitful and fit for oars, now nouriſhes its bordering cities, and feels the heavy plough; or the river taught to run in a more commodious channel, has chang'd its courſe which was ſo detrimental to the fruits. The works of mortal men muſt be demoliſhed: much leſs can the dignity and grace of language be long-lived. Sundry words ſhall revive, which now have receded, and many, which are now in requeſt, ſhall fall off; if faſhion will have it ſo, in whoſe determination

Which they to Virgil ſtill deny,
And Varius?—Why may not ev'n I
Make ſome improvements if I can,
Nor ſuffer from th' invidious clan,
Since Ennius and Cato's phraſe
Their native tongue enrich and raiſe,
And terms exotic introduce—
All have, and muſt allow the uſe
To make a word, that cleanly chimes,
Stampt with th' impreſſion of the times.
As when the leaves each fleeting year
Are chang'd——the earlieſt diſ-appear
The firſt; our words in likewiſe fare,
The oldeſt periſh, as it were,
And thoſe new-coin'd are now in flow'r,
Like youths, in all their ſtrength and pow'r:
Ev'n both muſt fail our works and we;
Whether the * ſovereign of the ſea,
Receiv'd far up into the land,
(A work with royal grandeur plann'd)
Our fleet from the North wind defends,
Or if a fertile tract extends,
Feeds neighbouring cities, feels the plough,
A lake and row'd upon but now——
Or tho' the river's made by force
Of Cæſar's word to change his courſe,
And noxious to his former place
Muſt learn to run a better race——

* *Three grand works are here mention'd for the honour of Auguſtus. The Julian port at Baia, the draining of the Pomplinas palades, and the cleanſing of the channel of the Tiber.*

Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus:
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma loquendi.
Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, & triſtia bella,
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.
Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum.
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit jambo:
Hunc ſocci cepere pedem grandeſque cothurni
Alternis aptum ſermonibus, & populares

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tion is the deciſion, the right, and teſt of language. Homer has ſhewn us in what numbers the actions of kings, and chiefs, and doleful war, might be written. Plaintive ditties were at firſt *aſſigned* to long and ſhort verſes: afterwards love and wiſhes, bleſſed with poſſeſſion, were included. Yet what author firſt publiſhed the little elegy, the learned debate, and the controverſy ſtill is under the conſideration of the judge. Rage armed Archilochus with his own iambick. The ſock and the pompous buſkin took this meaſure as commodious for alternate diſcourſe, and overcoming the clamours of the populace, and beſt conſtructed for the actions of the ſtage. The muſe has aſſigned to the lyre to celebrate gods and the ſons of gods, and the conquering wreſtler, and the ſteed foremoſt in the race, and the paſſionate anxieties of youths, and the generous joys of wine. If I am impotent and unintelligent to keep up the parts as deſcribed, and the different colourings in works of genius, why am I ſaluted as a poet? why, falſly baſhful, do I prefer being ignorant to learning? A comic ſubject will not be treated in tragic verſe: in like manner the ſupper of Thyeſtes will not bear to be rehearſed in familiar verſes, and ſuch as almoſt fall in with the ſock. Let each peculiar ſpecies of writing, whether tragedy or comedy, be becomingly adjuſted in its proper degree. Nevertheleſs ſome times

Yet theſe as human acts muſt fail;
Then how much leſs ſhall we prevail
To keep the elegance and weight
Of language, in a ſettl'd ſtate.
Words ſhall revive that now are gone,
And ſome, which moſt are look'd upon,
Shall periſh, if dame faſhion will,
Who has in her dominion ſtill
Supreme preſcriptive pow'r to teach
All written and colloquial ſpeech.
Homer has taught us in what verſe
The deeds of kings we ſhou'd rehearſe;
And heroes and contentions dire,
With what propriety and fire!
In numbers of unequal lines,
Were wrote at firſt the lover's whines,
But in a while were carried high'r
For bliſs and fortunate deſire.
But he who thought it worth his while
To ſing firſt in ſo * *ſmall* a ſtyle,
Our critics have not yet found out,
So ſtill the matter is in doubt.
Archilochus his wrathful heat
Made him ſtrike out th' iambic feet:
The ſock and ſtately buſkin choſe
This meaſure as the neareſt proſe,
Whence dialogue might aptly pleaſe,
And clamours of the mob appeaſe,

* *Ovid again tacitly ridiculed for his elegies.*

Vincentem ſtrepitus, & natum rebus agendis.
Muſa dedit fidibus divos, pueroſque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.
Deſcriptas ſervare vices operumque colores
Cur ego ſi nequeo ignoroque, poeta ſalutor?
Cur neſcire, pudens prave, quam diſcere malo?
Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis ac prope ſocco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.
Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterq;
Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

times ev'n comedy raiſes her voice, and indignant Chremes rails in a lofty ſtrain: and a tragic writer uſually laments in a proſaic ſtile. Telephus and Peleus, when they are both in exigency and exile, throw aſide their vociferation and words half a yard long, if they have a mind to touch the heart of the beholders with their moan. It is not ſufficient that poems be beautiful: let them be ſweetly-ſoothing, and bear away the ſoul of the hearer, whereſoever they will. As the human aſpect laughs again to thoſe that laugh, ſo does it aſſimilate to thoſe that weep. If you wou'd have me weep, you muſt firſt be in a ſtate of grief yourſelf; then, Telephus, or Peleus, your diſaſter really wound me: but if you miſ-pronounce the parts given you, I ſhall either doze or laugh. Melancholy accents ſuit a ſorrowful countenance; words full of threats an angry one; light expreſſions, a pleaſant look; and ſerious matter, one ſevere; for nature forms us firſt within to

every

Expreſſive or of mirth or rage,
Fit for the buſ'neſs of the ſtage.
The muſe has giv'n us on the lyre
In praiſe divinely to aſpire,
To ſing of Gods and ſons of Gods,
And champions crown'd againſt the odds;
The winning ſteed and lover's care,
And gen'rous claret to declare.
If I'm unſkilful to combine
The parts and colours I deſign,
Why am I hail'd, where'er I go,
As poet, ſince I nothing know:
Why falſely baſhful be a fool
Rather than go again to ſchool?
A comic ſubject will not hold
If 'tis in tragic meaſure told:
Beſides, it wou'd an audience ſhock,
In verſes fitter for the ſock,
The Thyeſtean feaſt to tell:
Each kind of writing ſhall do well,
According to its proper place,
Arrang'd in ſeemlineſs and grace.—
But ſometimes comedy will rage,
And angry Chremes ſhake the ſtage;
And ſometimes in the tragic ſcene
You've wailings melancholy-mean.
Peleus and Telephus when poor,
And exiles will no more endure
Their rants and ravings ten feet high,
If they wou'd to the heart apply.

Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adſunt
Humani vultus. ſi vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu. male ſi mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. triſtia mœſtum
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
Ludentem, laſciva: ſeverum, ſeria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:
Poſt effert animi motus interpretre linguâ.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis abſona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

every condition of fortune; ſhe pleaſes or impels us to anger; or bears us down to the earth, and afflicts us with the weight of ſorrow: then expreſſes thoſe emotions of the mind by the interpretation of the tongue. If the words be foreign to the rank of the ſpeaker, the Roman knights and plebeians will raiſe an horſe laugh. For it is a very different conſideration, whether it be Davus that harrangues, or an hero; a man full of years, or a vigorous young man in the flower of his age, and a matron of the firſt rank, or a buſtling nurſe; a roaming merchant, or the tiller of a graſſy field; a Colchian, or an Aſſyrian; one brought up at Thebes, or one at Argos. You that are a writer, either follow tradition, or invent ſuch fables as are conſiſtent with themſelves. If you have to repreſent the glorious Achilles, let him be active, wrathful, inexorable, fively, let him not admit that the laws were made for him, let there be nothing that he ſhall not vindicate to the cauſe of arms. Let Medea be fierce and inſuperable, Ino an object of pity, Ixion treacherous, Io forlorn, Oreſtes a melancholy character. If you offer to the ſtage any thing out of the com-

mon

A poem cannot be compleat,
Tho' beautiful, if 'tis not ſweet,
Till by its pathos it can ſeize
The ſoul, and bear her where it pleaſe.
Expreſſive or of joy or pain,
As human aſpects ſmile again
Upon the ſmilers, ſo their eyes
Will with the tearful ſympathiſe.
If you wou'd have me really weep
Your own diſtreſſes muſt be deep,
Then, Telephus, your tragic part,
Or, Peleus, truly wound my heart.
But if you miſerably *ſpout*
Your words, I ſleep or elſe laugh out.
Things of a melancholy turn
Shou'd be expreſs'd with much concern;
But if in wrath the perſon fret,
The aſpect ſhou'd be big with threat.
In jeſt the looks ſhou'd pleaſant be,
But ſerious in ſeverity.
For firſt there is a ſenſe innate
To every colour of our fate,
Which cauſes paſſion, gives relief,
Or weighs us to the ground with grief,
Till to the tongue the taſk's aſſign'd
To blaze the motions of the mind.
If what the characters ſhall ſay
Be foreign to the part they play,
The Roman knights, and all the croud
Will titter and explode aloud.

Intererit multum Davuſne loquatur, an Heros:
Maturuſne ſenex, an adhuc florente juventâ
Fervidus: an matrona potens, an ſedula nutrix:
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
Colchus, an Aſſyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis?
Aut famam ſequere, aut ſibi convenientia finge
Scriptor. honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer:
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox, invictaque: flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triſtis Oreſtes.
Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes
Perſonam formare novam; ſervetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.

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mon road, and dare to form a new perſonage; let it be kept up to the laſt ſuch as it ſat out at the beginning; and be congruous with itſelf. It is difficult to write on popular ſubjects with ſuch a degree of propriety as fairly to make them your own; and you will better reduce the Iliad into five acts, than be the firſt to bring on arguments unknown and never handled before. A public ſtory will become your own right, if you do not retard yourſelf upon the whole circle of paltry circumſtances, and open to every one; nor muſt you be ſo near a tranſlator as to take the pains of conſtruing your original word for word; nor as an imitator throw yourſelf into ſuch ſtreights, from whence either ſhame, or the plan of your work, may forbid you to recede. Nor muſt you make ſuch a prelude as the ititerant ſcribbler of old: "I will ſing "the deſtiny of Priam and a notable war." What will this pretender produce worthy of all this gaping? the mountains ſhall fall a groaning, and a ridiculous mouſe ſhall ſpring forth. How much more judicious is he who ſets about nothing abſurdly? "O my Muſe! ſing the man, who, after "the Æra of the deſtruction of Troy, ſurvey'd the manners of many

It is a diff'rent matter quite
Shou'd Davus ſpeak, or errant knight,
A grey old man approach the ſcene,
Or hot young rake, whoſe years are green,
A matron full of pomp and ſhow,
Or nurſe officious to and fro',
A merchant wont thro' ſeas to roam,
Or one who tills his ground at home,
Aſſyrian, Colchan, Theban bred
Or Argive on the ſtage ſhou'd tread?
If e'er you write or follow fame,
Or at ſuch ſort of ſtories aim,
As with themſelves do beſt agree—
Homer's Achilles ſhall we ſee?
Courageous, enemy to ſloth,
And moſt inexorably wroth,
Let him, denying human laws,
Claim all things by the ſword he draws.
If e'er Medea fill the ſcene
Fierce and ungovern'd be the queen.
Be Ino caſt to make you cry,
Ixion of perfidious die,
Io be rambling drawn and mad,
Oreſtes moſt ſeverely ſad.
If to the ſtage you ſhall approach
With matter you're the firſt to broach,
—Let the new character you caſt,
Be fairly kept up to the laſt.
'Tis arduous common things to ſay
In ſuch a clean peculiar way,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem:
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres: nec deſilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem referre pudor vetet, aut operis lex:
Nec ſic incipies. ut ſcriptor cyclicus olim:
FORTUNAM PRIAMI CANTABO, & NOBILE BELLUM,
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
Parturient montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte:
Dic mihi Muſa virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

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" many men, and ſtates." His thought is not to produce ſmoak from a flaſh, but to deduce fire from ſmoak, that from thence he may bring forth his beautiful prodigies, ſuch as Antiphates, Scylla, and with the Cyclops, Charybdis. Nor does he date Diomedes' return from Meleager's death, nor trace the riſe of the Trojan war from the two eggs of Leda. He always haſtens to the great event, and throws the hearer into the midſt of the action, as a matter well known to him, and omits thoſe circumſtances, of which he has no hope that they will be able to ſhine: and feigns in ſuch a manner, ſo mixes truth with falſhood, that the middle may not diſagree with the beginning, nor the concluſion with the middle. Do you attend to what I and the people, together with me, demand, if you want an applauder to tarry as long as the curtain is up, and determin'd to ſit it out, till the actor cries out, " Gen-" tlemen, pleaſe to clap your hands:" the manners of every age muſt be characterized by you, and the reſpective comelineſs be attributed to ſhifting natures and years. The boy who

Untill they fairly ſeem your own,
Wherefore more prudence will be ſhewn
To plan the Iliad out in acts,
Than your inventive pow'rs to tax,
The firſt to ſpeak upon the ſtage
Things known not to a former age.
A tale however blown upon
Will, as your property, come on,
If you ſhall not on trifles dwell,
How and ABOUT IT all to tell,
Nor be ſo faithfully abſurd
As to tranſlate it word for word,
Nor muſt you ſqueeze into a ſtreight
While you too cloſely imitate,
From whence you can't ſo well recede
For ſhame, and for the plan agreed,
Nor yet begin in tumid ſounds,
Like that old ſongſter of the ROUNDS,
" *The fate of Priam*, SING I SHALL
" *And many* A NOBLE BOUT *withal.*
What will the boaſter bring about
With all this MOWTHING and this rout?
The mountain ſhall again be *laid*,
The little mouſe again diſplay'd.
How much more to the purpoſe HE,
The pattern of propriety—
" To me the man, O Muſe! relate,
" Which after Troy's determin'd fate,
" By toil and actual review
" The nations and their manners knew."

Non ſumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphatem, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdim.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum feſtinat, & in medias res,
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit; & quæ
Deſperat tractata niteſcere poſſe relinquit.
Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum.
Tu, quid ego, & populus mecum deſideret, audi.
Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſque
Seſſuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores,
Mobilibuſque decor naturis dandus, & annis,

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who already knows how to pronounce words, and impreſſes the ground with a ſteady foot, is fond of playing with his equals, and ſuddenly contracts wrath, or lays it aſide, and is alter'd every hour. The beardleſs youth, his guardian being diſcharged, rejoices in horſes and hounds, and in the verdure of the ſunny field; as wax, flexible to vice, ill-natured to adviſers, a ſlow provider of things needful, prodigal of money, elated and libidinous, and precipitate to forſake the beloved objects. Perſuits now varied the age and ſpirit of manhood is for wealth and friendſhips, is ſubſervient to honour: is careful of actions which anon he may be ſtudious of undoing. Many inconveniencies beſet an old man: either becauſe he ſeeks after wealth, and, churl as he is, abſtains from what he has got, and is affraid to make uſe of it; or becauſe he tranſacts all his affairs timorous and without ſpirit; precaſtinating, entertaining a lingering hope, ſlothful, and greedy of more time to come: difficult, full of complaints, an extoller of the time paſt, when he was a boy, a corrector and chaſtiſer of his juniors. The years as they come on bring many

He does not meditate by traſh,
To give you ſmoke from out a flaſh,
But chooſes rather to procure
Illumination from th' obſcure.
By ſtriking out ſuch ſtrokes with eaſe,
That Scylla and Antiphates
And Cyclops and Charybdis pleaſe.
Nor will from Meleager's fate
Returning Diomedes date.
Nor dates the Trojan war " to wit
" When Leda firſt began * TO SIT,"
But ever haſtens to the goal,
And throws the reader's very ſoul
Into the center of th' affair,
As tho' he'd been an actor there.
But chuſes certain things to leave
Unfit his poliſh to receive,
And with ſo much diſcretion *lies*,
Blends truth and falſhood in ſuch *wiſe*,
That the beginning, middle, end,
Do cleanly each on each depend.
Now hear what all the town with me
From you that write expect to ſee,
If you wou'd have th' applauder ſtay,
Attending till the actors ſay,
" Kind gentlemen, pray clap your hands,"
Mark how with every man it ſtands

* *Upon the eggs that brought forth Caſtor and Pollux.*

Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, geſtit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis tandem cuſtode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibuſque & aprici gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus aſper,
Utilium tardus proviſor, prodigus æris.
Sublimis, cupiduſque & amata relinquere pernix
Converſis ſtudiiis, ætas, animuſque virilis
Quærit opes, & amicitias, inſervit honori:
Commiſiſſe cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa ſenem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miſer abſtinet, ac timet uti:
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque miniſtrat,
Dilator, ſpe longus, iners, aviduſque futuri:

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many advantages along with them, and many do the receding ones take away. Leſt the part of an old man ſhould be given to a youth, or a man to a boy, we always dwell upon appoſite circumſtances, and ſuitable to the age of the perſon. A thing is either done upon the ſtage, or being done elſewhere is there related. Thoſe things that are let in at the ear, more ſlowly affect the mind than ſuch as are ſubmitted to the faithful eyes, and which the ſpectator preſents to himſelf. However, you muſt not bring out into a ſcene what is fitter to be tranſacted within doors, and many things muſt you remove from the eyes which the eloquence of an actor, making his appearance, may relate by and bye. Nor let Medea butcher her boys before the people, or the abominable Atreus dreſs human entrails publickly, or Progne be changed into a bird, *or* Cadmus into a dragon. Not being able to give you credit whatever you repreſent to me in ſuch a manner I loath. Let a dramatic piece that wou'd be call'd for, and after it has been ſeen again preſented, be neither ſhorter nor longer than the fifth act. Nor let a God be introduced, unleſs an intricacy

For manners at a certain age;
And the decorum of the ſtage
Muſt be kept up with things aſſign'd
To time of life and turn of mind;
The boy who juſt can prattle plain,
And on the ground his tread ſuſtain,
Loves with his play-fellows to 'bide,
And wrath contracts or lays aſide
For nothing, changing every hour—
The youth out of his guardian's pow'r
Delights in horſes and in hounds,
And o'er the ſunny champaign bounds,
Pliant as wax to vicious ways,
And harſh at what th' adviſer ſays;
A ſlow provider for the beſt,
And ſpendthrift with a lofty creſt,
Hot in purſuit of new amours,
And quick to leave what he procures.
From this by ſhifting of the plan
The age and ſpirit of the man,
Seeks wealth and friendſhips and a name,
And dreads an action to his ſhame.
Sundry infirmities are found
Which man in his old age ſurround,
Becauſe he ſcrapes and yet abſtains,
A wretch, that dreads to uſe his gains;
Or elſe becauſe he acts when old,
All things too cautious and too cold,
Fain wou'd put off the evil day
And greedy in this world to ſtay;

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, cenſor caſtigatorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda ſecum,
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne forte ſeniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in ſcenam, multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet:
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem

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tricacy ſhou'd occur that is worthy of ſuch an auxiliary; nor let a fourth perſon be officious to ſpeak: let the chorus aſſiſt the part of the actor and his manly office—nor let him ſing any thing in the middle of the acts which may not conduce in the main point, and be aptly connected—let him both favour the good, and give advice to the friends *of virtue*; and govern the paſſionate and affect ſuch as are affraid of offending Let him praiſe the viands of a ſhort meal; let him *commend* wholeſome juſtice and the laws and peace, with open gates and ports. Let him conceal things intruſted; and beg and beſeech of the gods, that ſucceſs may return to the unfortunate, and depart from the haughty. The flute was not, as it is now, bound with mountain braſs, and emulous of the trumpets, but ſlender and ſimple with a few bores, uſeful to blow and accompany the chorus, and to fill with its muſic the ſeats, not as yet too crowded. Where truly a people eaſy to be number'd, as being ſmall, both frugal and chaſte and humble meet together; but when victorious it began to extend its territories and a broader wall to ſurround the city,

and

Harſh, querelous,and loud of tongue
In praiſing things when he was young,
Cenſor and puniſher too free
Of all who're not ſo old as he.
Our growing years, when we are ſtrong,
Bring great advantages along,
And when we're going down the hill
We're more and more the loſers ſtill.
Then leſt the parts that are of age,
Shou'd be aſſign'd to youthful rage,
Or thoſe of youth be giv'n to years,
The ſtrict propriety adheres
Upon thoſe qualities to dwell,
Which ſuit reſpective ages well.
A ſcene we on the ſtage behold,
Or elſe we hear the ſtory told;
But things which enter at the ear
Will not affect the mind ſo near
As what before the eyes is ſhewn,
And each ſpectator makes his own.
But yet you muſt not things diſcloſe
Which done within we beſt ſuppoſe.
Some things from ſight you'll take away,
Which clean deſcription may diſplay;
Nor let Medea's hand deſtroy
Before the gaping crowd, her boy;
Nor wicked Atreus,full in view,
A diſh of human entrails ſtew
Or Cadmus turn by change abſurd
A ſnake, or Progne be a bird.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ poſci vult, & ſpectata reponi.
Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui perſona laboret.
Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile
Defendat. neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non propoſito conducat & hæreat apte.
Ille bonis faveatque, & conſilietur amicis:
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet menſæ brevis, ille ſalubrem
Iuſtitiam, legeſque, & apertis otia portis.
Ille tegat commiſſa, deoſque precetur & oret
Ut redeat miſeris, abeat fortuna ſuperbis.
Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula, ſed tenuis ſimplexque, foramine pauco
Aſpirare, & adeſſe choris erat utilis, atque

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and the Genius of the place to be appeaſed with wine, offered up at day time, with allowance on holidays, a greater compaſs was added both to notes of muſic and the meaſures of poetry. For what taſte cou'd ruſtics, unletter'd and juſt looſed from their labours have, tho' mixed with citizens, and the baſe confounded with the honourable? thus the modern maſter of muſick both added motion and air to the art, and, ſtalking about, dragged a flowing veſtment upon the ſtage. In ſuch wiſe alſo *new* modulations increaſed on the grave harp ſtrings, and haſty eloquence brought forth an unuſual flow, and ſagacious with regard to things uſeful and preſcious of the future, the thought of it did not much differ from the oracular Delphi. He who in the tragic verſe contended for a vile goat, ſoon alſo brought in the woodland ſatyrs, naked and ſevere, made an experiment to jeſt with gravity preſerved; inaſmuch as a ſpectator having both diſcharged his religious ceremonies and

When thus your ſcenes you repreſent
Diſguſt forbids me to aſſent.——
Let not a play you'd have us read,
And put upon the ſtock, exceed
Five acts—nor let a god be there,
Unleſs ſome intricate affair
Make you divine aſſiſtance ſeek,
Nor a fourth perſon ſtrain to ſpeak.
The chorus ſhou'd ſupport with art
The duty of his manly part,
Nor let him ſing amidſt the acts
Ought forc'd or foreign to the facts.
Let him the men of worth defend,
And give good council to each friend,
Reſtrain the wroth, to them that hate
Offences, be affectionate.
Let mod'rate fare have his applauſe
And wholeſome juſtice and the laws,
And gen'ral peace, that loves to deal
In open ports—let him conceal
Things ſpoke in confidence, and pray
The Gods, that their propitious day,
May to th' unfortunate return,
While haughty loftineſs they ſpurn.
To flute was not at ſuch a paſs
Of yore, as to be girt with braſs,
Till vying with the trump it roars,
But ſmall and ſimple with few bores,
To help the chorus with its touch,
And fill the rows not throng'd too much:

Nondum ſpiſſa nimis complere ſedilia flatu.
Quo ſane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, caſtuſque, verecunduſque coibat.
Poſtquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus: vinoque diurno
Placari Genius feſtis impune diebus;
Acceſſit numeriſque modiſque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim ſaperet, liberque laborum
Ruſticus, urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?
Sic priſcæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita veſtem.
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere ſeveris,
Et tulit eloquium inſolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque ſagax rerum & divina futuri

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and at the ſame time drunken and lawleſs was to be detained with allurements and acceptable novelty. But it will be expedient to recommend to your audience the ridiculous and petulant ſatyrs in ſuch wiſe, and in ſuch wiſe to turn earneſt into jeſt, that whatever god, whatever hero be exhibited, a little before beheld in gold and ſcarlet, do not deſcend by his abject converſation to the language of thoſe that dwell in ſtalls: or, while he ſhuns the ground, ſhou'd aſpire to the clouds and inanity. Tragedy, above the fooliſh recital of light verſes, will be converſant amongſt the laſcivious ſatyrs, ſomewhat abaſhed, like a matron, that is commanded to dance on holidays. O ye Piſos! as a writer of ſatire I will not be fond of negligent and vulgar words only, nor will endeavour to be ſo different from the tragic caſt, that there be no diſtinction whether Davus be a ſpeaking, and the ſaucy Pythias, after having gained a talent from the gull'd Simo; or Silenus the guardian and ſervant of his pupil god Bacchus. I will purſue my ſubject in verſe, made from a known matter, in ſuch wiſe, that any perſon may entertain hopes of doing the ſame thing, but ſweat and toil in vain, having attempted the ſame thing.

To

While they cou'd the ſpectators hold
In numbers eaſy to be told,
Chaſte, frugal, and not over-bold.
But when victorious Rome began
On all ſides to extend her plan,
And when an ampler wall embrac'd
The city, and the god of taſte
Was ſerv'd with feſtal wine by day,
With none the practice to gain-ſay,
New meaſures and more notes they found
Alike for poetry and ſound,
For what degree of taſte refin'd
Cou'd be in an unletter'd hind,
Loos'd with his oxen from the yoke,
And mix'd with the politer folk.
Where low-liv'd miſcreants and baſe,
With men of honour took their place?
Thus did the maſter's ſkill impart,
New movements to the ancient art,
With all the luxury of *air*,
And ſtrutting like a pompous play'r,
Drew on the ſtage amongſt the reſt,
A train deep-flowing from his veſt:
Thus likewiſe did the ſober lyre,
Up to new ſtrings and ſtrains aſpire,
And an unuſual flow of rage,
Ruſh'd all at once upon the ſtage;
So what they did of old deſign,
For things both uſeful and divine,

Sortilegis non diſcrepuit ſententia Delphis.
Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agreſtes Satyros nudavit. & aſper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod
Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functuſque ſacris, & potus & exlex.
Verum ita riſores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere ſeria ludo:
Ne, quicunque deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas;
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.
Effutire leves indigna trægœdia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina ſolum,
Verbaque, Piſones, Satyrarum ſcriptor amabo:
Nec ſic enitar tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interſit, Davuſne loquatur, & audax

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To ſuch a degree do arrangement and connection prevail, ſuch an acceſſion of honor do things, taken out of middle life, attain. In my judgement the fawns that are brought out of the woods ſhou'd be aware, that they ſpeak not as if they had been born in the ſtreets of Rome, and almoſt at the forum itſelf, or ever ſport in too delicate verſes, or make a racket with unclean and ſcandalous ſpeeches. For who ever has a horſe or a father, or an eſtate, are offended at ſuch; nor, if the purchaſer of parch'd peaſe and nuts approve of any thing, do they receive it with patient minds and preſent it with the crown? * A long ſyllable placed behind a ſhort one is called an

* *This verſe at firſt conſiſted only of itſelf, viz. pure iambics as* Suis et ipſa Roma viribus ruit, *and all the iambics in that ode.*

The

Is ſo far wreſted from the mark,
That 'tis oracularly dark.
The bard (a filthy goat the prize)
Who firſt began to tragedize,
Brought on the fawns, a naked race,
Still joking with a ſerious face;
Becauſe ſpectators full of wine,
And wild and tir'd with things divine,
Requir'd by novelty and ſhow,
Their minds ſhou'd relaxation know;
But laughing ſatyrs we commend.
Provided they do not offend,
By turning earneſt into jeſt,
So that a god, or king, that's dreſt
In gold and purple, do not bawl
The language of the cobler's ſtall,
Nor while they ſhun the groveling mire,
To miſts and emptineſs aſpire.
Grave tragedy ſhou'd ſtill diſdain
All verſes in a trivial ſtrain,
And, tho' midſt wanton ſatyrs plac'd,
Will yet with decency be grac'd,
Like ſome grave matron whom the prieſt
Commands to dance upon a feaſt.
As ſatiriſt I do not praiſe
The bald, unornamented phraſe,
And common cant, nor ſhall I try
To break the rules of tragedy,
So as to make no odds between
A Davus talking in the ſcene,

Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;
An cuſtos famuluſque dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar: ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem: ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem. tantum ſeries junctura pellet,
Tantum de medio ſumptis accedit honoris.
Sylvis deducti caveant, (me judice) Fauni,
Ne, velut innati triviis, ac pene forenſes,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verſibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominioſaque dicta,
Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res:
Nec, ſi quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ,
Syllaba longa brevi ſubjecta, vocatur iambus,
Pes citus unde etiam trimetris accreſcere juſſit

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an iambic, a quick foot, whence it cauſed its name to be adjoined to trimetre iambics, becauſe it had ſix beats, being like unto itſelf from firſt to laſt: not along ago, that it might come to the ears ſomewhat ſlower and more grave, commodious and eaſy it received the ſtedfaſt ſpondees into its paternal right; but not to quit the ſecond or fourth place by a friendly bargain. This appears but ſeldom in the notable trimetres of Accius and Ennius. Verſes put forth upon the ſtage with a great dragging weight brands one with the fault of too haſty a performance, and void of care, or a ſhameful ignorance of the art. It is not every judge that ſees untuned verſes; and an unmerited indulgence is given to the Roman

The next degree of correctneſs in writing this meaſure, is to have the iambic regularly in the ſecond, fourth and ſixth places. When a ſpondee is put in the laſt place it is called Scazon, a noble verſe for grave ſubjects. The verſes of Phædrus which he calls Senarii, have the iambic always for the fifth foot, the former part conſiſting of all feet promiſcuouſly, except the trochee. Such too are moſt of the verſes of Terence, &c.

poets.

Or Pythias putting to the worſe
Th' old hunks, and making of a purſe,
Or Liber's guardian wont to wait
Upon his pupil god, in ſtate.
So wou'd I make a tale my own,
Tho' taken from a thing well known,
That any man might think to do
The ſame, but when he once ſet to
Wou'd ſweat and vex himſelf in vain,
And never to the point attain.
So much effect is in the art,
Of clean diſpoſing every part,
And ſo much novelty and grace,
In common topics, may take place.
The wood-land fawns ſhou'd have a care,
(If one may judge in this affair)
Leſt they ſhou'd ſpeak as born in town,
And ev'n like them that wear the gown;
Or leſt too much they be inclin'd
To verſes of infantine kind,
Or ev'n be too groſly free
With ignominious ribaldry:
For every man of rank, or ſenſe,
Or family, will take offence;
Nor things that with the mob go down,
Will ſuch hands or excuſe or crown.
When a long ſyllable is join'd
Unto a ſhort, and plac'd behind,
The quick iambic foot we frame,
Whence trimeter deriv'd its name;

Nomen jambeis: quum ſenos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum ſimilis ſibi, non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondæos ſtabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus, & patiens: non ut de ſede ſecundâ
Cederet, aut quarta ſocialiter. hic & in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Enni,
In ſcenam miſſos magno cum pondere verſus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi,
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex:
Et data Romanis venia eſt indigna poetis.
Idcircone vager, ſcribamque licenter? an omnes
Viſuros peccata putem mea, tutus, & intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

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poets. Shall I for that reaſon wander and write inaccurately? or ſhall I not rather think that all men are liable to ſee my defects? ſecure and wary within the compaſs of forgiveneſs I have, upon the whole, avoided blame, not merited praiſe. Do ye turn over the Greek models by a nightly hand, turn them over by a daily one.—But *yet* our anceſtors extolled both the numbers and witticiſms of Plautus too patiently (if I may not ſay fooliſhly) admiring them both; if it be only granted that I and you underſtand how to diſtinguiſh an unpolite ſaying from a ſmart one, and are clever enough to know a genuine quantity of a word by our fingers and ears. Theſpis is reported to have found out the tragic kind of compoſing, and to have carried his poems about in carts, which they ſung and acted with faces beſmear'd with wine lees. After him was Eſchylus, the inventor of the maſk and ſeemly pall, and he made a ſmall ſtage with a little timber, and taught them to ſpeak

With only ſix iambic feet,
Conſiſting of itſelf compleat:
But to the ear not long ago,
That it might come more grave and ſlow,
The ſober ſpondee was took in,
As to a league and of akin,
But not to quit the ſecond place,
Or fourth, or laſt, in any caſe.
However this is very ſcarce,
In Accius's applauded farce,
And in the verſes Ennius wrote—
All bungling lines, like theirs, when brought
Upon the ſtage, with heavy weight,
Convict them as precipitate,
And wanting care——or, what is worſe,
Moſt groſly ignorant of verſe.
It is not every judge can ſee
The negligence of harmony,
And Roman bards in this abuſe,
Have met with far too much excuſe:
But ſhall a man for this diſcharge,
All method, and trangreſs at large?
Or ſhall I not ſuppoſe the more,
The world with all my faults explore,
Nor ſhall my ſpirit be ſo poor
As merely pardon to procure;
For tho' I 'ſcape all brand and blame,
I cannot therefore merit fame.
The Grecian patterns ye that write,
Peruſe by day, peruſe by night;

At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros, &
Laudavere ſales: nimium patienter utrumque,
(Ne dicam ſtulte) miſati; ſi modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto,
Legitimumque ſonum digitis callemus, & aure,
Ignotum Tragicæ genus inveniſſe Camœnæ
Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.
Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus, & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Succeſſit vetus his comœdia, non ſine multâ
Laude: ſed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi. lex eſt accepta, choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poetæ,
Nec minimum meruere decus veſtigia Græca

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ſpeak grand, and reſt upon the buſkin. To theſe ſucceeded the ancient comedy, not without much applauſe: but the liberty granted broke out into abuſe and violence, worthy to be reſtrained by the law. A law was therefore agreed upon, and the chorus was ſhamefully ſilent, the privilege of doing miſchief being taken away. Our poets have left nothing unattempted, nor have they deſerved the leaſt honour who dared to deſert theGrecian ſketches and celebrate domeſtic atchievements, with thoſe that have ſet forth plays of the higher, or of the lower claſs. Nor wou'd Latium be more excellent in valour and arms than in language, if the labour and tediouſneſs of the file did not offend every one of our poets. O ye that derive your original from Numa Pompilius, diſcommend that verſe which a long time and many a blot has not corrected, and has not tea times been chaſtized to the laſt degree of perfection. Becauſe forſooth Democritus ſuppoſes that

But ſpite of theſe, our ſires thought fit
To praiſe the verſes and the wit
Of Plautus (fools I will not ſay)
But far too patient at his play:
That is, if either you or I
Have comprehenſion to deſcry,
True repartee from coarſer jeers,
And have our fingers and our ears.
Theſpis the firſt (they ſay) found out
The tragedy, and bore about
His poems in theatric cart,
Which all his actors got by heart,
And play'd in faces daub'd with lees:
Then Eſcalus too, by degrees,
Invented maſque and decent pall,
And made a little ſtage withal,
Learnt them to aggrandiſe their talk
And in the tragic buſkin ſtalk.
To theſe, with no ſmall ſhare of praiſe,
Th' old comedy in after days
Succeeded, but its free exceſs
Forc'd pow'r ſuch licence to ſuppreſs;
Accordingly a law was fram'd,
And when the right, the Chorus claim'd,
Of perſonal abuſe, was o'er,
He wholly to his ſhame forbore.
Our poets have not left a part
Untried, in all their various art,
Nor do *they* leaſt applauſe deſerve,
Who from the Grecian models ſwerve,

Auſi deſerere, & celebrare domeſtica facta:
Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas,
Nec virtute foret clariſve potentius armis,
Quam linguâ, Latium. ſi non offenderet unum
Quenque poetarum limæ labor, & mora. Vos ô
Pompilius ſanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies, & multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non caſtigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miſerâ quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit ſanos Helicone poetas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam: ſecreta petit loca: balnea vitat.
Nanciſcetur enim pretium, nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput inſanabile, nunquam
Tonſori Licino commiſerit. ô ego lævus,
Qui purgo bilem ſub verni temporis horam.
Non alius faceret meliora pœmata. verum
Nil tanti eſt. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi,
Munus & officium, nil ſcribens ipſe, docebo:

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that Genius is happier than wretched art, and excludes poets that have their ſenſes, from Helicon, a conſiderable part does not take pains to pare their nails, nor ſhave their beard, ſeeks bye places and ſhuns the baths. For a man ſhall procure the rewards and title of a poet, if he ſhall never intruſt his head, which is incurable by the three Anticyras, to that ſhaver * Licinus. O unlucky me! who purge my bile at the time of the vernal ſeaſon. *Did I omit this* no other perſon ſhou'd make better poems. But ſince that is hardly worth while, I ſhall therefore ſerve the turn of a whetſtone, which is able

* *A very wealthy barber, who was afterwards made a ſenator by Auguſtus, for his hatred to Pompey.*

to

And our domeſtic facts rehearſe,
In tragic or in comic verſe;
Nor wou'd our Latium more excel
In feats of arms, than writing well,
Did not her poets in their ſtile,
Diſguſt the toilſome, tedious file.
Do you, my noble friends, reject
All poetry for its defect,
Which many a blot, and many days
Have not chaſtis'd to perfect phraſe.
Becauſe Democritus contends,
That Genius ſorry art tranſcends;
And bars from Helicon each wight,
That has his underſtanding right,
The greater number of our herd,
Nor pare their nails, nor ſhave their beard,
But walk alone in ſecret paths,
And keep away from public baths,
And he ſhall get the name and prize,
Of all poetic myſteries,
Whoſe head beyond all hopes of cure,
Will not the barber's touch endure.
O how unfortunate am I,
Which in the ſpring to drugs apply!
No man ſhou'd write a finer ſtyle,
But ſince that's ſcarcely worth one's while,
I'll do the duty of an hone,
And give an edge, tho' I have none.
I will (not writing of a line)
The office of a bard define,

Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque poetam.
Quid deceat, quid non: quo virtus, quo ferat, error.
Scribendi recte, ſapere eſt & principium & fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt oſtendere chartæ,
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur.
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis:
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hoſpes:
Quod ſit conſcripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis: ille profecto
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.
Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem; & veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque recte
Fabula, nullius Veneris, ſine pondere, & arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

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to make iron ſharp, *tho'* itſelf incapable of cutting: writing nothing myſelf I will teach the office and buſineſs of an author: whence helps are obtained; what educates and forms the poet; what is graceful and what not; what are the tendencies of abilities and error. To be wiſe (or to have a taſte) is the principle and fountain of good writing. The works of the diſciples of Socrates may ſhew you ſubject-matter, and words, not ungainly, will attend ſuch matter when it is provided. He who has learned what he owes to his country and what to his friends; with what affection he ſhou'd be a father, with what an amiable brother and man of hoſpitality; what is the duty of a ſenator, what of a judge; what the part of a general ſent to war; ſuch a one certainly underſtands how to give ſuitable adjuncts to every character. I ſhall injoin my learned copyiſt to regard the idea of life and manners, and thence deduce genuine language. Sometimes a play, ſtriking at places and having a good moral, without beauty, weight, or conduct, more highly delights the people and better engages their

Whence his materials he may gain,
How form, and how improve his vein,
What graces, and what muſt offend,
Where excellence and error tend.
In taſte and wiſdom to excel
Is the main ſpring of writing well,
And ſubjects you may beſt explore,
Deduc'd from the Socratic lore;
And when you once have plan'd the ſcheme,
The words will come with eaſe extream.
The writer, who the duty knows,
Which he his friends and country owes,
And how he may endear the beſt,
A father, brother, or a gueſt,
By what behaviour he may grace
A ſenator's or Prætor's place,
Or how his character ſuſtain,
When ſent to make the great campaign,
Such ſkill as his compleatly ſuits
Each perſon with juſt attributes.
The learned copyiſt ſhou'd look
At life and manners, as a book,
And from the language moſt in uſe,
His ſtyle and dialogue deduce.
Sometimes a play, that ſhines at ſtarts,
With moral matter for good hearts,
Tho' without muſic, weight or eaſe,
Will more the Roman people pleaſe,
And better on their mem'ry dwells,
Than tuneful toys, and ſenſeleſs bells,

Grajis ingenium, Grajis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus aſſem,
Diſcunt in partes centum diducere. dicat
Filius Albani, ſi de quincunce remota eſt
Uncia, quid ſuperat? poteras dixiſſe, triens. eu,
Rem poteris ſervare tuam. redit uncia; quid fit?
Semis. ad hæc, animos arugo, & cura peculi
Quum ſemel imbuerit, ſperamus carmina fingi
Poſſe linenda cedro, & lævi ſervanda cupreſſo?
Aut prodeſſe volunt aut delectare poetæ;
Aut ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne ſupervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis cauſâ, ſint proxima veris.
Nec quodcunque volet, poſcat ſibi fabula credi:
Neu pranſæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.

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their attention, than verſes void of matter, and harmonious trifles. The muſe has granted to the Grecians genius and the talent of round pronunciation, covetous of nothing but applauſe. The Roman boys learn, by long calculations, to reduce a pound (Troy weight) into its parts. Let the ſon of Albanus ſay, "if from five ounces one be taken away, what remains?" Shou'd you be able to ſay a quarter of a pound, *he'll cry out*, "Good boy! you will be qualified to keep your fortune—an "ounce is added—what does that come to?"——half a pound—when once the ruſt and avarice of circumſtances has inured their minds to ſuch things as theſe, can we expect that verſes will be made worthy to be ſtain'd in cedar, and be kept upon poliſhed cypreſs-ſhelves? poets intend either to profit or delight, or to rehearſe, at the ſame time, both the pleaſures and conveniencies of life: whatever precepts you give, be conciſe, that

The Muſe has Greece with genius crown'd,
They turn the rolling periods round,
Nor can ſuch ſpirit and ſuch fire,
Ought equal to applauſe deſire.
The Roman youths with pain and pride
A pound divide and ſubdivide,
" If from five ounces you take one,
" How much remains, my little ſon,"
—One third part of a pound.—" O rare!
" You'll for yourſelf take ſpecial care—
" An ounce is added—what's the whole?
Why half a pound——this ruſt of ſoul
And hankering after wealth ingrim'd,
The verſe harmonious and well-tim'd,
Can we expect from ſordid elves
With cedar ting'd on cypreſs ſhelves?
If poets uſe their talents right,
'Tis to inſtruct or to delight,
And in the moral page to plan,
The pleaſures and concerns of man.
Whate'er you teach be brief and plain,
That they conceive you and retain.
When maſters make too much a rout,
O'ercharg'd inſtructions will flow out.
Each fancy-piece for pleaſure feign'd,
Shou'd near the truth be ſtill ſuſtain'd,
Nor let your tale at any hand,
Exaction of belief demand,
Nor from the witch's belly rive,
The boy ſhe din'd upon alive.

Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis,
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Soſiis: hic & mare tranſit.
Et longum noto ſcriptori prorogat ævum.
Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignoviſſe velimus.
Nam neque chorda ſonum reddit quem vult manus & (mens.
Poſcentiq; gravem perſæpe remittit acutum;
Nec ſemper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis: quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
Ut ſcriptor ſi peccat idem librarius uſque,
Quamvis eſt monitus, veniâ caret: & citharœdus
Ridetur, chordâ qui ſemper oberrat eâdem:

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that docile minds may perceive what is ſoon ſpoken, and faithful memories retain it. Every thing that is redundant flows out of the overcharged heart. Let things invented for the purpoſes of pleaſure have a proximity to truth. Nor let the fable require to be believed in every thing it chooſes, nor extract the live boy out of the belly of the witch that has dined upon him. The centuries of the ſeniors rebuke ſuch things as are void of fruit; the lofty knights neglect auſtere poems. But he has carried every point that has blended the uſeful with the pleaſant, by entertaining the reader, and likewiſe inſtructing him. This book brings money to the trade, this too goes beyond ſea, and prolongs a laſting name for its renowned author. Nevertheleſs there are faults which we are inclinable to pardon; for neither does the luteſtring *always* give the tune which the hand and thought require; and to one that wants a grave note very frequently ſtrikes an acute: nor will the bow perpetually hit every thing it ſhall aim at. But when many things ſhine in a poem, I will not be offended at a few faults, which either inaccuracy has dropped,

or

The tribe of ſeniors will decry
All verſe in which no fruit they ſpy;
And the young noblemen will ſneer,
And ſlight all writings too auſtere;
He wins moſt votes and makes moſt friends,
That uſe and entertainment blends,
At once delighting all that read,
And urging them to take good heed.
This book brings money to the trade,
By this the longeſt voyage is made,
And its fam'd author muſt procure
A long memorial to endure.
But there are failings of the muſe
We ſhou'd be ready to excuſe;
Nor in the ſtrings we always find,
Sounds anſwering to the hand and mind;
For oftentimes they will not ſuit,
And ſound a *grave* for an *acute*.
The archer's bow, tho' aim'd aright,
Will not for ever hit the *white*.
But verſes ſhining in the main
I'll not for a few faults diſdain,
Which either from a want of heed,
Or human frailty may proceed.
What therefore ſhall we hence deduce?
As a tranſcriber wants excuſe,
If oft he err, tho' oft forewarn'd,
And as a harper's juſtly ſcorn'd,
By whom one note is always marr'd,
So each incorrigible bard

Sic mihi, qui multum ceſſat, fit Chærilus ille,
Quem his terq; bonum, cum riſu miror, & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Hemerus.
Verum opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.
Ut pictura, poeſis erit, quæ, ſi propius ſtes,
Te capiet magis, & quædam, ſi longius abſtes.
Hæc amat obſcurum, volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hæc placuit ſemel. hæc decies repetita placebit.
O major juvenum, quanvis & voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, & per te ſapis, hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi. conſultus juris, & actor
Cauſarum mediocris abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſalæ, nec ſcit quantum Caſſellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio eſt. Mediocribus eſſe poetis
Non homines, non dii, non conceſſere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,

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or human nature has not ſufficiently provided againſt. What muſt we ſay then? as a tranſcriber, if he always offend in the ſame matter, tho' he be admoniſhed, is without excuſe, and the harper is an object of ridicule who always blunders upon the ſame ſtring; thus that poet who is very idle, becomes to me another Chærilus; whom tolerable in three or four places I wonder at with a ſmile, but I, the ſame man, am wroth when the excellent Homer nods: yet it is allowable in a long work, if ſleep creeps in. A piece of poetry will be as a picture, which, if you ſtand nearer, will ſtrike you the more; and ſome again if you ſtand farther off; one loves the dark, another, which does not fear the ſhrewd perſpicuity of the critic, ſhall prefer to be ſeen in the light. One has pleaſed once, and one ten times repeated will pleaſe ſtill. O thou that art the elder of the youths! tho' both by your father's monitions

Becomes a Chærilus to me;
In whom if three good lines I ſee
I ſmile and wonder—but am wroth,
At Homer's ſlumbers and his ſloth;
But 'tis allowable, perhaps,
If in long works the author naps.
With painting poetry agrees,
And ſome things will the rather pleaſe,
If nearly view'd—but you'll be took
With others at a diſtant look.
That loves the dark, *this* will endure
The light, nor dread the connoiſſeur.
This piece has pleas'd, one time explor'd,
But this ten thouſand times encor'd.
O youth! the elder of the two,
Tho' from your father you perſue
The right, and of yourſelf are wiſe,
Yet hear the thing that I adviſe,
Reſpecting life in many a ſcene,
The tolerable and the mean
We bear; a lawyer in his room,
Or pleader, who cannot preſume
With great Meſſala's worth to vie,
Nor can be ſeen with Aulus by,
Yet ſtill may be in ſome requeſt—
But with regard to bards profeſt,
Nor Gods nor men nor rubric poſt,
Can bear them when they're middlemoſt.
As muſick at an handſome treat,
If bad, will all the joy defeat;

Ut craſſum unguentum & Sardo cum melle papaver
Offendunt ; poterat duci quia cœna ſine iſtis :
Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paulum à ſummâ diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui neſcit. campeſtribus abſtinet armis :
Indoctuſque pilæ. diſcive, trochive quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ,
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere quidni ?
Liber & ingenuus, præſertim cenſus equeſtrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni :
Tu nihil invitâ dices fa facieſve Minervâ.
Id tibi judicium eſt, ea mens : ſi quid tamen olim
Scripſeris, in Metii deſcendat judicis aures,
Et patris, & noſtras, nonumque prematur in annum
Membranis intus poſitis, delere licebit
Quod non ediderîs. neſcit vox miſſa reverti.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tions you are formed to that which is direct, and have of yourſelf a taſte, take this as ſaid to you in particular, and retain it in your mind: viz. that in certain things the mean and tolerable is of right allowed of. A counſellor at law, for *example*, and moderate pleader at the bar, is remote enough from the merit of eloquent Meſſala, nor is he ſo intelligent as Caſſellius Aulus, and yet he is in ſome degree of account, but neither men nor gods, nor the very poſts that ſuſtain the ſhelves, have admitted that poets ſhou'd be mean. As amidſt an acceptable entertainment a diſſonant concert, filthy unguents, and poppies with Sardian honey, offend, becauſe the ſupper cou'd have been conducted without them : thus a poem made and invented for the aſſiſtance *and elevation* of the ſoul, if it but a little has deviated from the top, ſinks to the bottom. He that underſtands not to play the weapons abſtains from the exerciſes of the Campus Martius (field of Mars) and one unſkill'd in the ball, or the quoit, or the troque, keeps quiet, leſt the thronged circle ſhou'd laugh at him without remedy. Nevertheleſs he dares make

And eſſence thick, where poppies blend
With * Sardian honey-comb, offend;
Becauſe theſe things might have been ſpar'd,
So verſe, to ſooth the ſoul, prepar'd;
If ſhort of true perfection found,
They loſe all worth, and ſink aground.
He that cannot the weapons play,
Will from the ring keep far away,
And one unſkill'd in quoit or troque,
Forbear, leſt he the laugh provoke
Of gaping crowds, at his expence—
But poets all our fools commence.—
Why not! the gentleman is free,
Of ſuch eſtate and family,
Is rated at th' equeſtrian fine,
And has no ſiniſter deſign.
But ‡ thou ſhalt nothing ſay or do,
Save what Minerva prompts you to;
Such is your judgement, ſuch your will,
But if you ere aſſume the quill,
Let Metius your production ſee,
Who is a judge—your ſire—and me.—
Nine years your verſes be ſuppreſs'd,
For while you're of your work poſſeſs'd,
You ſtill may blot th' unpubliſh'd ſtrain,
Which gone, you will recal in vain.

* *This honey was bitter, from the nature of the herbs in that country.*

‡ *The elder Piſo.*

Sylveſtres homines ſacer, interpreſque deorum
Cædibus & victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidoſque leones;
Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
Saxa movere ſono teſtudinis, & prece blandâ
Ducere quo vellet. fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit. poſt hos inſignis Homerus,
Tyrtæuſque mares animos in Martia bella
Verſibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina ſortes,
Et vitæ monſtrata via eſt. & gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis. luduſque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis; ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Muſa lyræ ſolers. & cantor Apollo.

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make verſes, who knows nothing of the matter. Why not! *he'll ſay.* He is a freeman and ingenuous, and taxed at the equeſtrian ceſs, and remote from every kind of vice. You, Piſo, ſhall ſay or do nothing with the diſapprobation of the goddeſs of wiſdom: ſuch is your judgement, ſuch is your inclination: but if, by and bye, you ſhall have written any thing let it deſcend into the ears of Metius the critic, and your father's and mine, and be ſuppreſs'd till the ninth year. With your parchments laid up within doors, you may *eaſily* blot out, that which you ſhall not have publiſhed; a word once let out knows not to return again. Orpheus, a ſacred perſon, and prophet of the gods, deterred the ſavages *of old* from human ſlaughter and filthy food, ſaid, upon this account, to mollify tigers and fierce lions. Amphion alſo, the builder of the Theban Citadel, is reported to have moved rocks with the ſound of his harp, and by his winning blandiſhment to draw them

Orpheus, the God's own ſeer and prieſt,
Wild mortals from th' inhuman feaſt,
And ſavage ways deterr'd, from thence
Inferr'd, upon a fair pretence,
Tygers to tame and lions fell.
Amphion, by his tuneful ſhell,
Was ſaid to build the Theban wall
With ſtones that heard the charmer's call.
It was the wiſdom of their ſong
Of old, to ſever right and wrong,
The public weal from private gain,
And things religious from profane;
Promiſcuous Venus to abate,
And inſtitute the marriage ſtate;
Towns and communities to plan,
And write the laws of God and Man.
'Twas thus an honour and a name,
On bards divine, and verſes came.
To worthies as ſublime as theſe,
Succeeded great Mæonides:
Tyrtæus too, by pow'r of verſe,
To make the combatants more fierce.
In verſe the oracles are made,
Th' œconomy of life diſplay'd;
And by the ſoft Pierian ſtrain,
The royal favour we obtain;
For theſe were giv'n th' Olymphic bay,
And ſports to ſooth the toilſome day.
Hear this left you in ſcorn refuſe
Sweet Phœbus, and the tuneful muſe.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæſitum eſt. ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice.
Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. ſudavit & alſit,
Abſtinuit Venere & vino. qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magiſtrum.
Nunc ſatis eſt dixiſſe, ego mira poemata pango.
Occupet extremum ſcabies: mihi turpe relinqui eſt,
Et, quod non didici, ſane neſcire fateri.
Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Aſſentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta;
Dives agris, dives poſitis in fœnore nummis.
Si vero eſt, unctum qui recte ponere poſſit,
Et ſpondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum: mirabor ſi ſciet inter.
Noſcere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.

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them where he pleaſed. This was held wiſdom, formerly, to ſever public matters from private, ſacred from profane; to prohibit the confuſion of adultery, to give laws to married men; to fortify towns; to engrave laws on tables. Thus *immortal* honor and a name came upon divine poets and their verſes: after theſe (viz: Orpheus and Amphion) Homer is *the moſt* remarkable, and Tyrteus, with his verſes, whetted their manly minds to the atchievements of Mars. The oracles are ſpoken by verſe, and the way of life pointed out; and the favour of kings excited by the Pierian modulations.—*This is urged* left the Muſe expert in the lyre and the chanter Apollo ſhou'd haply abaſh you. It has been a matter of enquiry, whether laudable verſe is made by nature or art. I neither can ſee what ſtudy can ſignify without a copious imagination, or what uncultivated genius can do. Thus the one

It is a queſtion they conteſt,
If nature or if art be beſt,
To form the bard——I do not ſee,
What without parts mere induſtry
Can profit,——nor can I deviſe
How unform'd Genius ſhou'd ſuffice.
Thus one requires the other ſtill,
And friendly mingles force and ſkill.
Whoe'er attempts with all his ſoul,
To run ſo as to reach the goal,
Has from a child endur'd much pain,
From wine and women muſt abſtain,
And ſweat and freeze, and ſweat again.
The man that hymns the Pythian God,
Was once at ſchool and fear'd the rod:
Nor will it hold for one to cry,
" My wond'rous verſe is very high,
" A murrain ſeize the hindmoſt bard,
" 'Tis ſhame if ought my courſe retard,
" Or that I ſhou'd be forc'd to own,
" That what's untaught to me's unknown!"
As auctioneers with voice aloud,
To buy their goods collect a crowd;
Thus bards with money and with land,
Will hire an aſſentatious band;
But if 'tis one that can afford
To deck with elegance his board;
Or any of the poor to bail,
And ſave from law-ſuits, and a jail.

Tu ſeu donaris, ſeu quid donare velis cui;
Nolito ad verſus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ, clamabit enim: Pulchre, bene, recte,
Palleſcet ſuper his; etiam ſtillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem: ſaliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut, qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo: ſic
Deriſor vero plus laudatore movetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis;
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborent,
An ſit amicitiâ dignus: ſi carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi ſub vulpe latentes.
Quintilio ſi quid recitares, corrige, ſodes,
Hoc, (ajebat) & hoc. melius te poſſe negares,
Bis terque expertum fruſtra: delere jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere verſus:
Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malles,

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one thing requires the aſſiſtance of the other and forms a friendly alliance. He who endeavours in a courſe of ſcience to reach the wiſh'd for goal, has borne and done much when a boy; he has ſweated, and ſhiver'd with cold: he has abſtained from women and wine. The muſician that ſings the praiſes of Pythian Apollo, learnt firſt and ſtood in awe of a maſter. But now it is ſufficient for any man barely to aſſert, "I compoſe admirable verſes, plague take the hindmoſt, it "is a ſhame for to be outſtripped, and fairly confeſs that I "do not underſtand what I never learnt." Like an auctioneer, that collects a croud together for the diſpoſal of his goods, thus the poet that is rich in lands, rich in money put out at intereſt, commands flatterers to attend for gain. But if there is any poet in particular, who is able to deck a table in an elegant manner, and to be bail for a poor light fellow, and deliver him, intangled in helliſh law-ſuits; I ſhall be ſurprized if he underſtand, in his happy circumſtances, how to

diſtinguiſh

I wonder if he yet can know,
A friend diſtinguiſh'd from a foe;
For making or intent to make,
A gift of ought for friendſhip's ſake,
Do not lead forth the honour'd boy,
To read your verſe while big with joy:
For then he certainly will roar,
O rare, O bravo, and encore!
Pale at ſome parts, at ſome he'll weep,
At ſome he'll jump about and leap:
As thoſe that wail a corpſe for pelf
Do more than real grief itſelf,
By word and deed—ſo friends that jeer,
Out-act the candid and ſincere.
Kings certain men are ſaid to ply,
With frequent cups their ſtrength to try,
That they may ſee into their heart,
If it can act a friendly part.
Thus, when the verſe you make and ſhow;
Learn caution from the fox and crow.
Quintilius, if to him you read
Your poems, with great frankneſs ſaid;
"Pray alter this and that review:"
Which if you urg'd you cou'd not do,
Endeav'ring ſundry times in vain,
He'd bid you blot it out again,
And to the anvil yet reſtore,
Bald verſes to be hammer'd o'er.
If you choſe rather to defend
Your fault, than own it and amend,

Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam ſumebat inanem,
Quin ſine rivali teque & tua ſolus amares.
Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes:
Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum
Tranſverſo calamo ſignum: ambitioſa recidet
Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambigue dictum: mutanda notabit:
Fiet Ariſtarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala, deriſum ſemel, exceptumque ſiniſtre.
Ut, mala quem ſcabies, aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana;
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent, fugiuntque poetam,
Qui ſapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique ſequuntur.
Hic, dum ſublimes verſus ructatur, & errat,
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps

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diſtinguiſh between a falſe and true friend. You, whether you have actually made a preſent or intend one for any man, refuſe to bring him full of joy to the hearing of verſes which you have made. For he will cry out *of courſe*, charming! good! right! upon ſome of them he will look pale; will even drop tears from his friendly eyes; he will ſkip about the room, he will beat the floor with his foot. As they that make a wailing for hire at a funeral ſay, and do almoſt more that thoſe that grieve from their hearts; ſo the ſneerer is put into greater agitation than the ſincere applauder. *Certain* kings are ſaid to ply with many jugs, and pump with wine, a perſon they are labouring to ſee into, whether he be worthy of their friendſhip. If you ſhall make verſes never let diſpoſitions, lurking under the idea of the fox in the fable, deceive you. If you repeated any thing to Quintilius Varus, he wou'd ſay, "Correct, I pray you, this and this;" ſhould you deny that you were able to do better, after having tried twice or thrice in vain, he wou'd order you to blot it out, and recommit your ill-turned

He wou'd not waſte another word
On one reſolv'd to be abſurd,
But rivalleſs you might admire
Yourſelf, and your poetic fire.
A good man judging as he ought,
Will cenſure numbers void of thought,
Condemn the harſh, nor will be brook
The incorrect, but croſs the book:
Ambitious ornaments he'll pare,
And to th' obſcure give light and air;
Ambiguous diction he will ſpurn,
Mark what ſhou'd have another turn:
In ſhort, he will to thine and thee,
Another Ariſtarchus be—
Nor will he ſay, "I'll not offend,
"In trivial matters any friend"
Such trifles ſometimes cauſe offence,
And are of ſerious conſequence,
To one expos'd and ill-receiv'd,
Thro' folly not to be retriev'd.
As one thro' phrenzy wild and vague,
Whom ſcurvy and King's evil plague,
Dreading his touch, each man that's wiſe,
From the mad-headed poet flies;
The boys attack him in the ſtreet;
Some follow, who are leſs diſcreet.
He, while he roves about to cant
His verſes with extatic rant,
If like a fowler while he eyes,
Intent upon the bird that flies,

In puteum foveamve: licet, ſuccurrite, longum
Clamet, Io cives, non ſit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre & dimittere funem,
Qui ſcis, an prudens huc ſe dejecerit? atque
Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique Poetæ
Narrabo interitum. deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit. ſit jus, liceatque perire Poetis.
Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec ſemel hoc fecit; nec, ſi retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, & ponet famoſæ mortis amorem,
Nec ſatis apparet, cur verſus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triſte bidental
Moverit inceſtus: certe furit, ac velut urſus,

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turned verſes to the anvil. But if you had rather defend your error than change it for the better, he did not add another word, or undertook a labour in vain, but that you alone might fall in love with yourſelf and your works without a rival. A good man and prudent, will reprehend idle verſes; will blame rough ones; on the incorrect he will draw a black line acroſs with his pen; he will prune ambitious ornaments; he will make them give light to the obſcure; will arraign an ambiguous ſaying; he will mark ſuch things as ſhould be alter'd: he will become another Ariſtarchus, nor will he ſay, "Why ſhou'd I hurt my friend in trifles?" Theſe trifles are introductory of ſerious miſchief to a man who has once been derided and treated in a ſiniſter manner. As one whom the itch or King's evil afflicts, or enthuſiaſm, or the angry moon, in ſuch a manner all men that are in their ſenſes are affraid to touch and avoid a mad poet: the boys vex him and incautious perſue. He, while he rants out his bombaſtic verſes and wanders about if, like a fowler, intent upon ouſels, he fall into a well or a pit, tho' he cry out for a long time, Ho! citizens aſſiſt, there could not be found one, who wou'd care to take him out. If any one, *however*, ſhou'd take thought to bring aſſiſtance

Into ſome ditch or well ſhou'd fall,
Tho' for a long time he might bawl,
" Help, O my Countrymen!" not one
To take him out, an inch wou'd run.
But ſhou'd ſome man his help afford,
And fairly let him down a cord,
I wou'd object, " how can you prove,
" This perſon chuſes to remove!"
And then to make the matter clear,
I'd quote the fam'd Sicilian ſeer,
Empedocles, what time he ſchem'd,
Ev'n as a god to be eſteem'd;
And in cold fit too fond of fame,
Leapt into Etna's burning flame.
Then let theſe men of great renown,
Have privilege to hang or drown,
For ſuch as ſave them 'gainſt their will,
Are next akin to thoſe, that kill.
And often has he thus behav'd,
Nor, ſhou'd he by mere force be ſav'd,
Wou'd he (as man) his lot abide,
And ſcorn the ſhame of ſuicide.
Nor is the principle yet known,
Why he ſhou'd try at verſe alone;
Whether he did of old preſume,
To ſtale upon his father's tomb,
Or 'ere remov'd with black intent,
The vengeful thunder's monument.
He's mad, howe'er, by all the fates,
And like a bear that's broke the grates,

Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

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assistance and let down a rope,—"Who knows but this man "wilfully threw himself down here and is reluctant to be "saved?" Wou'd I say, and at the same time mention the death of the Sicilian poet. While Empedoches is desirous of being accounted an immortal God, he in cold blood leapt into the burning Etna. Let there be a law made on purpose, and let poets have the privilege of dying as they please. Whoever saves one of them against their will, does the same as he that kills them; nor has he done this freak only once, nor if he shou'd be drawn out will he anon become a man, and lay aside the desire of an infamous death. Nor does it sufficiently appear, what was the reason of his making verses. Whether he staled upon his father's ashes, or, being incestuous, displaced the dire * Bidental—Certain it is, that he raves, and like a bear, if he has been strong enough to break thro' the lattices that were made against his place of confinement, the sour repeater puts to flight both vulgar and learned. But whomsoever he has once seized on, he detains and massacres with his reading, nor is the leach likely to quit the skin till it is surcharged with gore.

* *Any place blasted with lightning, the earth, of which it was reckoned criminal to remove. Such a judgment was instantly atoned for by sacrifice of Bidentes sheep of two years old, whence the name.*

Learn'd and unlearn'd, as he recites,
He chaces bitterly and frights,
But thoſe he overtakes at laſt,
With tooth and tongue he holds right faſt,
And ſticks unto them, like a leach,
Till glutted in all parts of ſpeech.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

WESTMINSTER, 1767.

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